

This Day was published, Price 1s. 6d.

A new Edition, of that very entertaining Book,

JOE MILLER's JESTS; or the Wits.

Vade mecum. Being a Collection of the most brilliant Jest, the most excellent Bon Mots, and most pleasant short Stories in the English Language; many of them transcribed from the Mouth of the facetious Gentleman whose Name they bear. To which are added Choice Collections of moral Sentences, and of the most pointed and truly valuable Epigrams in the British Tongue, with the Names of the Authors to such as are known. Most humbly inscribed to those Choice Spirits of the Age, his Majesty's Poet Laureat, Mr. David Garrick, Mr. The. Cibber, Mr. Justice Bodens's Horse, Tom Jones, the most impudent Man alive, the Rev. Mr. Henley, and Job Baker, the Kettle Drummer.

Printed for J. Hodges, near St. Magnus Church, on London-Bridge; and W. Reeve, opposite Crane-Court, Fleet-Street. 1754

To-morrow Morning will be publish'd. Price 1s.

A NEW EDITION of
BEN JOHNSON'S Last LEGACY to

the Sons of Wit, Mirth, and Jollity. Containing a choice Collection of Jests, Riddles, Epigrams, Epitaphs, Acrostics, Anagrams, &c. To which is added, The Drunken Oration, as it was performed at Covent-Garden Theatre.

Printed for A. and C. Corbett, Booksellers, at their Correct State Lottery-Office, opposite St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-Street.

Where may be had,

Absolutely necessary for those who are oblig'd to pawn,
The Law concerning Pawnbrokers and Usurers. Containing all the Statutes and Cases in Law and Equity, which relate to Pawns and Usurers. Price only as bound.

This day is published, 1733
[Price Sixpence,]

(To which is added, Advice to an Aspiring Young Lady)

A SATYR on the New Tunbridge Wells. Being a Poetical Description of the Company's Behaviour to each other; a severe Satyr on the Be-us, Court Ladies, City Dames, the D . . . r that prescribed the Waters, and on Mrs. R . . . n that keeps the Wells. Occasioned by a most stupid Pamphlet that was imposed upon the Town, under the Title of Illington: Or, the Humours of New Tunbridge Wells, audaciously addressed to her Royal Highness the Princess Royal; wherein the Author has made out one of his Speculations, and plainly discovered he had a dark Side.

*These Wells will make a barren
Woman, as fruitful as a Coney Warren.*

Roch.

Sold at the Pamphlet Shops of London and Westminster.

9/





RICHARD TARLETON
one of the first Actors in
SHAKESPEARS PLAYS.

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NO. 101





B. Jonson (B)
BEN JOHNSON'S

J E S T S :

OR, THE

WIT'S POCKET-COMPANION.

BEING

A new Collection of the most ingenious JESTS,
diverting STORIES, pleasant JOKES, smart
REPARTEES, excellent PUNS, wise SAYINGS,
witty QUIBBLES, and ridiculous BULLS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A choice Collection of the newest *Conundrums*, best
Riddles, entertaining *Rebuses*, satirical *Epigrams*,
humorous *Epitaphs*, facetious *Dialogues*, merry
Tales, jovial *Songs*, *Fables*, &c. &c. &c.

*Here glowing thought, and sense refin'd,
With laughing wit, and fancy join'd,
The poignant pun, and brilliant jest,
In pleasing garb of nature dress'd;
Their universal balm impart,
To recreate the gloomy heart.*

The SEVENTH EDITION.

With great ADDITIONS and IMPROVEMENTS.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCCLXI.

1761.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

GREAT Care has been taken, in
this Collection, to omit all those
that are in J O E M I L L E R, which
is very proper to be bound up with
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This Day is published,

Price One Shilling, with a beautiful Front-piece,

FUN for the PARLOUR.
Or, ALL MERRY ABOVE STAIRS.

Consisting of a great and pleasing Variety of Comic Lectures, delivered on various Occasions, by Right Heads, Wrong Heads, Feather Heads, Heavy Heads, Wooden Heads, Brazen Heads, and by some Heads that are of no Use to their Owners. Many of which were never printed before. Exhibiting a droll Medley of pleasing Tales, entertaining Stories, diverting Jests, comical Bulls, queer Puns, quaint Sayings, keen Waggeries, brilliant Bon Mots, smart Repartees, merry Adventures, droll Narrations, wonderful Frolics, humorous Riddles, puzzling Conundrums, fanny Rebuses, whimsical Epigrams, Witicisms, and Strokes of Humour. To which are added, Puzzles for the Wits: With their Solutions; which make ye all as wise as the Author.

Sold by S. Bladen, No. 28, in Paternoster-Row.

This Day was publish'd, 1762

Price only 1 s. sew'd,

Another new Edition, being the Sixth, with Additions, and adorned with the Head of Ben Johnson, nearly engraved,

BEN JOHNSON'S JESTS:
Or, The Wit's Pocket Companion:

Being a new Collection of the most
Ingenious Jests, Smart Puns, Witty Quibbles,
Diverting Stories, Smart Repartees, and
Pleasant Jokes, Wise Sayings, Ridiculous Bulls.

To which is added, A choice Collection of the newest Conundrums, best Riddles, entertaining Rebuses, satirical Epigrams, humorous Epitaphs, facetious Dialogues, merry Tales, jovial Songs, Fables, &c.

Here glowing Thought, and Sense refin'd,

With laughing Wit, and Fancy join'd,

The poignant Pun, and brilliant Jest,

In pleasing Garbs of Nature dress'd,

Their universal Balm impart,

To recreate the gloomy Heart.

Printed for R. Baldwin, at the Rose; and S. Crowder, at the Looking-Glass in Paternoster-Row; and sold by all other Booksellers.

Of whom likewise may be had,

The Distress'd Wife; a Comedy, by the late Mr. Gay. Price 1 s. 6 d. — A Collection of Welch Travels, commonly called Dean Swift's Travels, 1 s. — Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence display'd; or, The Policy of their Teaching discovered, 1 s.



WIT, and HUMOUR.

*Marble, or Brass, devouring Time may waste,
 But Wit, as long as circling Time shall last,
 That ever lives, nor can to Death submit;
 No Tomb he needs, whose Monument is Wit.*

*Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
 When more of Nature's seen, and less of Art.*

*True Humour must always lie under the Check of Reason, and it
 requires the Direction of the nicest Judgment, by so much y^e more as
 it indulges it self in the most boundless Freedoms. In short, it must
 consist in a Pleasantry deriv'd from Nature, in Vivacity and Mirth,
 without Affectation, bounded by Truth, and supported by good Sense.*

E. AUSTIN

SCRIPSIT.





This Day is published,

Price One Shilling.

A new Edition, being the Fourth, with a curious Frontispiece, to which is added, a genteel Collection of the various Toasts, Sentiments, and Hob-Nobs now in Fashion,

THE Complete London Jester; or, Wit's Companion. Containing all the Fun and all the Humour, and all the Learning and all the Judgment, which have flowed from the two Universities, from the two Theatres, from White's Chocolate-house, from the Bedford Coffee-house, or from the Spouting Clubs, and Choice Spirits Clubs, in London and Westminster. Including all the fashionable Jest, Epigrams, merry Tales, humorous Jokes, Bon Mots, Choice Songs, Conundrums, Irish Bulls, comical Humbugs, droll Narrations, smart Repartees, new Adventures, funny Epitaphs, and Witticisms, which will expel Care, drown Grief, banish the Spleen, improve the Wit, create Mirth, entertain Company, and give the Reader a light Heart and a cheerful Countenance. The whole teaching the agreeable Art of Story-telling, and furnishing Pieces of Wit for the Amusement and Improvement of both Sexes.

Printed for T. Lowndes, No. 77, in Fleet-street.

This Day is Publish'd, (Price 1 s.)

THE Scarborough Miscellany, an Original Collection of Poems, Odes, Tales, Songs, Epigrams, &c. none of which ever appeared in Print before, particularly a beautiful Description of the Situation, Diversions, &c. of the Town of Scarborough.

When fair Apollo leaves his Thetis Breast,
And streaks with Golden Beams, the purple East;
When o'er the Dancing Waves, the smiling Ray,
Rides wanton to the Shore, and brighten's Day;
How chearful then, how gay you view from hence,
Calm and Serene, the Ocean's vast Expense.

Printed for J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane, sold by Mrs. Nutt under the Royal Exchange, Mr. Dodd without Temple Bar, Mr. Jolyffe at St. James's, and the Booksellers in Town and Country.



Nunc est ridendum! Eme valeque!

This Day is published, Price 1s. 1768

A New Edition, being the Seventh, with considerable Additions, and adorned with the Head of BEN JOHNSON, finely engraved,

BEN JOHNSON'S JESTS: Or,

The Wit's Pocket Companion. Being a new Collection of the most ingenious Jests, diverting Stories, pleasant Jokes, smart Puns, smart Repartees, wise Sayings, witty Quibbles, and ridiculous Bulls. To which is added, A choice Collection of the newest Conundrums, best Riddles, entertaining Rebuses, satirical Epigrams, humorous Epitaphs, facetious Dialogues, merry Tales, jovial Songs, Fables, &c.

Here glowing Thought, and Sense refin'd,
With laughing Wit and Fancy join'd,
The poignant Pun, and brilliant Jest,
In pleasing Garbs of Nature dress'd,
Their universal Balm impart,
To recreate the gloomy Heart.

Printed for R. Baldwin at the Rose, and S. Crowder at the Looking Glass, in Pater-noster Row; and sold by all other Booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland.

Of whom may be had,

A Collection of Welsh Travels, commonly called DeanSw——t's Travels. Price 1s.

Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence displayed, or the Folly of their Teaching discovered, from their Books, Sermons, and Prayers, Price 1s.

Stephen Duck's Poems, Price 6d.



BEN JOHNSON'S

J E S T S.

BEN Johnson coming down stairs in a tavern, his foot slipped, and accidentally beat against a door, which flew open, where some gentlemen were drinking; to whom he said, I did not intend to have intruded myself, but being so accidentally *fallen into* your company, I am resolved to drink with you before I go. One of the gentlemen who knew him, replied, Since by your *fall* we enjoy your company, give me leave to *rise*, and bid you welcome.

Another time the Archbishop sent him an excellent dish of fish from his table, without any drink; so he made these verses:

*In a dish came fish
From the Archbishop—
Hop was not there,
Because there was no beer.*

Another time Ben comes into an inn in Southwark in a *country-habit*, and gets into the chimney corner: some gentlemen sitting at a table, thought to have put a trick upon him: says one, Come, countryman, here's to you: Thank you, Master, says Ben: says another, Come, we are going to make some rhymes, and he that can't rhyme must pay the reckoning: I don't know

4 BEN JOHNSON'S JESTS.

what you mean, says Ben : but let us taste of your ale and your tobacco, and then I am for you: so begin,

*Good ale, tobacco, and a pretty wench,
Will bring a man to the King's Bench,
And after he has spent all,
Then take him, Sir John Lent'all*.*

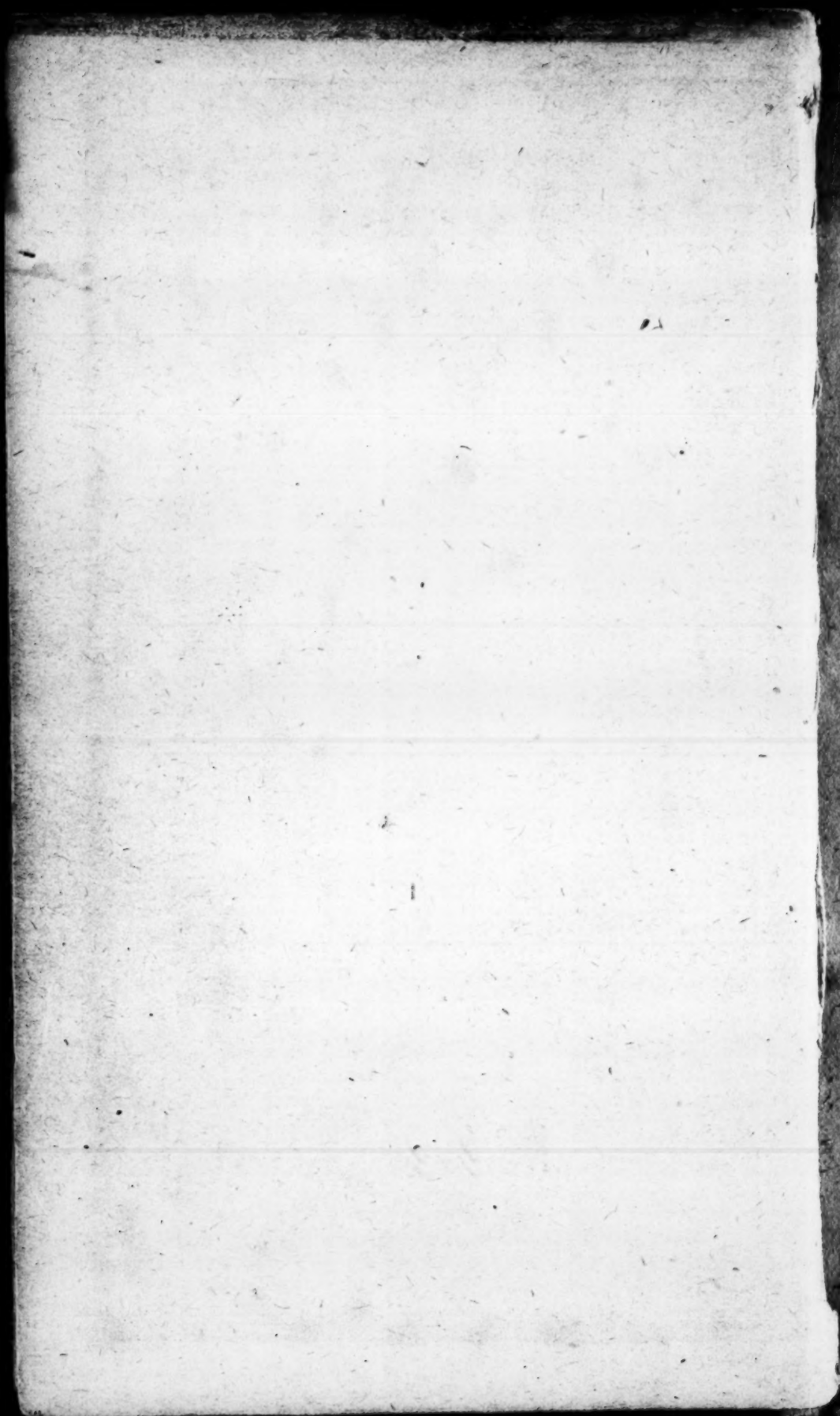
As Ben Johnson (who was a bricklayer before he turned poet) was one morning going early to his work, with his tools in his hand, he was spied by a young lady, who was up sooner than ordinary, breathing the fresh air out of her chamber-window. She was of a gay disposition, and thinking to be merry with our bricklayer, called to him, and said, —“ By line and rule works many a fool ; Good-morrow, Mr Bricklayer.” Ben no sooner turned his head and saw her, but he answered, “ In silk and scarlet walks many a harlot ; Good-morrow, Madam.”

Ben Johnson when he went to Basingstoke, used to put up his horse at the sign of the *Angel*, which was kept by Mrs *Hope*, and her daughter *Prudence*; but Ben going one day, and finding strange people in the house, and the sign changed, he wrote the following lines :

*When Hope and Prudence kept this house,
An Angel kept the door :
Now Hope is dead,
The Angel fled,
And Prudence turn'd a whore.*

* Who was at that time Master of the King's-Bench.

— Ben



Ben Johnson and Sylvester being at a tavern, began to rhyme upon each other. Sylvester began :

*I Sylvester,
Lay with your sister.*

Ben Johnson replies :

*I Ben Johnson
Lay with your wife.*

That is no rhyme, says Sylvester : but, says Ben Johnson, there is a deal of truth in it.

Attorney-General Noy making a venison-feast at a tavern, Ben Johnson wrote these verses, and sent him.

*When all the world was drown'd,
No venison could be found ;
For then there was no park :
So here we simple sit,
Like fools without one bit,
Noy has it all in his ark.*

For which piece of wit, he had a corner of a pasty, and twelve bottles of wine.

Another time he designed to go through the Half-moon in Aldersgate-street, but the door being shut, was denied entrance : so he went to the Sun tavern at Long-lane end, and made these verses.

*Since the Half-moon is so unkind,
To make me go about,
The Sun my money now shall have,
And the Moon shall go without.*

Randolph

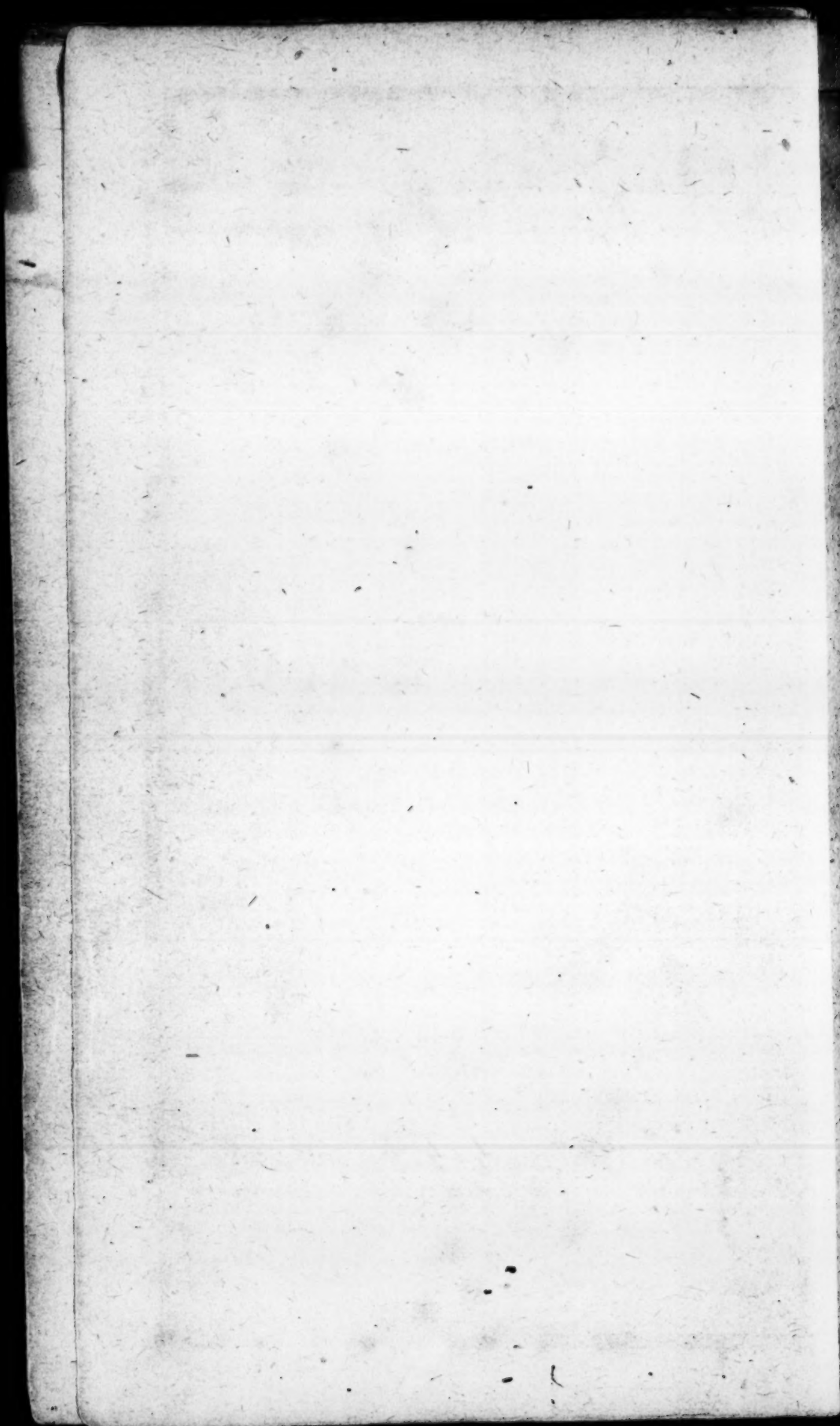
Randolph the poet having a mind to see Ben Johnson, who was drinking at a tavern with three other poets, peeps into the room. Ben Johnson espying him, cried, Come in, Bo-peep ; which he did. When the reckoning was called for, there were five shillings to pay : Then they agreed, that he that made the best *extempore* verses, should be excused from paying any of the reckoning. When it came to Randolph's turn, he made these.

*I Bo-peop and you four sheep,
With every one his fleece :
You have called what's to pay,
There's five shillings they say,
That's fifteen pence apiece.*

Ben Johnson owing a vintner some money, refrained his house. The vintner meeting him by chance, asked him for his money ; and also told him, if he would come to his house, and answer him four questions, he would forgive him the debt. Ben Johnson very gladly agreed, and went at the time appointed, called for a bottle of claret, and drank to the vintner, praising the wine at a great rate. Says the vintner, This is not our business, Mr Johnson ; answer me my four questions, or else you must pay me my money, or go to jail, in short, (and he had got two bailiffs waiting at the door to arrest him.) Pray, says Ben, propose your four questions. Then, says the vintner, you must tell me, *First*, What pleases God ? *Secondly*, What pleases the devil ? *Thirdly*, What best pleases the world ?
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And, *Lastly*, What best pleases me. Well, says Ben,

*God is best pleas'd when man forsakes his sin ;
The devil's best pleas'd when men persist therein :
The world's best pleas'd when you do draw good
wine ;
And you'll be pleas'd when I do pay for mine.*

The vintner was well pleased, and gave Mr Johnson a receipt in full for the debt, and his bottle of claret into bargain.

Ben Johnson having an application made to him by a young heir to write an epitaph on one that had left him a good estate ; and the poet asking him, what he had done that was praiseworthy ? the heir could give an account of nothing memorable that he had done, either on the score of charity, or any thing else ; but that he had lived quietly and privately, and passed with great silence to the grave : but he still pressed to have an epitaph set on his benefactor's tomb. Ben, at this, asked him how old his friend was ? To which he answered, Two and forty years. Then, said the poet, I would have you write this upon him :

*Here lies a man, was born, and cry'd,
Told two and forty years, and dy'd.*

A pretty maid having her valentine pinned on her sleeve, a gentleman asked her, if her sleeve was to be let ? Yes, says she, 'tis to be let alone ; but my petticoats are to be taken up when I have a fit opportunity, and like my company.

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The King of Sweden being, with a very small number of men, before a town of his enemies, they, in derision of his strength, hung out a goose for him to shoot at: but perceiving before night, that these few *men* had invaded, and set their chief holds on fire; they demanded of him, what his intent was? he answered, it was to roast their *goose*.

One asked an extravagant young spark, why he would sell all his lands? He said, *Because he was taking a journey towards heaven, and he should never come there till he had left the earth.*

One being asked, why he inveighed so much against women, seeing so many authors had written so largely in their praise? *Why truly, says he, they wrote only what women ought to be; but I say, what indeed they are.*

An old lady beholding herself in a looking-glass, and spying the wrinkles in her face, threw down the glass in a rage; saying, *It was strange to see the difference of glasses; for, says she, I have not looked in a true one these seventeen years.*

The Lord G—— being at a masquerade, in a cook's habit, another person in a domini, desired he would dress him a dish of veal cutlets:—*Sir, you being the best looking calf in the company, I must cut the meat from your carcase.*

A scoffing blade meeting a gentlewoman with a long nose, says, Madam, I would gladly kiss your mouth, if I knew how to come at it for your nose: Nay, Sir, says she, if my nose be so big that you cannot come at my mouth, you may kiss me where there is no nose to give you offence.

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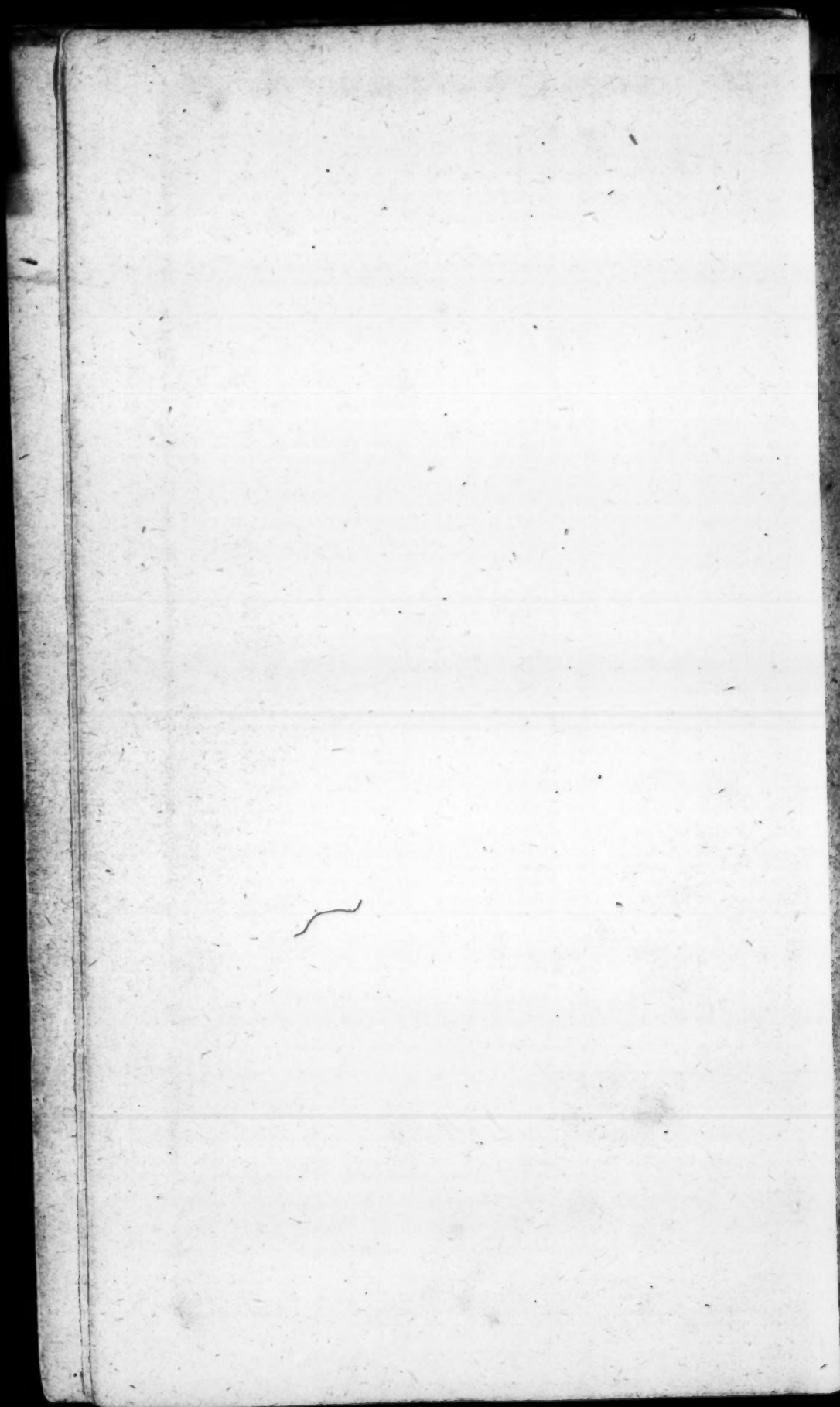
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A gentleman coming into a choir, where there was none of the best music in the world, hearing them singing, *Have mercy upon us miserable sinners*: Ay, says he, they might very well have said, *Have mercy upon us miserable singers*.

A man being asked what the church of Rome was like? Truly, answered he, I think her as like my wife as any thing. Why so? says the other: *Why*, says he, *she commands when she pleases, without regard of either God or man; and then curses all the family to hell, if they give not present obedience*.

A man being asked how long he had been married? answered, with a sad countenance, I remember very well I became acquainted with my wife in the time of the great plague, and now it is almost the thirteenth year of her reign.

A countryman near Oxford was saying, that he had been bargaining with two women for some commodities; but, says he, I found them to be both cheating whores, impudent whores, and scolding whores. Well, neighbour, says one of them, now you talk so much of whores, does your daughter go to Abingdon-market to-morrow, or no?

An ignorant physician told a parson, that his cure maintained only himself; but mine, says he, maintains all the sextons in town.

A certain clergyman in the west of England being at the point of death, a neighbouring brother, who had some interest with his patron, applied to him for the next presentation; upon which the former, who soon after recovered,

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upbraided

upbraided him with the breach of friendship, and said, he wanted his *death*. No, no, Doctor, says the other, you quite mistake, *it was your living I wanted*.

One intending to travel, asked a friend of his, which was the nearest way to Rome? Why, says he, it is not far to it; for you have no more to do, but to enter in at the gate of *lewd life*, which leads to the street of *tradition*, and it will bring you strait to the *palace of supremacy*, and then you are at his Holiness's feet, and you may kiss his toe when you please.

Not many years ago, a certain temporal peer, having, in a most pathetic and elaborate speech, exposed the vices and irregularities of the clergy, and vindicated some gentlemen of the army, from some imputations unjustly laid upon them; a prelate, irritated at the nature, as well as at the length of the speech, desired to know *when the Noble Lord would leave off preaching?* The other answered, *The very day he was made a bishop*.

One being sick, was counselled to think of heaven: Why, whither, says he, do you think my wife is gone? They told him, to heaven: *Nay, then*, says he, *I care not where I go, so I come not where she is*.

A country-fellow was sent by his master of an errand, from Covent-garden to Holborn: he having his master's cloak upon his arm, was loath to carry it with him so far: so he hung it upon the rails in Covent-garden, till he came back: but when he came back, and found the cloak stole, *Why*, says he, *I have burg my coat vide or zix hours upon a hedge in our country,*
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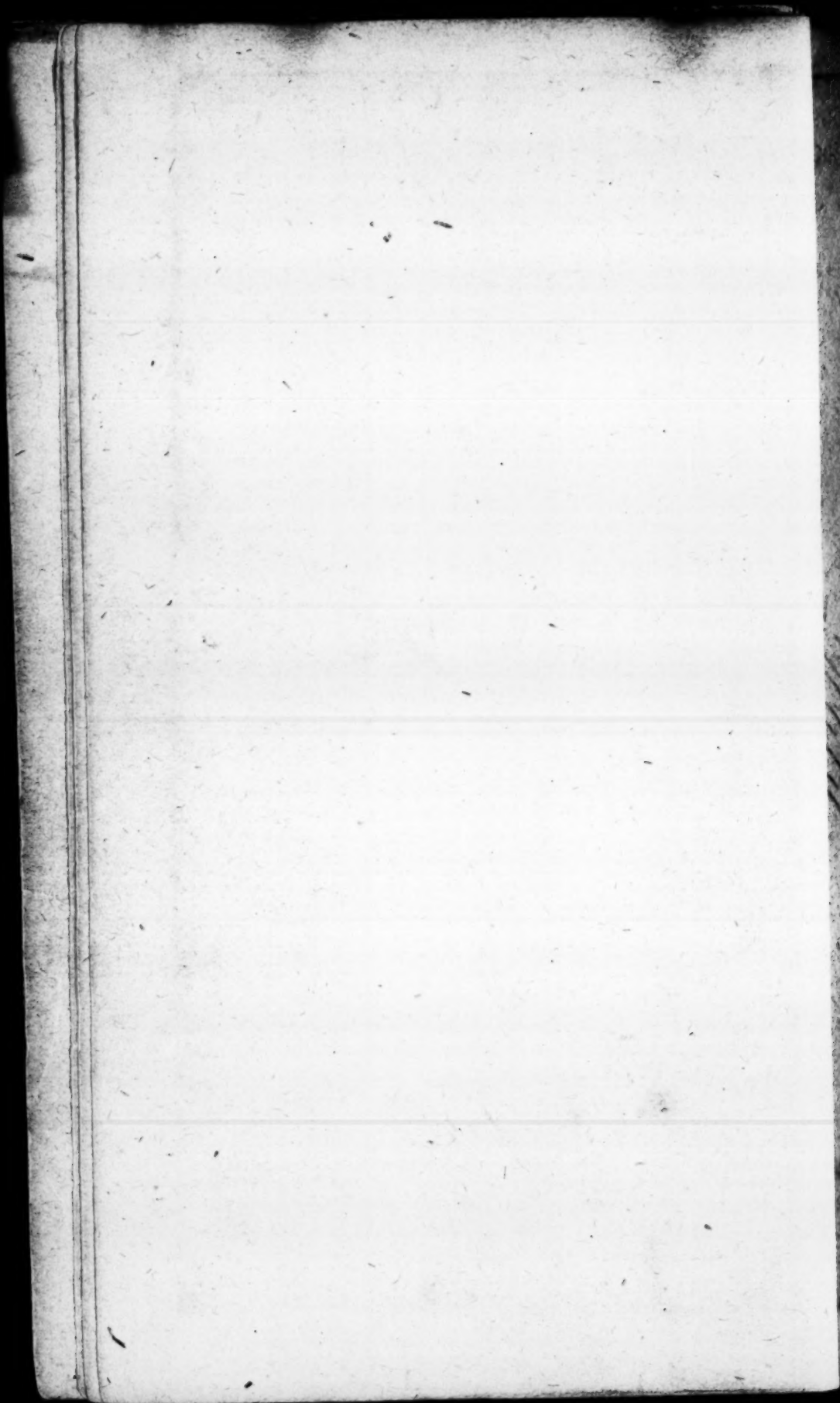
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and the rogues never came ; but I think they are all thieves here in London.

A witch being at the stake to be burnt, saw her son there, and desired him to give her some drink. No; mother, said he, it will do you wrong; for the drier you are, the better you'll burn.

A tinker was crying for work; one asked him why he did not stop the two holes in the pillory? Says the tinker, If you'll lend me your head and ears, I'll lend you hammer and nails, and give you the work into the bargain.

One returning from market, where he had bought a new pair of shoes, met, in his way, with a poor young woman that begged of him: *Truly*, said he, *I have no money to give thee; but if thou wilt let me lie with thee, thou shalt have these shoes.* The reward, and a little good-nature, made her willing to put on the shoes; but when he had done the work, he would have his shoes again, and, notwithstanding her resistance, took them by force, saying, *Let him that rides thee next, shoe thee for me.*

A scholar of Cambridge, in the time of the assizes, seeing a boy in the Castle-yard throwing stones at the gallows; *Have a care, Sirrah*, said he, *you do not hit the mark.*

One praying in St Paul's cathedral, his hat was stolen from him; of which when he complained to the standers-by, *You should*, said one, *have watched as well as prayed.*

Of all trades a tooth-drawer is the most unconscionable, for he deprives a man of that which he gets his living by.

Sir Thomas More, the day he was beheaded,

had a barber sent him because his hair was long; which, it was thought, would make him more commiserated by the people. The barber asked him, whether he would be trimmed? In good faith, honest fellow, said Sir Thomas, the King and I have a suit for my head; and till the title be cleared, I will bestow no cost upon it.

A person in company railing against a gentleman lately deceased, one of them, to vindicate him, said, He thought him not so very bad as he had been represented; adding, *To my knowledge, Sir, he was very charitable; and charity, you know, covers a multitude of sins. Faith, Sir, so it ought,* said the first, *for he had a multitude to cover.*

Once an archbishopric being vacant in Ireland, the then Lord Lieutenant was applied to on the behalf of an elderly bishop, to be promoted to the see; his Excellency answered, That the only obstacle to his Lordship's translation, was his *great age*; whereupon it was given to another. Soon after the Lord Lieutenant made a visit to the Bishop, and found him sitting in an elbow-chair; the prelate begged his Excellency to excuse the manner of his receiving him, for that he was *too old to rise*.

A gentleman being under the hands of a political barber, who was shaving his head, the tonsor was entertaining him with an account of the war in Italy, and giving him a description of the place, till growing very verbose and tedious in his operation, the gentleman said, *Sir, I hope you are not drawing a map of the country upon my head with your razor.*

Mr Popham, afterwards Lord Chief Justice
Popham,

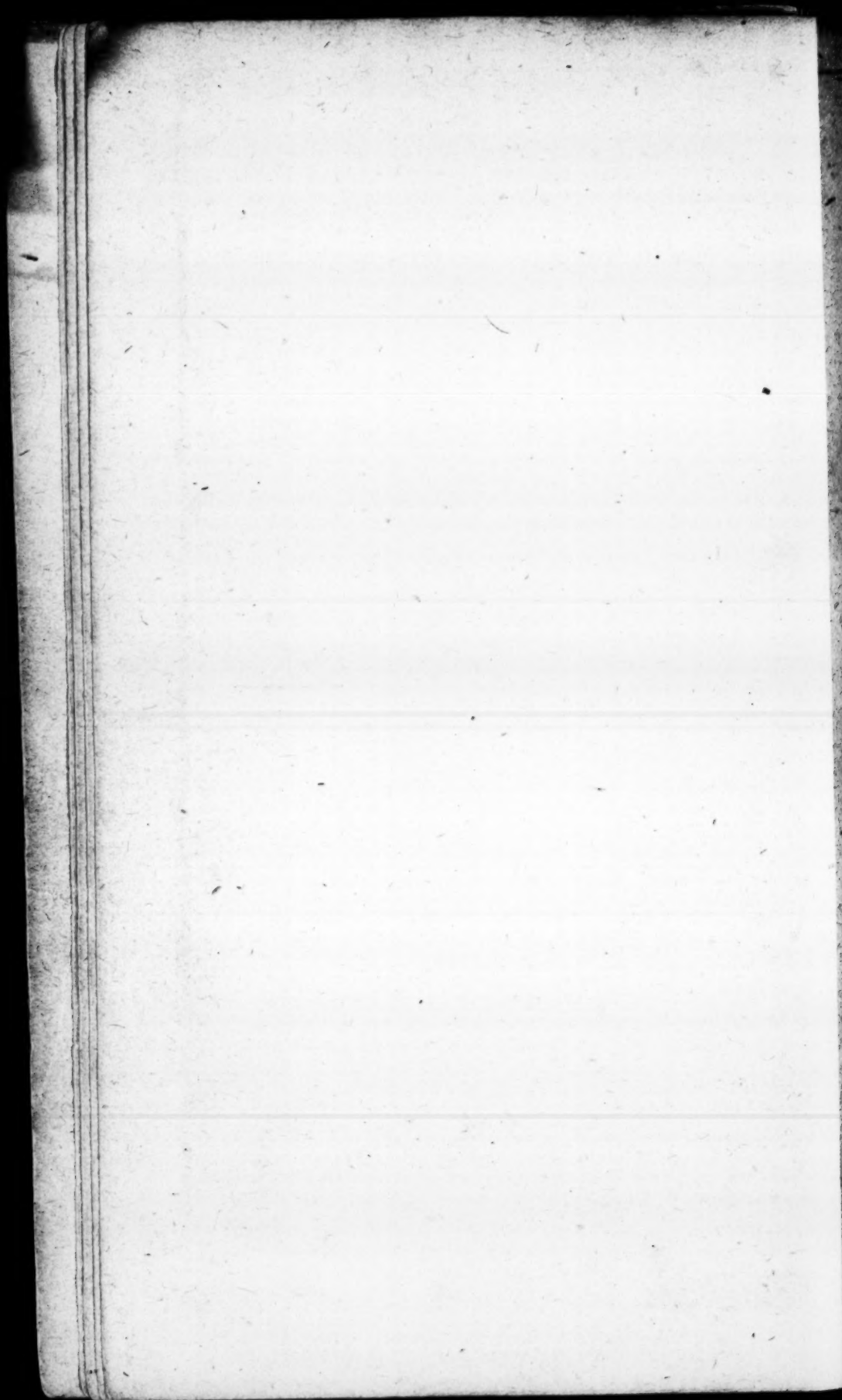
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Popham, when he was Speaker, and the house of Commons had sat long, and done, in effect, nothing; coming one day to Queen Elisabeth, she said to him, Now, Mr Speaker, what has passed in the house of Commons? He answered, An' please your Majesty, *Seven weeks*.

Sir Harry Saville being asked his opinion of the poets, by my Lord Essex; he answered, That he thought them the *best* writers, next to those that wrote *prose*.

One of a great family, and no wealth, married a very rich widow: says one, This is like a *black-pudding*; the one brought *blood*, and the other brought *fuet* and *oat-meal*.

Some gentlemen being a-drinking, a wench came up to attend them; she being not enough, in anger they knocked for more; the master coming up, asked what they called for? Said they, Must we be thus attended? Have you no more *whores* in the house but this? Yes, Sir, says he, pray be patient, I will send up *my own wife* immediately.

A child was to be christened, and the man said to his wife, Who dost thou think will be godfather? Marry I don't know, said she: Why, Will Johnson: O the *father*, says she, will he be here?

A man complained to his wife she brought him nothing: You lie like a rogue, says she, for I bring you boys and girls *without your help*.

One Randal, seeing his friend wear a threadbare cloak, asked him, if it was not sleepy? Why do you ask? said the other. Because, said he, I think it has not had a *nap* these seven years.

One seeing a drawer drunk, said, that the
wine

wine then was even with him; for he hath pierced the wine's hog's head, and now the wine hath pierced his.

A woman told her husband he was a witch; but he went to a cunning man to know; who told him, he was no witch, but a great cuck-old: So he comes home rejoicing to his wife, and told her what he had said: Says she, If thou art not a witch, I am sure he is one.

Two riding from Shipton to Burford, and seeing a miller riding softly before them on his sacks, were resolved to abuse him; so they went one on each side, saying, Miller, come tell us which art thou, more knave or fool? Truly, said he, I don't know which I am most, but I believe I am between both.

Some gentlemen riding over a common by a turf-cutter, inquired the way to Guildford; when he had directed them right, they asked what time o'day it was? The man, looking up to the sun, told them it was ten. But one of the gentlemen taking out his watch, said it was not ten yet. Then, says the fellow, you may ride till it is, and be pox'd to you if you will: If you knew better than me, why did you ask the question, and be d—d to you?

A lieutenant-colonel in one of the Irish regiments in the French service, being dispatched by the Duke of Berwick, from Fort Kehl, to the King of France, with a complaint, relating to some irregularities that had happened in the regiment; his Majesty, with some emotion of mind, told him, that the Irish troops gave him more uneasiness than all his forces besides. Sir,
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wine then was even with him; for he hath pierced the wine's hog's head, and now the wine hath pierced his.

A woman told her husband he was a witch; but he went to a cunning man to know; who told him, he was no witch, but a great cack-old: So he comes home rejoicing to his wife, and told her what he had said: Says she, If thou art not a witch, I am sure he is one.

Two riding from Shipton to Burford, and seeing a miller riding softly before them on his sacks, were resolved to abuse him; so they went one on each side, saying, Miller, come tell us which art thou, more knave or fool? Truly, said he, I don't know which I am most, but I believe I am between both.

Some gentlemen riding over a common by a turf-cutter, inquired the way to Guildford; when he had directed them right, they asked what time o'day it was? The man, looking up to the sun, told them it was ten. But one of the gentlemen taking out his watch, said it was not ten yet. Then, says the fellow, you may ride till it is, and be pox'd to you if you will: If you knew better than me, why did you ask the question, and be d—d to you?

A lieutenant-colonel in one of the Irish regiments in the French service, being dispatched by the Duke of Berwick, from Fort Kehl, to the King of France, with a complaint, relating to some irregularities that had happened in the regiment; his Majesty, with some emotion of mind, told him, that the Irish troops gave him more uneasiness than all his forces besides. Sir, says

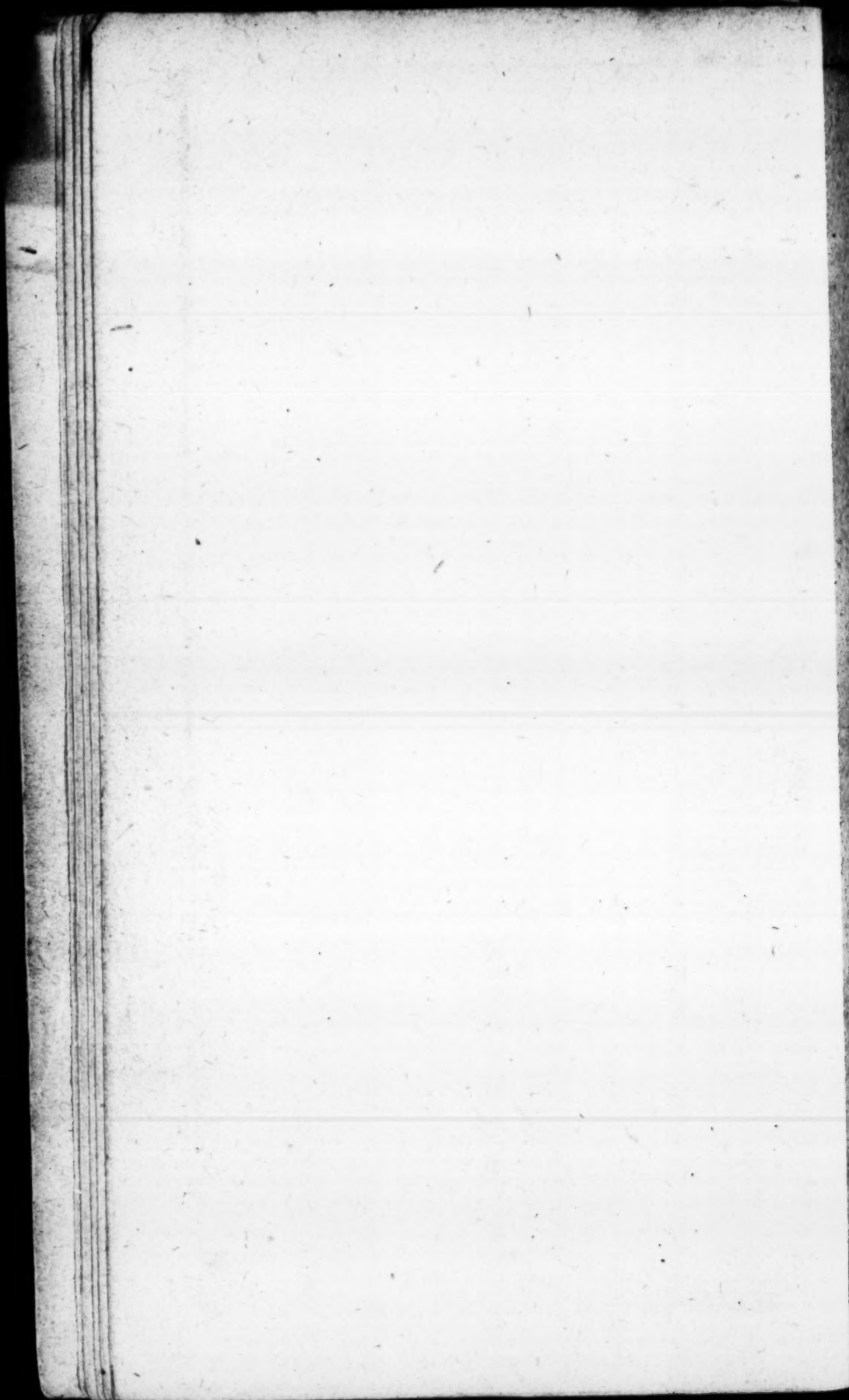
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says the officer, all your Majesty's *enemies* make the same complaint.

A gentleman who had entered into matrimony with a rich widow, told his friends, That he had married a *mine*, to the end that when he wanted money, he had nothing to do but to *dig* in it.

A countryman returning from London into the country, was asked by a female neighbour, what news was at London? He told her, all the news he heard, was, that there was a press for cuckolds. Is there so? said she: Then, to avoid the worst, *my husband* shall not stir out of doors until the press be over.

John Taylor, the water-poet, being on board the ship Hector, the captain making him merrily with punch, he began to be very poetical, and saluted the captain with these lines:

*Most noble Hector, and thou son of Priam,
I wish thou wert but half so drunk as I am.*

One seeing on a coffeehouse-sign painted, *Here is coffee and mum to be sold*, said it was good rhyme. How can that be? said the other, Why, thus, said he:

*Here is coffee
And mum to be
S,O,L,D.*

Pray what may your rectorship be worth? said a bishop to a clergyman. As much as your bishopric, my Lord, heaven or hell, answered the rector.

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When my Lord President of the Council came first to be Lord Treasurer, he complained to my Lord Chancellor of the troublesomeness of the place, because the exchequer was empty. The Lord Chancellor answered: My Lord, be of good cheer, *now you see the bottom of your business at first.*

One asked, why men sued always to the women, and women never to men? Because, said another, women are always ready for the men, but men are not always for the women.

A lady walking with Mr Bacon in Gray's-Inn walks, asked him, whose was that piece of ground that lay under the wall? He answered, theirs. Then she asked him if those fields beyond the walks were theirs too? He answered, Yes, Madam, as you are ours, to look on, but no more.

As some fishermen were drawing the river at Chelsea, Mr Bacon came thither in the afternoon, and offered to buy their draught: They were willing for thirty shillings; Mr Bacon offered ten. They refused it: Why then, says Mr Bacon, I will be only a looker on. They drew, and caught nothing? Says he, Are not you mad fellows now, that might have had an angel in your pocket to have made merry withal, and now you must go home with nothing? Ay, but, says the fishermen, we had hopes to make a better gain of it. *Hope is a good breakfast,* says he, *but a bad supper.*

A fellow walking in the street in a winter-night, and seeing a handsome lantern hung out with a candle in it, thought to secure it for himself; but having climbed up, and going to take

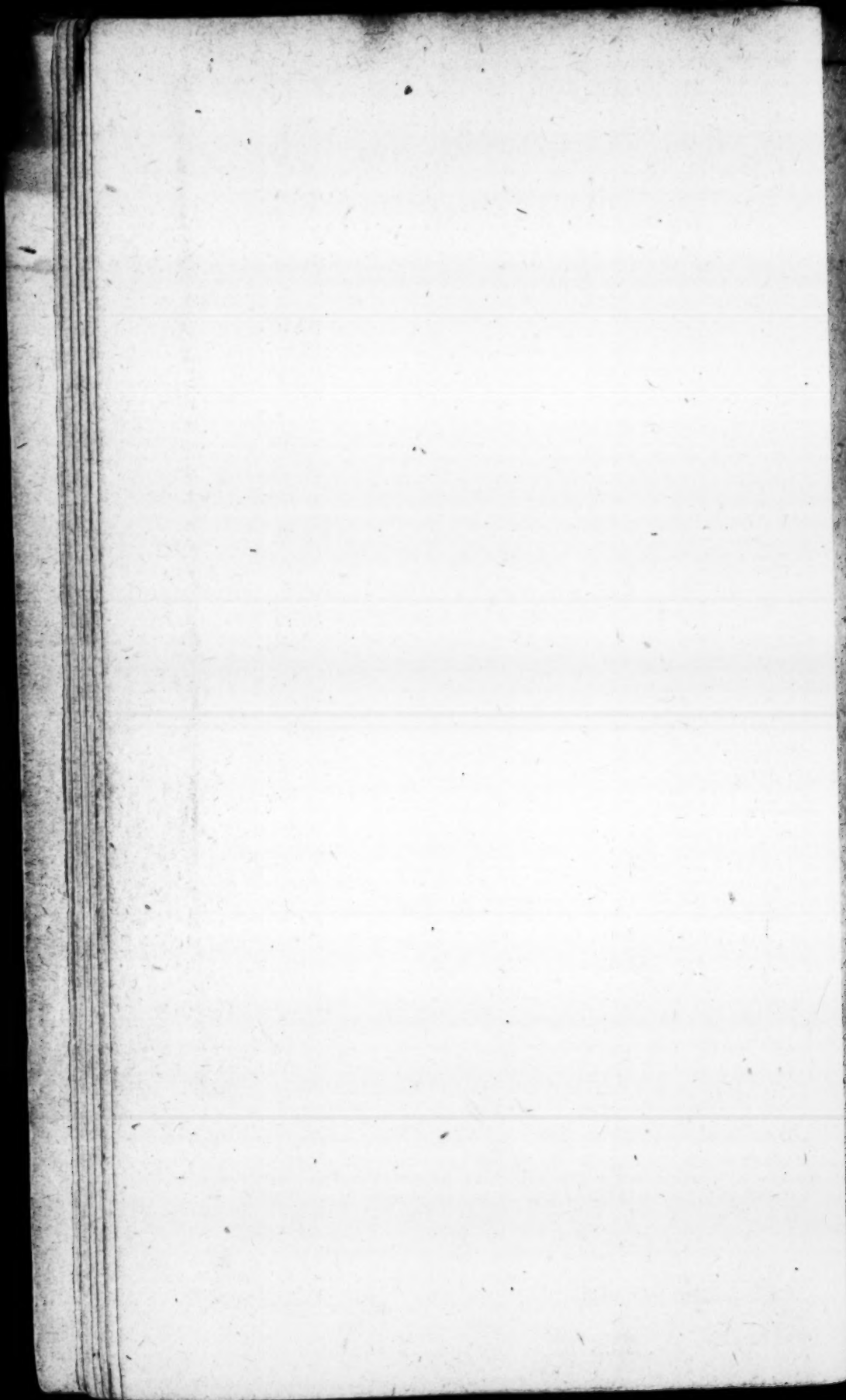
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take it, one of the servants seeing him asked him what he meddled with the lantern for? I crave mercy, says he; I was going to snuff the candle, that I might see to go along.

A lady told a simple gentleman, that his wit was pretty: Why so? says he: Because, says she, you have so little, and all that is little is pretty.

An old lawyer, having his eye upon a fair maid, comes to her, and proposes his business; which the maid not relishing, asked him what he was? I am, sweetheart, says he, a *civil lawyer*. A *civil lawyer*! Sir, says she, if *civil lawyers* be such *uncivil men*, I wonder what *other lawyers* are.

A young fellow, who fancied himself a good player, resolved to take to the stage; and having offered his service to the proprietor of Covent-garden house, was desired to speak some lines of tragedy, by way of probation, before the great Mr Quin: While he was tearing away his tragedy-speech, a dog, who belonged to some of the company, set up howling, which drowned the voice of the actor: hereupon Mr Quin asked whose dog it was? and being answered, *He is a dog of judgment, by Jove*, says he; and then turned away on his heel.

Another came also to offer himself, whose talent lay in comely, and having given a specimen of his capacity to the said Mr Quin, he asked if he had ever played any parts in comedy: the former answered, Yes, he had played Abel in the *Alchymist*: I am rather of opinion you played Cain, says Quin, for I am certain you murdered Abel.

An elderly Quaker, being joined in the band
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of wedlock to a brisk widow of the same persuasion, as he was entering the sheets with her on the wedding night, he called out for the Lord to *direct him*; Nay, saith Tabitha, the Lord *strengthen thee*, and I will *direct thee*.

A good old porter to a monastery was used to say, that, generally speaking, their devotions began by, *I believe in God*, and usually ended with *the resurrection of the flesh*.

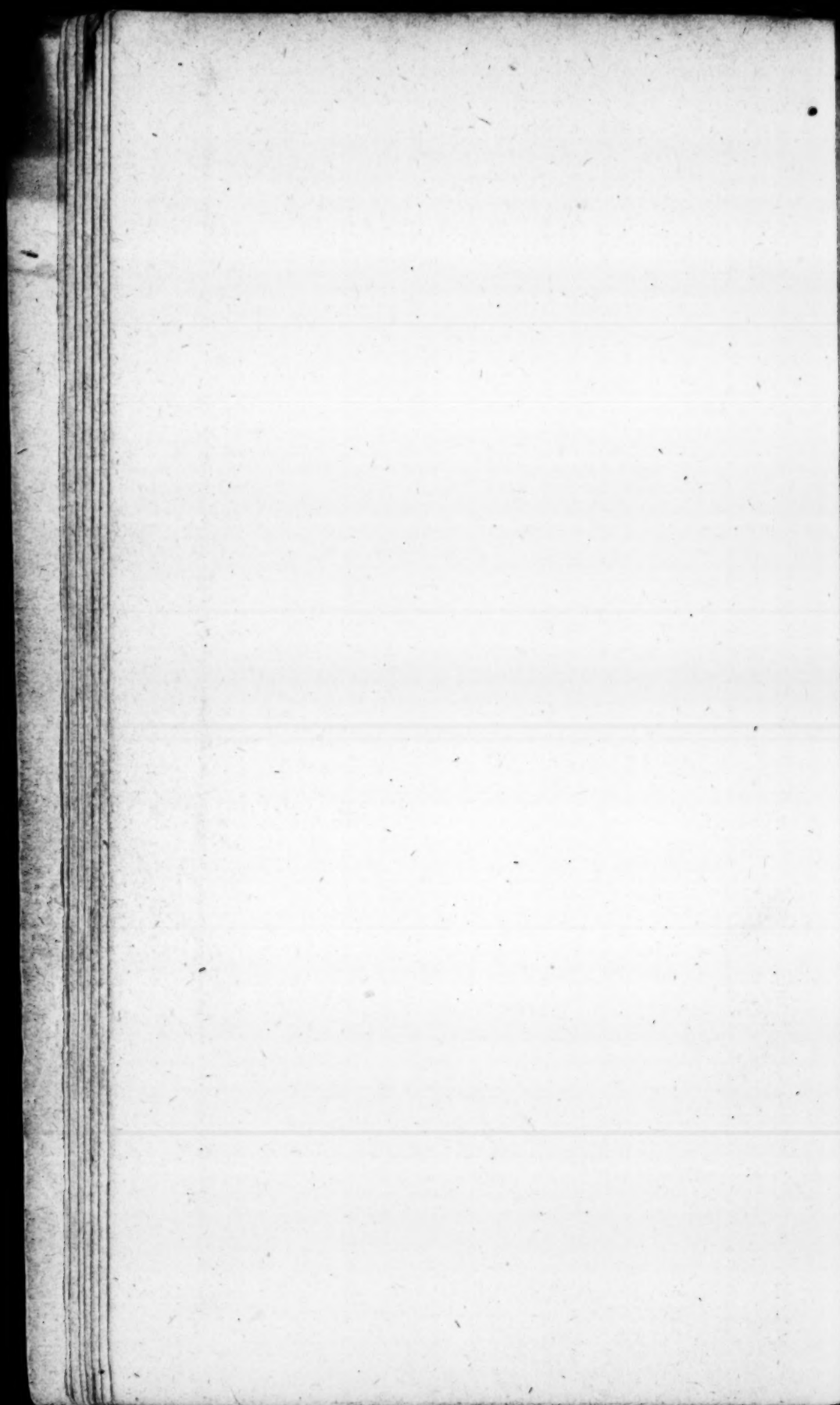
The Marquis of Grance being just returned from the army, went to wait upon the King at the Louvre in his riding-dress, all dusty: Two marshals of France meeting him in the antichamber, in that dirty condition, What a pickle you are in! said they to him, smiling; why, you look like a groom. Right, Gentlemen, answered the Marquis, just ready to curry you both very handsomely.

A wise mayor, with his discreet wife, went to see the Queen's ape; as they came in, the ape caught at his wife, and made mouths at her; but the mayor told the ape, he was an unmanly gentleman to mock an ancient woman, as his wife was, and a midwife too, and one old enough to be his mother.

A maid was to be sworn before a justice, who told her, if she told a lie, it would be her damnation; at which she humm'd and hah'd a great while; for she was to declare, whether she was maid, widow, or wife: but she, considering of it, said, Though I was never married, yet you may write me down, *Young woman*.

A gentleman being sent for to the sign of the *Horns* in Cat-Eaton street, and coming accordingly, but not knowing the house, asked a young

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young man that stood at the doore, *Pray where is the sign of the horns?* (the gentleman at the same time stood under the sign). Upon which the lad replied, Sir, you cannot well see them, but they are exactly over your head.

One came to visit a gentleman in the country, and finding him eating of cherries with his spectacles on, having asked his reason for it; he answered, The truth is, I bid my man bring me Kentish cherries, and the knave hath brought me these little ones, which you see; therefore I eat them with my spectacles on to make them look bigger.

A country-fellow came to a turner's shop to buy a mat; many were shewed him; but he liked none: Then, to jeer the bumpkin, he brought forth his wife and daughter *Mat*, and told him there were all the mats he had: No, said the countryman, they will not do; for I must have one that has not been laid upon.

A rich farmer who had a handsome woman to his wife, when he had lent any thing, as horse, cart, wheel-barrow, &c. would always tell the party, I would not do it to any body but to you. His wife hearing him always in this tale, standing behind his back, forks her fingers, and holding them over his head, said, *No, indeed, I would not do this courtesy to any but you.*

A gentleman riding along had a dog named *Cuckold*, which ran after a bitch into an entry: upon which he called out *Cuckold, Cuckold*; the woman came out, and said he was a knave to call her husband cuckold: No, said he, I do not call him, I call my dog; the more knave

you, said she, to call a dog by a *Christian body's* name.

A man being very jealous of his wife, so that which way soever she went, he would be prying at her heels; and she being offended thereat, told him in plain terms, that if he did not leave off his proceedings in that nature, she would graft such a pair of horns upon his head, as should hinder him from coming out of any door in the house.

A lady of the west country gave a great entertainment to most of the polite gentlemen thereabouts; and among others, Sir Walter Raleigh was one. This lady, though otherwise a stately dame, was a notable housewife; and in the morning early, she called to one of her maids, and asked her, if the pigs were served? Sir Walter Raleigh's chamber joined to the lady's, so that he heard her. A little before dinner, the lady coming down, in great state, into a room full of gentlemen; as soon as Sir Walter Raleigh set his eyes upon her; Madam, said he, are the pigs served? The lady answered, *You best know whether you have had your breakfast.*

It was said of one who remembered every thing he *lent*, and nothing he *borrowed*, that he had lost half his memory.

A woman once prosecuted a gentleman for a rape: Upon the trial, the judge asked if she made any resistance? Yes, and please your Reverence, *I cried out.* The judge again inquired when it was she did so? to which the witness replied, *In nine months after.*

A drunken rake, that made it his constant practice to lie in bed every Sunday, was sharply

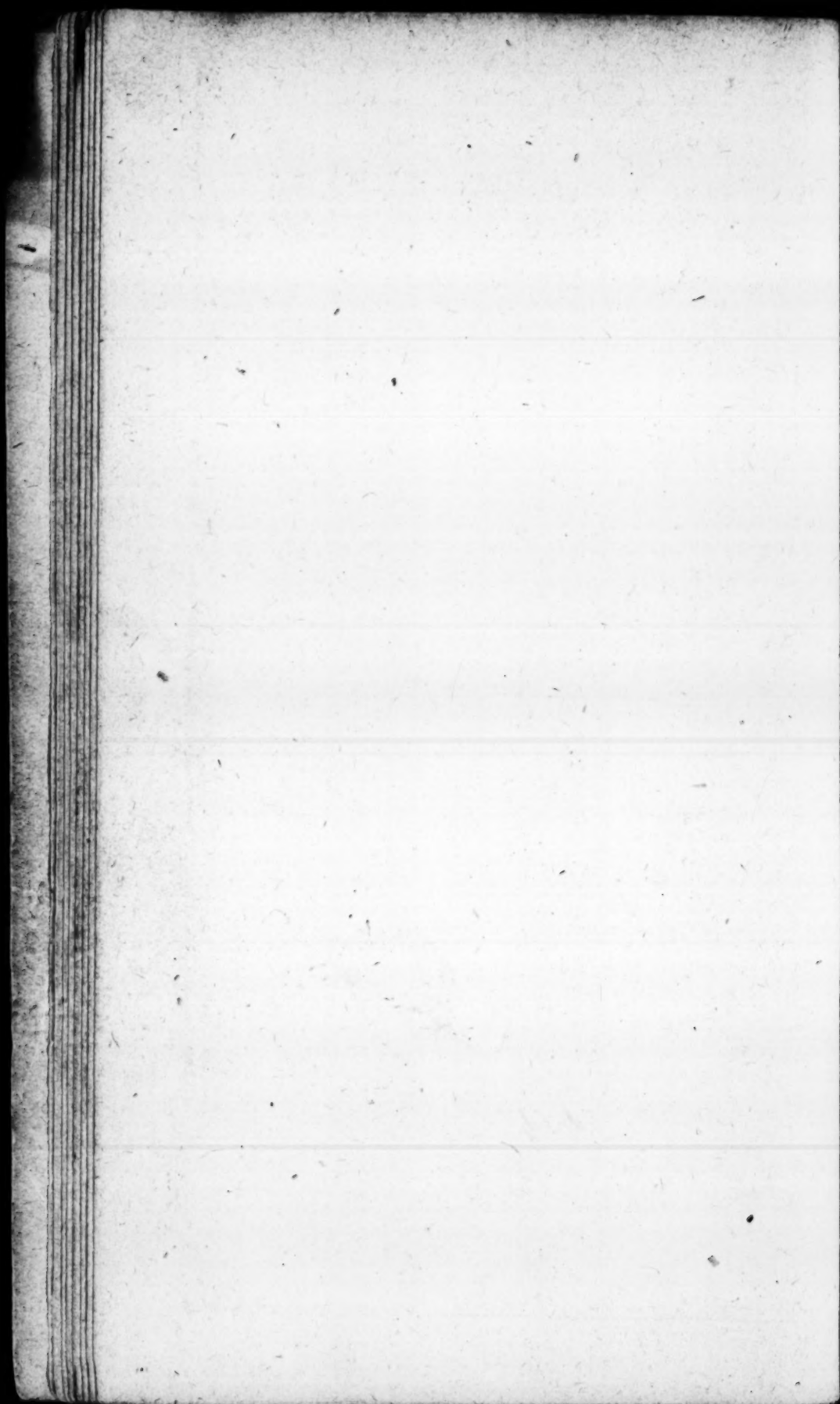
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ly reprehended for it by a clergymen; the beau answered, *That he was sorry that a person of the sacred function understood the scriptures no better, when the sabbath was appointed for a day of rest.*

A philosopher used to say, that laws were like cobwebs, which caught the small flies, but let the great ones break through.

One said, that there is but this difference between the death of old men and young ones, that old men go to death, and death comes to young men.

A gentleman fell sick, and a friend of his said to him, Surely you are in danger; pray send for a physician. The sick man answered, *'Tis no matter, for if I die, I will die at leisure.*

One was saying, that his great-grandfather, and grandfather, and father, died at sea. Quoth another, who heard him, If I were you, I would never go to sea. Why, said the other, where did your great-grandfather, and grandfather, and father, die? He answered, In their beds. Then, said the first, *And if I were you, I would never go to bed.*

What a fine book could one make out of that you are wholly ignorant of? said a bantering spark one day to his friend. Right, answered his friend; and what a paltry one could be made out of what you know?

A young woman having newly dined, in the heat of summer, desired her husband to tumble with her upon the bed; he perceived her meaning, and being as full of ice, as she was of fire, told her the dog-days were very unwholesome for that recreation. At night, being in bed, she

she desired her husband to lie closer; for though, said she, there be *dog-days*, yet I never heard of *dog-nights*.

A philosopher being asked, why learned men frequented rich mens houses, and rich men seldom visited the learned? answered, *That the first knew what they wanted, but the latter did not.*

A married man having got a wench with child, was told by the justice, that he thought such a man as he would not have defiled his bed so? You mistake, Sir, said he, there was no defiling of the bed in the matter, for it was done in the field.

A certain lady standing by a fat young gentlewoman, when her stays were lacing on, took occasion to joke her upon the largeness of her shape; to which the girl said, *She could only wish it as slender as her Ladyship's reputation.*

A chandler having had some candles stole, one bid him be of good cheer; for in a short time, says he, *I am confident, they'll all come to light.*

One stealing a cup out of a tavern, was laid hold on; a gentleman sent his man to know what was the matter; he came and told him, only a fellow had a cup too much: *Pish*, says he, *that's my fault, and many an honest man's beside.*

Another was stopt, and they asked him what was his name; and he said *Adultery*: Then, Sir, says the constable, I'll commit you. Sir, says he, *if you do, your wife will be angry with you for committing Adultery upon your watch.*

A great thief, long using of a city, fee'd a porter

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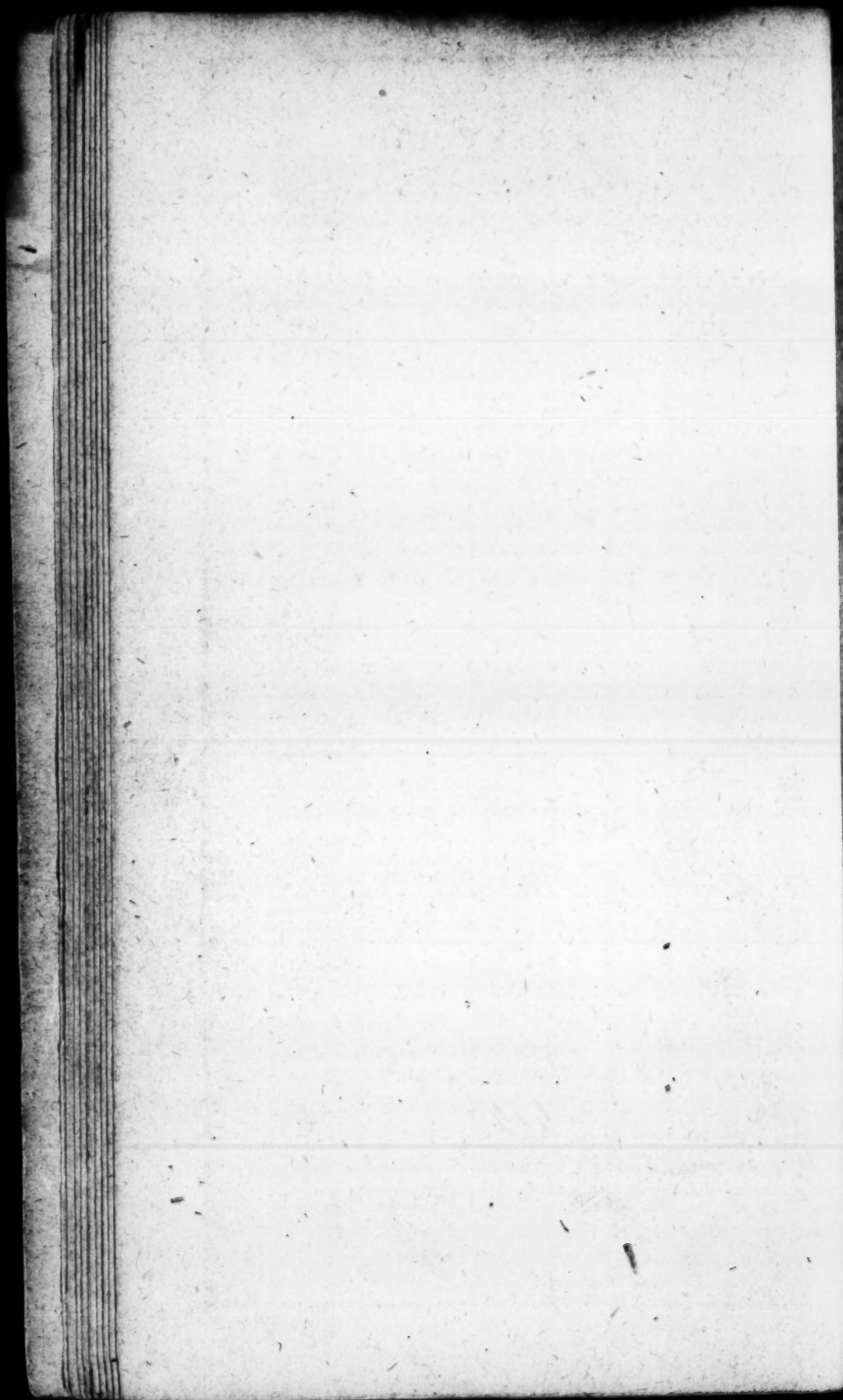
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porter to let him in at night; at last he was to be hanged, and being on the ladder, seeing the porter there, said to him, Honest porter, if I come not in to night, don't tarry up for me; but, in the mean time, you may see me *stand hanging* here.

At an inn some cattle were foddered in the yard all night; the next morning one told the inn-keeper, Faith, neighbour, I wonder you will suffer the west-country *oxen* to be all night in your yard, they have filled it so full of *cows* and *hards*, that a man cannot set a foot for them.

One said, players were idle fellow: Says another, You are mistaken, for their whole life is nothing but action.

One being very jealous, came suddenly home, and found one busy with his wife: says he, Friend, I thank thee, I have feared this a long time, but now I find it is true; it hath eased me of a great deal of trouble, I'll be jealous no more.

One meeting a gentleman in Moorfields early in the morning, asked him for a morning's draught? on which he answered, that he had been at the gun in Moorfields with a wench, and had spent all his money; the other replied, Guns and wenches are both very chargeable.

Two women were chattering together: says one, My daughter has not laid her eyes together this four nights: You fool, says the other, How should she? Does not her nose stand between?

An extravagant young fellow, being accused by one of his friends, of mismanaging his estate, saying, I am sorry to see you carry yourself so; for

for I see you have all the properties of a prodigal: *Nay*, says the other, *prithee don't say so, for I never yet fed with swine*. True, says he, but the reason was, because nobody would trust you with their swine.

A forward young girl having been debauched by a gentleman, the wench's father went to learn of a counsel whether an action would not lie from his daughter against the seducer: the barrister bid his client go home, and take better care of the rest of his children; for that he believed there had been already too much action between them.

A gallant setting himself out before his mistress, upon a day, asked her, whom she thought the prettiest man in the world? *Nay*, says she, that's a puzzling question; but however, I think that man that is *most unlike you*, may be for ought I know.

A merry fellow told an old bachelor of a strange dream he had of him the night before; for, says he, I thought you were dead; and I thought I saw you behind hell-door leading of a great ape; and that Lucifer coming in, and seeing you, asked, what that old fellow did there? To whom the devil that attended you, told him, you were an old bachelor, and had never lost your maidenhead; to whom Beelzebub said, Turn him out again, thou dost him wrong: dost not see his son in his hand there, that is so like, that any one may know who was the father of him?

The French ambassador dining with King James, the King in mirth drank a health to him, saying, *The King of France drinks a health to the French*

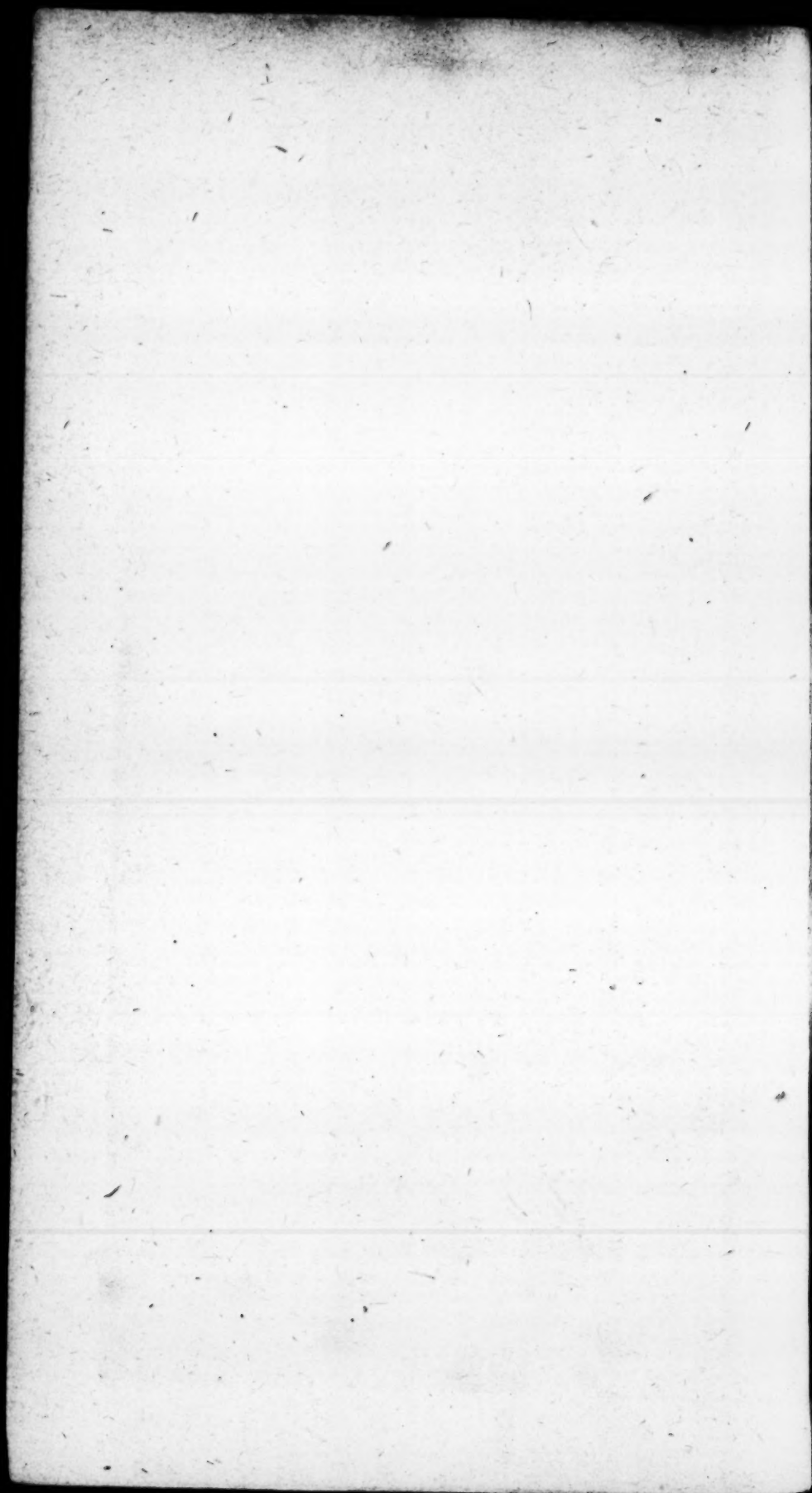
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French King. Upon which the ambassador replied, *My master is a good lieutenant, for he holds France well for your Majesty. No,* says the King, *he holds it from me. Truly, Sir,* said the ambassador, *it is no farther from you than it was.*

A country-fellow being admitted to a gentleman's table, fell upon the artichokes at the lower end: but not knowing what of them should be eaten, and what not, takes a mouthful of the burrs, which almost choaked him: one who sat next him said, Friend, that dish is reserved for the last. Truly, answered he, (as well as he could), I am of your mind: for I think it will be my last.

One said that carpenters are very civil persons, for they have a rule to walk by.

Alonso Cartilio being informed by his steward, that his income would not hold way with his expense; the bishop asked him, whence it chiefly arose? The steward told him, from the multitude of his servants. The bishop bid him make a list of such as were necessary, and such as might be spared: which he did; and the Bishop taking occasion to read it before most of his servants, said to his steward, Well, let these remain, because I have need of them; and these also, because they have need of me.

Alonso of Arragon used to say, in commendation of age, that age appeared best in four things; old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to meet, and old authors to read.

A gentleman in company complaining that he was very subject to catch cold in his feet, another not overloaded with sense told him,

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that might easily be prevented, if he would follow his directions; I always get, said he, a thin piece of lead out of an India chest, and fit to my shoe for this purpose. *Then, Sir, says the former, you are like a ropedancer's pole, you have lead at both ends.*

A well-experienced fellow having, as he thought, newly married a maid, the much desired wedding-night was come, and when he was in bed with his simpering bride, he began to attempt the taking of the virgin-citadel; but finding so much facility in the first charge, he began to be in a great passion against his bride, and cry'd out, You damn'd whore, you are no maid. To whom she as confidently replied, A pox on you for a whoremaster; who made you so skilful?

One said, he had rid his horse so much that he had never a dry thread about him.

When it was told Anaxagoras, that the Athenians had condemned him to die; he said again, *And nature them.*

Queen Anne Bullen, as she was led to the block, called one of the King's privy chamber, and said to him, Commend me to the King: and tell him, he has been ever constant in his course of advancing me: from a private gentlewoman he made me a marchioness: from a marchioness a queen: and now, having left me no higher degree of earthly honour, he crowns my innocence with martyrdom.

A jealous-pated fellow pictured a lamb on his wife's belly, for he was going to sea: and staying out a long time, she began to have an itching desire: her friend visiting her, copied the lamb,

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lamb, and put a pair of horns upon the head of it: and when her husband came home, he wondered at the horns: Why, what is it, husband? said she. Why, horns, said he. O lack, husband, said she, 'tis two years since you went, and by that time all lambs have horns.

Some ladies having a petition to present to the Speaker of the house of Commons, waited at the door for his going in: at last the croud grew so great, that there was hardly any passing by; which one of the messengers seeing, cried out aloud, *Ladies, pray fall back, and open to the right and left, that the members may go in.*

Some pleasant raillery once passing in the court of requests at Westminster, between the late Lord Orford, and the late Alderman Parsons, the Earl, among other things, said, *Prishee, Mr Alderman, let me come and take a bit of mutton with you; I hear you keep a good table, but where the devil stands your house? Oh! Sir,* replied the Alderman, *very nigh Tower-hill, where thousands as well as myself will be heartily glad to see you.*

Counsellor Cr—le being obliged to ask pardon of the house of Commons upon his knees: when he got up, he brushed his knees, saying, *I never was in so dirty a house in my life.*

A gentleman and two ladies, being out pretty late in London, and not able to get a hackney-coach, prevailed with a gentleman's coachman to take them home in his master's chariot, who, hearing them very merry, would often stop and bid them take care of the glass; at which the gentleman within said, *Don't be so uneasy, friend, we have rode in a chariot before now.*

That I don't doubt, says the fellow, *but I believe 'tis a good while since.*

A gentleman meeting the King's jester, asked, what news? Why, Sir, replied he, there are forty thousand men risen to-day. I pray to what end, said the other, and what do they intend? Why, to go to bed again at night, said he.

A driver chanc'd to overturn his cart far from any assistance, and was forced to stand by till he could find somebody coming that way to help him; at length a parson came, and thinking to put a joke on the poor carter, said, How now, carter, what! I see you have killed the devil: Yes, i'faith, Master, quoth he, and I have waited two hours for a parson to bury him, and now you are come very seasonably.

One seeing a great heap of stones in St Paul's church-yard, said to his friend, *I wish I had some of these stones at home.* Why, what would you do with them? said the other. *Why,* said he, *I would build a brick wall round my house with them.*

Two were disputing which was the noblest part of the body; one said the mouth, because it was saluted first; the other said the breech, because it sat down first: At the next meeting, he that held for the mouth saluted the other with a fart, at which he seemed angry. *Why,* said he, *that part you hold most noble, and so I salute you with it.*

One was asking another, How such a person lived in these hard times? To which the other answered, *By his wits.* I wonder, says the other, *how can he live upon so small a stock.*

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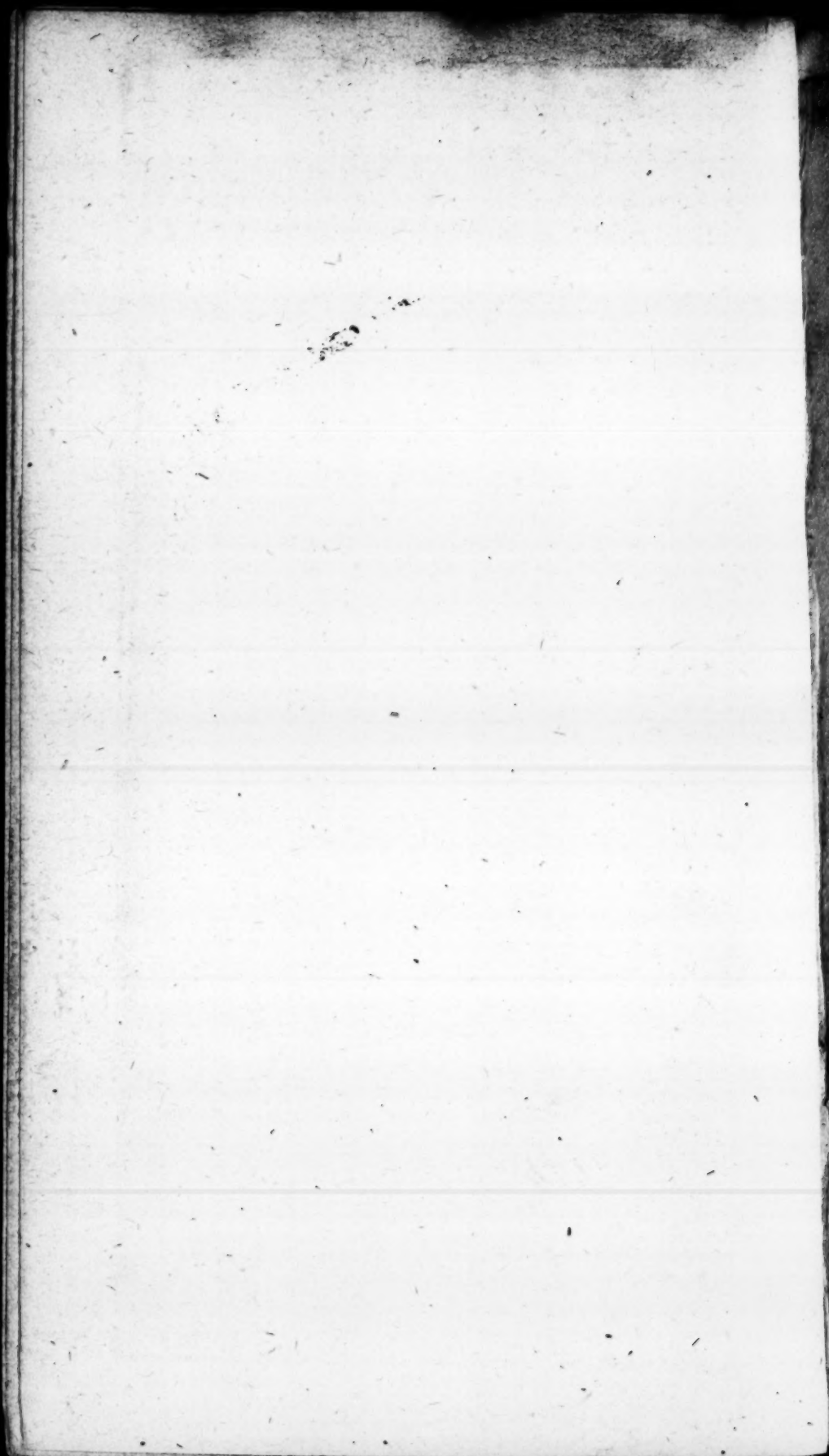
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One was talking of a woman that always hit her husband in the teeth with his horns; says a simpleton, What a fool was he to let his wife know he was a cuckold!

An ignorant lawyer, pleading in an action of battery, told the judge an aggravation of the defendant's crime; that he had beat the plaintiff with a certain wooden instrument, called an iron pestle.

The following billet was once put up to be read at a country church:—“The prayers of this congregation are desired for a young man at the point of matrimony.”

Killigrew, the famous jester to K. Charles II. having been at Paris about some business, went from thence to Versailles, to see the French King's court; and being known there to several of the courtiers who had been at the English court, one of them took occasion to tell the French King, that Killigrew was one of the wittiest men in England: upon which, the French King desired to see him, which he did: but Killigrew, it seems being out of humour, or at least seemingly so, spoke but very little; and that little he did speak was so little to the purpose, that the French King told the nobleman that had commended him for such a wit, that he looked upon him as a very dull fellow; but the nobleman assured the King, that (whatever he thought of him) Killigrew was a very witty and ingenious man: whereupon the King was resolved to make a further trial of him, and took him into a great gallery, where there was abundance of fine pictures; and, among the rest, shewed him the picture
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of Christ upon the cross, and asked him if he knew who it was? But Killigrew made himself very ignorant, and answered no: When said the King, I'll tell you, if you don't know this is the picture of our Saviour on the cross, and that on the right side is the Pope's, and that on the left is my own: whereupon Killigrew replied, I humbly thank your Majesty for the information you have given me; for tho' I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, yet I never knew who they were before.

A dignified clergyman, going down to his living to spend the summer, met near his house a comical old chimney-sweeper, with whom he used to chat. So, John, says the Doctor, from whence come you? From your house, Sir, says Mr Soot; for this morning I swept all your chimneys. How many were there? says the Doctor. No less than twenty, quoth John. Well, and how much a chimney have you? Only a shilling apiece, Sir. Why then, quoth the Doctor, you have earned a great deal of money in a little time. Yes, yes, Sir, says John, throwing his bag of soot over his shoulder, *we black-coats get our money easy enough.*

A witty knave bargain'd with a seller of lace in London for so much fine lace as would reach from one of his ears to the other. When they had agreed, he told her that he believed she had not quite enough to perform the covenant, for one of his ears was nailed to the pillory at Bristol.

An elderly lady was telling her daughter, a girl of sixteen, of the abominable lewdness and wickedness

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wickedness of the age, and what debaucheries were daily practised by vicious men, who made use of violence as well as art, to satisfy their brutal appetites; and how that swords and pistols had been put to women, threatening them with immediate death, if they refused their unlawful embraces; and then asked Miss, that if it should ever happen to be her fate to meet with such a trial, how she should behave? Says the girl, *Life is sweet, Mamma.*

Alexander, after the battle of Granicum, had very great offers made him by Darius; but consulting with his captains concerning them, Parmenio said, Sure I would accept of the offers, if I were Alexander: Alexander answered, *So would I if I were Parmenio.*

A country-fellow being at a fight, one asked, what exploits he had done there? He said he had cut off one of the enemy's legs: and being told, it had been more manly done if he had cut off his head; O, said he, you must know his head was cut off before.

One wondering there were so many pick-pockets in London, seeing there's a watch at every corner: Pho, says another, they'd as willingly meet with a watch as any thing else.

An Oxford scholar being at Cambridge ten days together, they kept him drinking all night, so that he could never rise before dinner; being asked how he liked the place, he said, Well enough, but that there is no forenoon in it.

Judge Jefferies, taking a dislike to an evidence who had a long beard, told him, that if his conscience was as large as his beard, he had

a swinging one. To which the countryman replied, "My Lord, if you measure conscience by beards, you have none at all."

A gentleman had a blind harper playing before him while it was pretty late; at last he commands his man to light the harper down stairs: to whom the servant replied, Sir, the harper is blind. Why, you ignorant logger-head, says his master, has not he the more need of light?

One asked why the watermen were suffered to make such a noise at Westminster, to disturb the lawyers in term-time? Says another, Phoe! the lawyers are used to bawling themselves.

A thief, early in the morning, went to seek his prey, and took two tailors and bound them together; says he, *They say two of a trade can never agree, but now you may fall out and be hang'd.*

Mr John Ogle, one of the private gentlemen of the first troop of horse-guards, whose sister was mistress to the Duke of York, being very extravagant, and spending all his pay, used to make his sister supply him with money: but one time entering her chamber, when the Duke was asleep in bed with her, she hearing him, immediately drew up the curtain, and lifted up her hand, that he might not disturb the Duke, and he should have his demands: he seemed to be satisfied therewith; but when the curtain was drawn, Jack takes away the Duke's cloaths, with his star, and garter, laced breeches, gold watch, and money; and went clearly off, without any one seeing of him. When the Duke awoke, he was in a great passion on
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not finding his cloaths; and examined among his servants who had been in his chamber, they answered, None but Mr Ogle. Oh! quoth the Duke, Madam, you know who it is has been the thief. About a week after, the Duke and several of the nobility were walking in the park: Ogle immediately steps up to the Duke, and begins to strip, saying, Here, take your cloaths again, I have better of my own at home. The Duke seeing him begin to strip, and fearing the nobles should be acquainted in what manner he lost his cloaths, said, Pish, fie, Mr Ogle, do not strip; you are welcome to them. So they parted good friends, and Ogle went off with great satisfaction.

Another time Ogle wanting a pair of boots to mount guard in, goes into a shoemaker's shop, and asked for a pair of boots, which were brought him. They fitting him, he walked up and down the shop, to settle them to his feet; but spying an opportunity, He ran out of the shop, and the shoemaker followed him, crying, Stop thief! stop thief! Ogle said, No, Gentlemen, 'tis a wager; I am to run in boots, and he in shoes and stockings. Then said the mob, Well run, boots, for shoes and stockings will never overtake thee.

There being a general muster of the life-guards in Hyde park, and Ogle having lost his cloak at play, was therefore obliged to borrow his landlady's scarlet petticoat; so tying it up in a bundle put it behind him, then mounted safe enough, as he thought, and away he went; but one of the rank perceiving the border, immediately gave the Duke notice, and

fell back into the rank again. The Duke smiling to himself, said, Gentlemen, cloak all; which they all did, except Ogle, who stammering and starting, said, Cloak all. What a pox must we cloak for? It don't rain. But he not cloaking, the Duke said, Mr Ogle, why don't you obey the word of command? Cloak, Sir! said Ogle: Why there then; and peeping his head out at the top of the petticoat, Though I can't cloak, I can petticoat with the best of you.

Mr Ogle lived too extravagantly to keep his horse, therefore he kept none; but when he was to mount guard, he would hire a coach that had a good pair of horses, then putting his saddle and arms in, and ordering the coachman to drive him to Hyde-park gate, he would compel the coachman to lend him one of the horses, otherwise he would threaten immediately to shoot him; which trade he having followed to such a degree, that the Duke of Monmouth taking notice, that he never mounted guard twice with the same horse, said, Mr Ogle, I think you have more change of horses than I have: for every muster you have a fresh horse. Quoth Ogle, May it please your Grace, I can't tell whether I have greater variety than you, but I never mount guard but I can fellow my horse. Now, when the muster was quite over, and the regiment riding out of the park, Ogle rides up to the Duke, and shewing him the hackney-coach, which was waiting with but one horse, See you there, quoth Ogle; did not I tell your Grace that I could shew you the fellow of this horse? I will never want a horse for his Majesty's service, so long as there is a hackney-

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hackney-coach in the town? which made his Grace smile; and Ogle returned the coachman his horse again.

Another time, Mr Ogle being at Locket's ordinary, where he was playing at hazard with a great many Lords, he had very good luck at gaming among them; therefore he ordered a porter to go up and down the streets, and to bring him as many poor people as he could get; who in a little time brought in upwards of an hundred beggars: Whereupon Ogle ordered them a shilling apiece, in meat and drink. By that time they had made an end of their allowance, Mr Ogle had broke all the persons of quality, discharging the mumpers reckoning, and giving them sixpence apiece besides. As he was going into Spring-gardens, he met the Duke of Monmouth, who asked Ogle where he had been? Been! quoth he, why I have been fulfilling the scripture. Quoth the Duke, I believe you know nothing of the matter. No matter for that, said Ogle, but *I have filled the hungry with good things, and the rich I have sent empty away.*

A lieutenant of a man of war getting leave of his captain to spend a month or two in town, lodged in a house where there were two sisters, to the eldest of which he made his addressees; but matters not being brought to a conclusion before his time was expired, he was obliged to leave his lady, and return to his ship. He had not been many weeks on board before he received a melancholy letter from his mistress; in which she told him the fruits of their love now began to appear; and that if he did not come

and perform his promise, her reputation was gone. Among her other complaints, she told him, that nothing vexed her so much as the reproaches of her sister, who, upon the slightest occasion, says she, calls me nothing but whore; *whereas, to my certain knowledge, she would have been a whore too, had she not miscarried.*

A great officer in France was in danger of losing his place; but his wife, by her suit, made his peace; Whereupon a pleasant fellow said, that the officer had been crushed, but that he saved himself upon his horns.

A tailor that was ever accustomed to steal some of the cloth his customers bought, when he came one day to make himself a suit, stole half a yard: his wife, perceiving it, asked the reason: *Oh, said he, 'tis to keep my hands in use, lest at any time I should forget it.*

A countryman coming to London, went into a bookseller's shop to buy a Bible; the man shewed him one that had a patch in the cover; the countryman was displeased at that, and would see more; whereat the master came out, asking his servant, what the man would have? *Sir, says the boy, he wants a Bible, and he does not like this.* Then the master looking on it, *Why, Sirrah, said he to his apprentice, have I but one double covered Bible in all the shop, and you must shew every one this?* O, pray, said the countryman, *let me have it by all means, if it be double covered; for I would fain have a lasting one;* and so paid the price down most willingly.

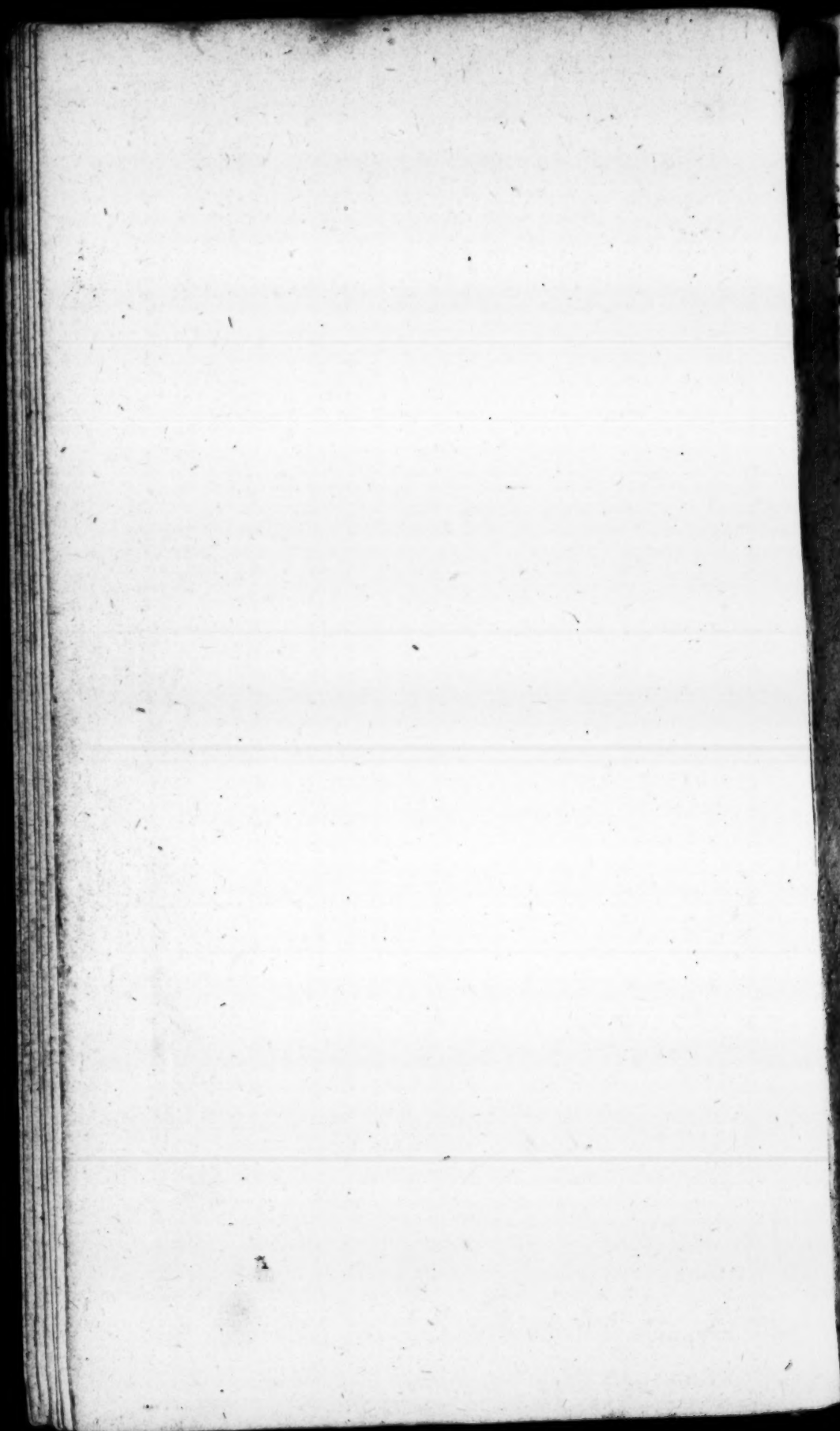
A lady belonging to a wealthy parish in London, having had the misfortune to bury several
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of her family in a little time, the sexton brought her a bill; which she thinking unreasonable, demanded some abatement, and tendered him five shillings less than he had charged. The sexton eyed the money, and at length took it up, saying, *As you have been a good chap, Madam, and I expect more of your custom, I'll take it for this time, but I really cannot afford it.*

In a former reign, a captain in the royal navy, who had a seat in parliament, and was very zealous against the court, was at length promised to be made an *Admiral*, upon the first vacancy that should happen. Some of his friends observing, that he did not exert himself in the manner he had done before, were asking the reason of it; when a gentleman present said, *He flags, he flags.*

One told his friend merrily, he was bewitched, for his head was all in one lump. And you, my friend, replied the other, *I am afraid are mad, for your heart is not on the right side.*

One said, a covetous man was never satisfied: Why so? said his friend. Because, replied he, he thinks *nothing* enough: Why then, said the other, he is satisfied with the least, if nothing be enough for him.

A gentleman being choaked with a honeycomb, his friends began to bemoan him. *Why make you such a lamentation?* said a witty person; *never man had a sweeter death.*

A tutor bid his pupil come to the school; but he slept all the while; after exercise was done, home comes the tutor, and finds him asleep, and asked him why he did not come to disputation:

tation : *Truly, Sir, says he, I never dream'd on't.*

One having an extreme bad cough, said, If *one cough* be so troublesome, what would a man do if he had *twenty*?

A traveller relating some of his adventures, told the company, that he and his servant made *fifty wild Arabians* run ; which startling them, he observed, that there was no such great matter in it ; for, says he, we run, and they run after us.

Sir Nicholas Bacon, upon bills exhibited to discover where lands lay, upon proof, that they had a certain quantity of land, but could not set it forth, used to say, *And, if you can't find your land in the country, how would you have us find it in chancery ?*

When Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper, lived, every room in Gorhambury was served with a pipe of water from the ponds, distant about a mile off : in the life-time of Mr Anthony Bacon, the water ceased ; after whose death, his Lordship coming to the inheritance could not recover the water without infinite charge : when he was Lord Chancellor, he built Verulam house by the pond-side, for a place of privacy : when called upon to dispatch business, and being asked, why he built that house there ? his Lordship answered, That since he could not carry the water to his house, he would carry his house to the water.

A shopkeeper's man calls an orange-wench, and asked her what she would take for a penny-worth ? Ay, says she, your mother said when you

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you were a *puppy*, you'd be a great *whelp* in time.

An old parson was reprehending the gallants of the times, saying, Beloved, the apparel which men now wear, makes them look like apes in their short breeches ; and the ladies, forsooth, must have their gowns daggling half a yard upon the ground, a very unseemly sight : Now, to rectify this disorder, you women should take up your coats ; and you men should let down your breeches.

One of the comedians walking down Bow-street, Covent-garden, saw a poor miserable object asking charity; he stopped and relieved him, saying at the same time, *This man must either be in very great distress, or a very good actor.*

A clergyman, who had led a very dissolute life about town for many years, at last made interest to go chaplain to a gentleman who was going abroad in a public character ; the envoy told him, he had been thoroughly informed of his vicious courses, yet that should be no obstacle to his preferment, was he not still wanting of one vice more. The parson amazed at a complaint of his deficiency in wickedness, impatiently desired to be informed in what he had failed ; the envoy replied, *Hypocrisy to cover all the rest.*

One speaking of a young physician, asked, whether he kept his coach ? *No*, says another, *his coach keeps him.*

A gentleman had often solicited his wife's maid for a little of that which Harry gave Doll ; but she denied still, saying, he'd hurt her, and then she should cry out : after all was done, Look
you

you there now, said he, did I hurt you? Well, said she, or did I cry out?

A cooper beat his wife for pissing a bed; one desired him to be more moderate, for she was the weaker vessel; therefore, says he, I hoop her because she should hold water the better.

A French doctor asked a waterman, whether he might safely go by water over the river? The fellow told him, Yes: but the doctor coming to the water-side, and finding it very rough, said, You waterman are the veriest knaves in the world; for, to gain sixpence, you care not though you cast a man away. Sir, said the waterman, *we are men of cheaper function, and don't ask so much for casting men away as you do.*

A minister being deprived for nonconformity, said to some people, *It should cost an hundred men their lives*; some who understood this, as to his being a turbulent fellow, that would move sedition, complained of him; who, upon being examined, said, his meaning was, *That he would practise physic.*

One of the philosophers was asked, how a wise man differed from a fool? He answered, Send them both naked to a stranger, and you will see.

A person being asked, what learning was most necessary in human life, answered, to unlearn that which was bad.

A lawyer told his client, his adversary had removed his suit out of one court into another. Let him remove it to the devil, quoth the other, I am sure my attorney, for money, will follow him.

A city-serjeant had an action against a gentleman

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gentleman at the suit of a tailor; he espies the gentleman, (but having forgot the tailor's name), and told him he had an action against him: At whose suit? says the gentleman. Why, at his suit that made your suit, replies the serjeant.

Two rich men being tired out with a tedious law-suit, at last they agreed to refer it to a justice of peace. The plaintiff (who had the equity of the cause on his side) presented the justice with a new coach; and the defendant did the like, with a couple of horses. The justice approving of the horses better than the coach, gave it for the defendant. The next day, the plaintiff asked him, Why his coach went out of the right way? Oh! says the justice, I could not possibly help it, for the horses drew it so.

A Reverend gentleman having received an invitation to dinner wrote on the *ten of hearts*, by a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune. This the gentleman thought a good opportunity to give the lady a distant hint of his hopes; he therefore wrote the following lines on the same card, and returned it by her own servant.

*Your compliments, Lady, I pray now forbear,
For old English service is much more sincere:
You've sent me ten hearts, but the tythe's only
mine,
So give me one heart, and take back th' other
nine.*

A jury having given 1500 l. damages against Sir R—— H——ly, for criminal conversation with a gentleman's wife, as the defendant was
F going

going out of court, he cried, *Damn these twelve appraisers, they have confoundedly overvalued my pastime.*

Dr Bentley shewing a young lady the fine library in Trinity college, and amongst the rest of the books, his own works curiously bound, asked the lady how *she liked the binding*: The lady answered, they were extremely handsome, but she chose rather to have his *works in sheets*.

A trial for lands being pleaded before a chancellor, the counsel on both sides set forth their limitations in question by the plat; and one counsel pleaded, My Lord, we lie on this side; and the other said, My Lord, we lie on this side: Nay, says the Chancellor, if you lie on both sides, I'll believe neither of you.

An usurer had constantly two dishes brought to his table; but eat of but one; his man once brought but one, and left the other behind: Sirrah, says he, where's the other dish? Sir, says he, it has come so oft, I thought it would have found its way hither without any assistance.

One sent his man to a lawyer for advice without a fee, but was slighted; then his master went, and gave him his fee: O, now (says the lawyer) I understand you. When he came home, he chid his man for not telling the business right: O, Sir, says he, I had not my instructions in my pocket.

A lady was saying, she had overthrown her adversary; at which one of her servants said, Ay, he took a wrong sowl by the ear when he meddled with her Ladyship.

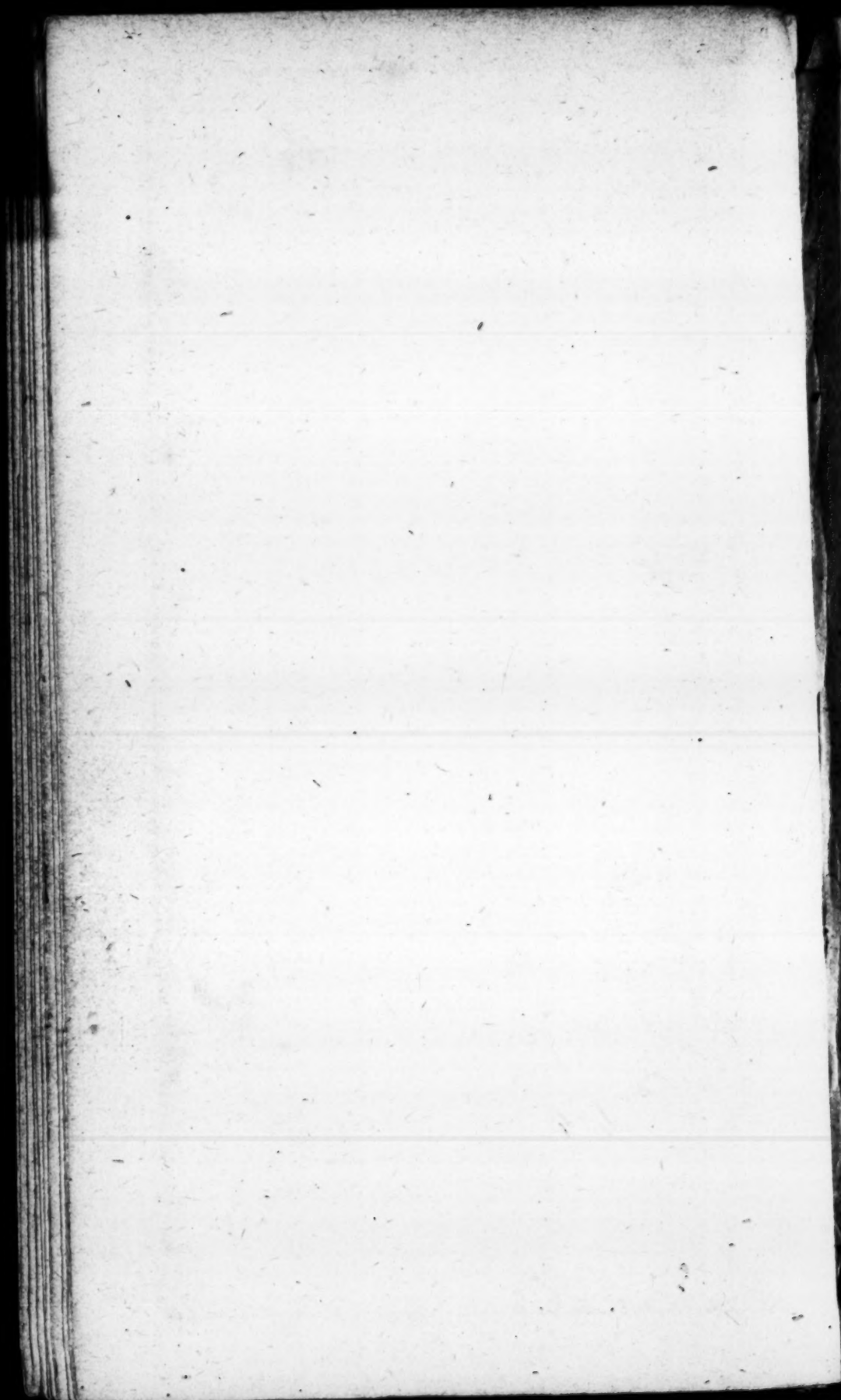
A scrivener's man, reading a bill of sale to his master, said, I do demise, grant, and to farm let,

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let, all my lands, &c. but on a sudden the cough took him; at which his master bid him read on, with a pox to you: Says he, Your heirs and their heirs for ever.

One let a farm by word of mouth to a tenant, who much abused it, by felling the wood, cropping the ground, and the like, as being tenant at will: The landlord seeing that, vowed he would never after let any thing without a writing; but his wife overhearing him, Good husband, said she, recall your words, or else you cannot let a fart without a writing.

A certain preacher having changed his religion for a good benefice, was much blamed by some of his friends for deserting them. To excuse himself, he assured them, he should not have done it, *but for seven reasons*. Being asked what they were, he answered, *A wife and six children*.

Dr Bentley being in a very numerous company at Cambridge, after the election for parliament-men, a few years ago, was so elevated on their having chosen two courtiers to represent the university, that he said, *Now, God be praised we've got rid of an old scab*; meaning the two candidates who were thrown out. To which a gentleman present replied: *Ah! Doctor, 'tis too true; but you will never get rid of a BOYLE * that you had some time ago, which will make you uneasy as long as you live*.

An honest Bacchanalian, who belonged to a club at the Horn-tavern in Fleet-street, was chid by the chairman one night for staying so long

* The Doctor had been engaged in a controversy with the great Mr BOYLE.

beyond his usual time. He begged pardon for his transgression, and said he had been about an affair of moment, and which that worthy company was interested in; in short, he had been making his will; and as he had left twenty pounds to be expended by them the day of his interment, he should be glad to know where they would spend it: He told them that he had ordered himself to be buried at Epsom: The chairman said, they would breakfast then at Mitcham, which was half-way thither, and then go and see him buried. Pray, Gentlemen, says he, if I may presume to ask such a favour, I wish you'll oblige me so far as to let it be all drank at Mitcham. Your reason, Sir, replied the chairman: Because, says the gentleman, I shall then have my humour to the end; for you know I always loved to be at the last bottle.

The famous Jack Ogle of facetious memory, having borrowed, on note, the sum of five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money, took occasion indiscreetly to talk of it in the public coffeehouse; which obliged Jack to take notice of it; so that it came to a challenge. Being got into the field, the gentleman, a little tender in the point of courage, offered him the note to make it up; to which our hero readily consented, and had the note delivered. But now, said the gentleman, if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us: therefore let's give one another a slight scratch, and say we wounded one another. With all my heart, says Jack, Come, I'll wound you first; so drawing his sword, he whipt it through the fleshy
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part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought the very tears in his eyes. This being done, and the wound tied up with a handkerchief: Come, says the gentleman, now where shall I wound you? Jack putting himself in a posture of defence, cried, *Where you can by G—d, Sir.* Well, well, says the other, I can swear I received this wound of you; and so marched off contentedly.

A person said that the soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.

One of the late kings was riding a hunting, and coming to a gate which he must go through, seeing a country-clown at it, said, Prithee fellow, open the gate: The fellow knowing who he was, said, No, and please your Grace, I am not worthy of that office; but I will run and tell Mr Holt, who is a justice of peace, two miles off, and he shall come and open it for your Grace. So he ran away, and left the King to open the gate himself.

An Irish gentleman, being met by two of his acquaintance in St James's park, who observing he had got a new coat that set very awkwardly upon him, asked him how his tailor came to make it so badly? To which the *Dear Jey* answered, *That he was so unfortunate as not to be at home when his tailor took the measure of him.*

A country-attorney appearing in a cause at the assizes, some years ago, in very dirty linen, before a judge not remarkable for his integrity; Mr Justice took occasion to reprimand him for such a contempt of the court; to which the attorney very briskly replied, *That although his shirt was dirty, his hands were clean.*

King

King Charles II. with some of his nobles, being a-hay-making, Nell Gwynn was with them, and looking upon them. Quoth the King, So, Nell, why don't you make hay? To which she said, If your Majesty and the nobles will cock as much as you can, I'll spread for you all.

A clownish gentleman, who had courted a young lady; the marriage being agreed upon, he espied a pretty mare a-grazing, which he would have into the bargain: The gentleman being unwilling to part with his mare, the match broke off. A twelvemonth after, this formal wooer meets the lady at a fair, and would fain have renewed his old acquaintance; but she pretending ignorance at first, said, she did not know him! No, said he, do not you know me! Why, I was once a suitor to you. *I cry your mercy, Sir,* said she, *now I remember you; you came a-wooing to my father's mare, and she is not married yet.*

Some gentlemen being in a tavern, as they were in the height of their jollity, in came a friend of theirs, whose name was *Samson*. Ah, said one, we may be now securely merry, fearing neither serjeant nor bailiff; for though a thousand of such Philistines should come, here is *Samson*, who is able to brain them all. Sir, replied *Samson*, I may boldly venture on so many as you speak of, provided you will lend me one of your jaw-bones.

One was advised to venture something in a lottery. Not I, says he, for none has luck in it but rank cuckolds. Come, come, said his wife, who was standing by, Pray, my dear, venture

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ture something; for I am very sure you will have very good luck.

A great zealot advised one to leave off all wickedness, especially that of the flesh, and live altogether by the spirit, as he did. Yes, says the other, I do believe you do; for sure 'twas some spirit that moved you to get your maid with child.

One Little, a mayor, sent a fellow, out of malice, to prison; but being to go out of his place at Michaelmas, the fellow went merrily singing.

*When Michaelmas is come and I shall be free,
I'll care as little for Little, as Little doth for
me.*

A sea-captain's opinion being asked about a *future state*, he answered, that he never troubled himself about *state-affairs*.

A Scots gentleman being once reproached for voting against his conscience; said he, the charge was false, *for that he never had a conscience.*

A lady ordered her Irish footman to Mr Richards, the famous staymaker, to fetch home a new pair of stays; withal strictly charging him, that if it rained, to take a hackney-coach. A violent shower of rain falling, the fellow returned with the stays dropping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not obeying the commands of his lady, replied, *That in truth he did take a coach, but came all the way behind as it became his station.*

A Quaker lodging at an inn, the house being full, a damning blade came up into his room, and would have hector'd him out; but he told
him

him 'twas his room, and by yea and nay, he should not come there. The hector then began to thunder out his oaths, and to strike him ; but the Quaker being a stout fellow, returned his blows double and treble, and at last kicked him down stairs. With that, the master of the house sending the tapster to know the occasion of all that noise, he told him, 'twas nothing but that *Yea and Nay* had kicked *G—d damme* down stairs.

When the troopers kept guard in St Paul's church, a countryman heard that troop was upon the guard which quartered in their town ; so he went in, and found the man that quartered at his house : O, landlord, says the trooper, how d'ye? 'Thank you heartily, says the countryman ; and I am glad to see this blessed reformation in London ; for in our town we can't get the people to church, and here the very horses come to church.

King James keeping his court at Theobald's, in a time of contagion, divers constables, with their watchmen, were set at several places, to hinder the concourse of people from flocking thither without some necessary occasion ; amongst others, one gentleman (being somewhat in the garb of a serving-man) was examined what Lord he belonged unto ? To which he readily replied, To the *Lord Jehovah* : which word being beyond the constable's understanding, he asked his watchmen, if they knew any such Lord ? They replied, No. However, the constable being unwilling to give distaste, said, Well, let him pass, notwithstanding, *I believe it is some Scotch Lord or other.*

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One desired a kindness of a covetous rich miser : Yes, says he, you shall have it, if you can persuade me to it. Why, faith, says he, if I were to persuade you to any thing, it should be to hang yourself.

A certain nobleman, who has too much fortitude and greatness of soul to be shaken with every breath, was in Ireland during the late rebellion in Scotland ; and, one morning, when it was reported that the Roman Catholics were about to rise, a gentleman ran into his chamber very abruptly, *My Lord, my Lord, we're undone*, says he, *all Dublin is up. Why, what's o'clock ?* says the nobleman. *Ten, my Lord*, answered the gentleman. *Why then, truly*, says his Lordship, with seeming unconcern, *I'll get up myself, for I think every man should be up at ten o'clock.*

Some years ago, a door-keeper at the parliament-house being suspended for taking money to let people into the house to hear the debates ; the poor man complained to one of the members of the hardship of his case, *That when his masters took money within doors, he must not be suffered to do it without.*

A grave noble peer made a visit one morning to the Hon. John Sp—r, who received him sitting in an elbow-chair quite naked : There were loud complaints made in the town of the indecency of the action, besides the disrespect shewn to a person of such high quality : Mr Sp—r said, *That he thought he paid his Lordship the greatest compliment, by receiving him in his birth-day suit.*

One parting a fray was cut into the scull ;

G

says

says the surgeon, *Sir, one may see your brains : Nay, then I'll be hanged*, said he; *if I had had any brains, I had never come there.*

A constable carried a big-bellied wench before a justice, and said, *An't please your Worship, I have here brought you a maid with child. The wench called him fool and knave: she being reprov'd, said, He must needs be one of them; for, said she, if I am a maid, he is a fool to think I am with child; and if I am not with child, he is a knave for saying I am.*

Some thieves met a man, robbed him, and bound him in a wood; a little after, they met with another, bound him also, and laid him on the other side of the hedge; then one of 'em cried out, saying, *I am undone, I am undone!* the other hearing him say so, prayed him, that he would come and undo him too.

A gentleman meeting of his godson, asked him, whither he was going? To school, replies the boy. That's well, said he, there's sixpence for you; follow thy learning apace; *I may live to hear thee preach my funeral-sermon.*

A fellow stood staring at a lady in a balcony, at which she retired: says he, What, does the sun offend you, Madam? Yes, says she, the son of your father and mother.

One held a paradox, That wise men were great liars; for, said he, the old proverb tells us, That children and fools tell truth.

One night a drunken fellow jostled against a post; but the fellow thought somebody had jostled him, and fell a-beating the post till his fingers were broken. Says one to him, Fie, what

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what makes you fight with a post? Says he,
Why did he not blow his horn then?

A grazier sent his son to the university, and he studied poetry; his father check'd him for it; *Well, since you are a poet, tell me why so handsome a woman as Venus married such an ugly fellow as Vulcan? I wonder at it too, father; and yet I wonder as much why my mother married you.*

One asked another, what such a one was? He told him, a proctor of the court, and doth some business of my wife's. Come, said he, he doth no business of my wife's, but does thy business upon thy wife.

A country-fellow being to be catechised (who was an apprentice), the parson asked him, What's your name? John, says the fellow. Who gave you that name? says the parson. My godfathers and godmothers, &c. says the fellow. Well said, says the parson; and what did your godfathers and godmothers then for you? Says John, Sir, they have done nothing for me yet, but they promised to do something for me, when I come out of my time.

One telling his friend of the death of one whom he loved entirely; says t'other, 'Tis impossible, for if he had been dead, he would have sent me word, I am sure on't.

In a storm at sea all went to prayers but one, and he fed heartily on salt meat; being asked the reason, said, *He should drink more to-day than ever he did in his life.*

Cobblers may be said to be good men, because they set men upright, and are very diligent in mending of soles; and of all knaves there is the greatest hope of a cobbler; for though he

is never so idle a fellow, yet he is always mending.

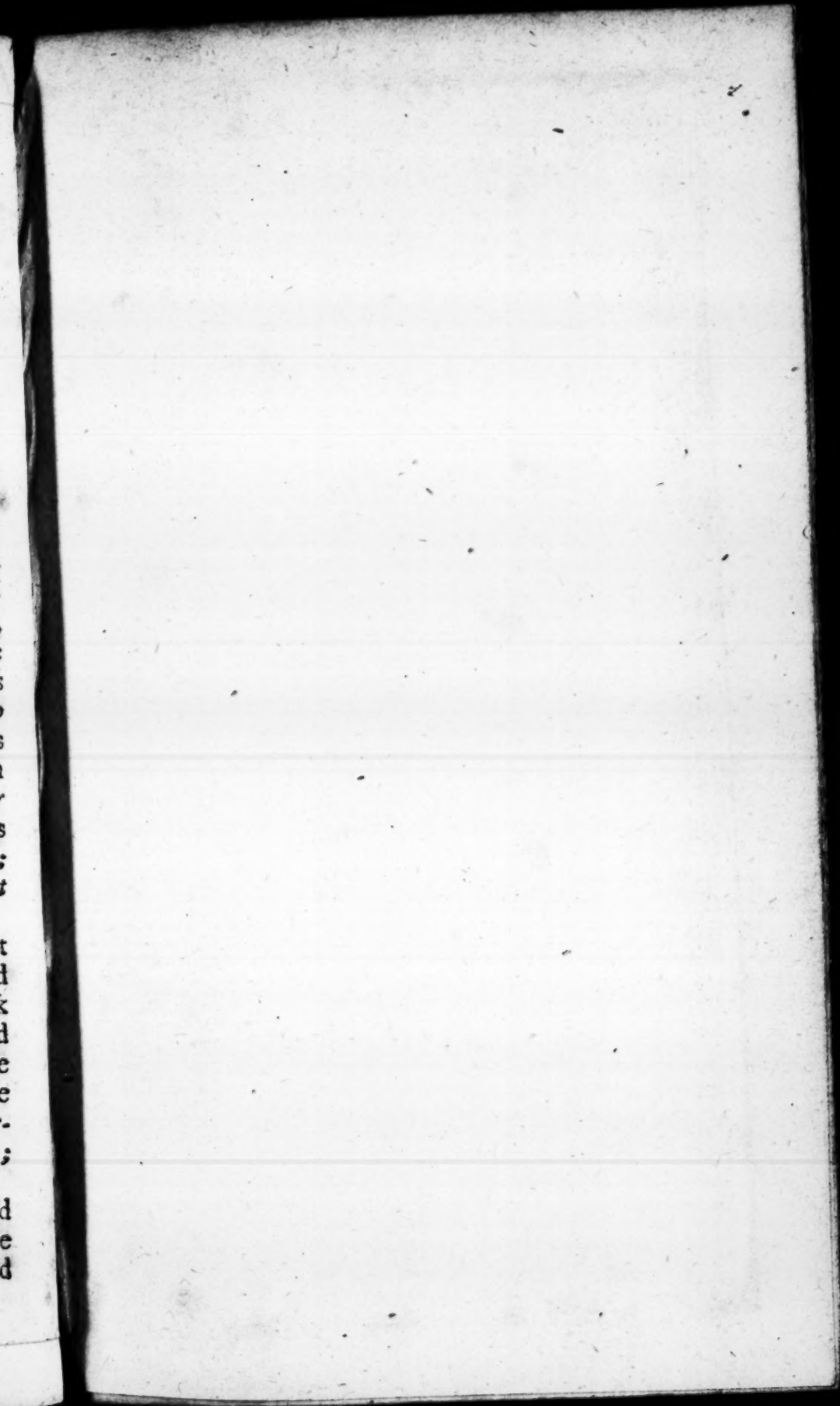
One said, that watermen might be taken for politicians, because they look one way and row another.

One having stole a watch, the constable was sent after him : at last, being taken by others for a suspicious person, as they were examining of him, the watch was took in his pocket : *A pox of this luck, says he, to escape the constable, and be found out by the watch.*

A poor gentleman that had trifled away his estate, being in company with some merry citizens, one would needs pass a joke upon him, saying, though citizens for the most part were younger brothers and gentlemen, the elders carried away the estates, and were bred up highly in learning ; yet many times the citizens outwitted them, and got their lands : To which the gentleman replied, *That it was not their wit, but that providence ordered it so ; for, says he, we get your children, and you get our estates ; and it is fit the land should descend to the right heir.*

A certain great lady passing in her chariot through Long-acre one morning, perceived her son coming out of a brothel ; the spark having a quick eye upon his mother, retreated back into the passage in great confusion : The old lady causing her coachman to stop at the door, called out to him, *My son, my son, never be ashamed at coming out of a bawdy-house ; but for ever be ashamed of going into one.*

A handsome young gentlewoman, of a good family and small fortune, was ask'd, Why she did



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did not apply to be a maid of honour? She answered, *Because she couldn't push for it.*

One, when the hangman came to put the halter about his neck, desired him not to bring the rope too near his throat: *For I am,* says he, *so ticklish about that place, that I shall hurt myself so with overlaughing, that it will go near to throttle me.*

A drunken fellow was brought before a justice, and what question soever he asked him, he still said, Your Worship's wife; then he committed him till the next morning; then sent for him again, and told him of his idle talk the night before. Why, what did I say? Why, whatsoever I said to you, says the justice, you still said, Your Worship's wife; that I thought thou wert mad. Truly, says he, if I said so, I think I was mad indeed.

A young woman came to a lady to be hired, and the lady told her she was no maid. Yes, indeed, Madam, says she, but I am. How can that be, replied the lady, when, to my knowledge, you have had a child? Well, Madam, says she, it was but a very little one, and do you make such a matter of that?

A simple fellow had a great love for a young maid, as he thought she was, and that they might live peaceably and quietly together hereafter, he thought of this expedient: One day he told her, that it was his full intent to marry her, and, to prevent future quarrels, he said he would tell her all the secrets of his heart, that their alliance might be the stronger; amongst many other things, he told her, that in the heat of blood he got a son on a friend of his, which
friend

friend was yet living, and desired her not to take it amiss. No, no, said she, I am very well pleased, for a friend of mine got me with child, and it is a daughter; and if you intend to fortify our alliance, it may be done with another marriage, that is, between your son and my daughter.

A cobbler's wife, speaking of a street wherein she had lived before, her apprentice, mumbling, said, There were none but whores and bawds lived there: What's that you said, Sirrah? said she. I said, says he, there's honestest women than yourself live there.

A man, complaining to his friends, that his wife's drunkenness and ill conduct had almost ruined him, concluded as the vulgar usually do, And for goodess sake, *what's to be said for it?* *Nothing that I know,* says his friend, *can be said for it, but much against it.*

Several French courtiers passing over a bridge at Paris, they saw a blind man begging, whose eye-balls appear'd so fair, that many people adjudged him to be a counterfeit: a nobleman's bastard going by, said he would try the experiment; for, says he, if he can see, I am sure he knows me, by reason I pass this way so often: So he goes to the beggar, and pulls him by the nose. Says the beggar, roaring out, *You bastardly rogue, what's that for?* Look ye there, says the bastard, how should he have known me if he had not counterfeited?

A gentleman meeting the Duke of Rohan's jester, asked what was his name? Why, none of your name, says he. I know that, replied the gentleman; but what is your name? Says the

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the jester, My name is my father's name. And what is his name? says the gentleman. It is the same as mine is. Then what are both your names? Why, says the jester, they are both the same.

A great eater in Antwerp having a large piece of roast-beef set before him, he eat sometimes at one end, and then at the other: the woman desired him to cut it handsomely, and in one place. Says he, *It is no matter where I begin, for I intend to make an end of it all before I go.*

A man and a woman were got into a great round sugar-barrel, and the constable having notice of it, came thither, and was resolved to send them to the round-house: O, no, said a gentleman, I pray, good Mr Constable, by no means; for you see they have put themselves into the round-house already.

A young fellow wished himself the richest cuckold in England. Said his mother, You are a covetous boy; has not your father enough in store for you?

One of the ambassadors from Morocco, having never seen snow till he came into England, and observing (when it snowed) that the boys gathered it up in their hands, said, It is no wonder the English were so fair, since they washed themselves in white rain.

One having a kinswoman come out of the country, that was never at London before, invited her abroad, and having shewed her the tombs at Westminster, came with her to the King's chapel, where the organs were playing; and entering in, he took her by the hand to lead

lead her to a convenient seat; but she held back, saying, Indeed, cousin, you must excuse me, I cannot dance.

A bassard was telling his friend, that he was as much beholden to such a man, as to his own father: Yes, says the other, but I believe you are more beholden to your mother, to chuse such a father, than to your father that chose such a mother.

A fellow blaming his sweetheart, telling her she was false to him; she, to clear herself, used many imprecations, bidding him, if it were so, to mark her end: Nay, for that, said he, I shall not so much mark your *end*, as I shall your *middle*.

A prating woman who had lost her teeth, ask'd a phylician the reason, seeing she was young and healthy: I can't guess at any other reason, says he, but that your tongue grates too much against them.

A deaf fellow coming to London, to sell a turkey, at Hyde-park corner had occasion to untruss a point; a gentleman passing by, intending to put a joke upon him; Countryman, said he, there's a turd under you. The man thinking he asked the price of his turkey, said 4 s. Master. I say, there's a turd under you, said the other. It is as good as ever you eat in your life, said the fellow, either baked or roasted. You rascal, said he, I could find in my heart to kick you soundly. Chuse, said the fellow, if you wont, another will.

A smart fellow crossing a late king in his hunting, he rides after him with his sword drawn, Pray, Sir, says he, *do not knight me before*

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before my elder brother is dead, for I am but a younger brother : which took the King's fury off in a laughing humour.

A woman who had been married but three days, called her husband cuckold ; says her mother, House-wife, you are a drab, to begin to call your husband cuckold already ; for I have been married at least thirty years to your father, and durst never tell him of it yet.

A man of mean fortune married a handsome woman of a great estate, yet she must have a gallant ; and being in private with him, told him how greatly she loved him ; but the husband overhearing her, said, Believe her not, for she has told me so this seven years : which made him run down faster than he came up.

A woman when dying, her husband asked her whom he should marry ? Are you in such haste ? says she. Why, then, marry the devil's dam. No, says he, I don't care to commit incest, for I have matched with the daughter already.

Count Gondomar lying at Ely-house, desired my Lady Hatton to let him have a passage out at the back door into the fields ; which she put off with a compliment : he tells King James, that my Lady Hatton was a strange woman ; for she would not let her husband come in at the fore-door, nor him go out at the back-door.

Two widows sitting by the fire, were chattering together of their dead husbands ; and one said, Let us have another candle, for my poor husband lov'd light, God send him light everlasting ; and said the other, Let us stir up the

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fire,

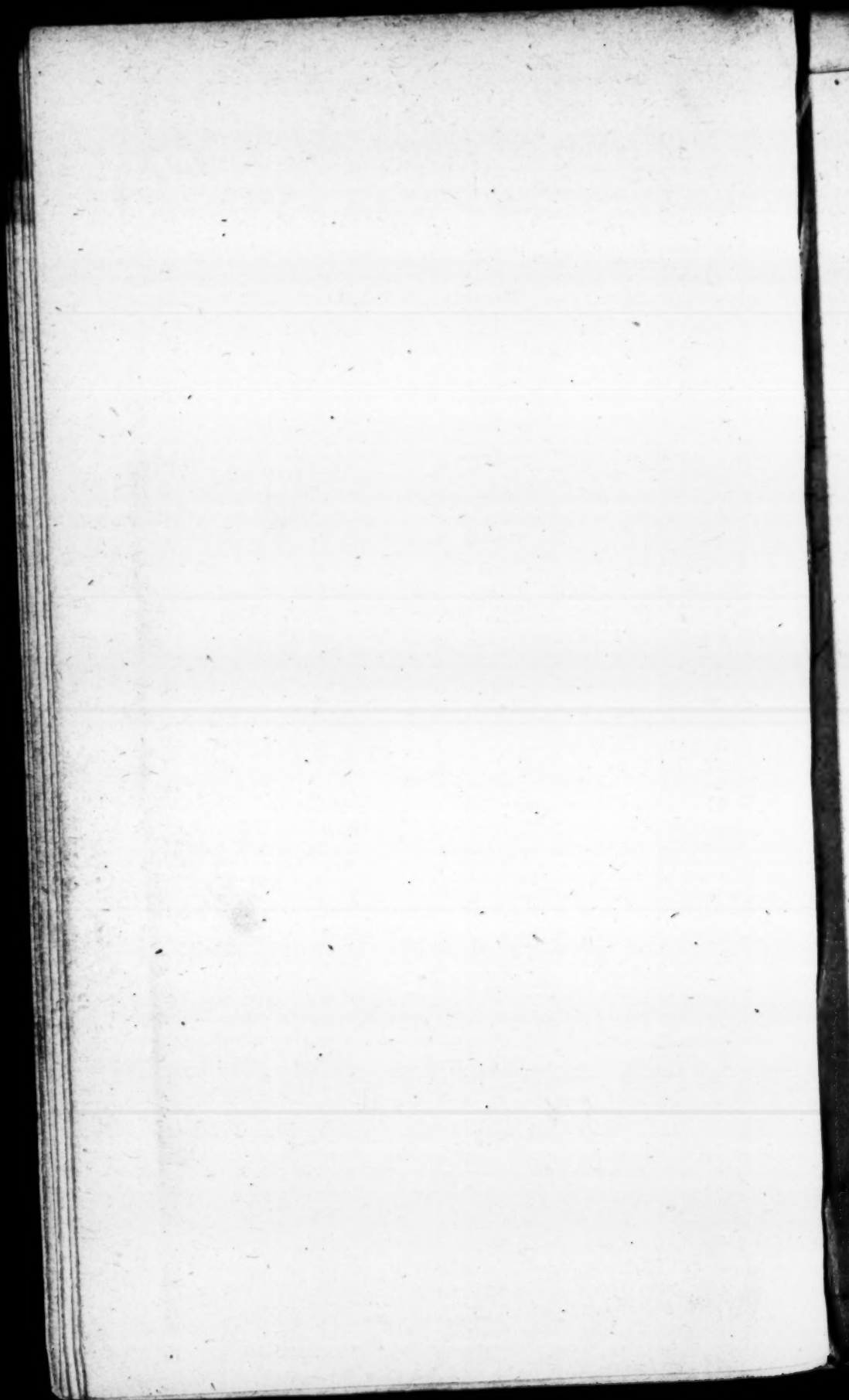
fire, my husband loved fire, I wish him fire everlasting.

A gentleman was accused for getting his maid with child, and that he went into his maid's bed to do it: He, to excuse it, swore he never went into his maid's bed, for the bed was his own.

A gentleman galloping furiously over ploughed lands towards Tame, meeting one, says he, *Is this the way to Tame?* Ay, says he, your horse, if he be as wild as the devil.

The late Earl of Rochester, who lived in the reign of King Charles II. happening one day to wait upon the King, when there were present the Duke of York, the Duke of Monmouth, the Duke of Lauderdale, and Dr Fraser; who, though the greatest dunce in the whole college, had yet the honour to be one of the King's physicians. His Majesty being then in a merry humour, upon the Earl's coming in, says to him, Rochester, I am told you are very good at making verses *extempore*; is it so? The Earl replied, An't please your Majesty, I have made verses *extempore* many times. Prithce, let us have some of them now, said the King. On what subject would your Majesty have them? said the Earl. At which the King looking about him, answered, On us that are here. I beg your Majesty's pardon, replied Rochester, I dare not do it. Dare not do it! said the King. Why so? For fear I should offend your Majesty, replied Rochester. No, no, you shan't offend me, said the King, say what you will, and therefore I command you to do it. Nay, if your Majesty commands me, says
Rochester,

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Rocheſter, you muſt be obliged ; and there-upon the Earl began thus :

*Here's Monmouth the witty,
And Lauderdale the pretty,
And Fraſer that learned phyſician ;
And above all the reſt
Here's the Duke for a jeſt,
And the King for a great politician.*

O my conſcience, ſays the King, he has ſatirized us all : No wonder, indeed, that you begg'd my pardon beforehand, for you were reſolved to ſtand in need of it.

At another time the King and ſome of his Lords were at crambo, and the word they were to rhyme to was *Liſbon* ; they were all at a ſtand, and none could do't. At laſt, ſays the King, We want my Lord Rocheſter now. Says one of the Lords, I ſaw him but a little while ago go into my Lord Chamberlain's : upon which, one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber then in waiting, was ſent to tell him, the King would ſpeak with him ; and the gentleman finding my Lord there, brought him along with him. When he came into the preſence, ſays the King, Rocheſter, we have been at crambo, and none of us can make a rhyme to Liſbon. No, ſaid the Earl, that's ſtrange ! an't pleaſe your Majeſty. Why, can you do't ? ſays the King. Yes, Sir, ſays the Earl, in a ſtanza, if your Majeſty will grant me your pardon. You're thinking of ſome miſchief now, ſays the King ; and then ſmiling upon my Lord Rocheſter, Well, ſays he, I grant you my pardon.

Upon which, Rochester, taking a glass of wine in his hand, said,

*Here's a health to Kate,
Our Sovereign's mate,
Of the royal house of Lisbon;
But the devil take Hyde,
And the Bishop beside
That made her bone his bone.*

At which the King biting his lips, and frowning at Rochester, bid him begone.

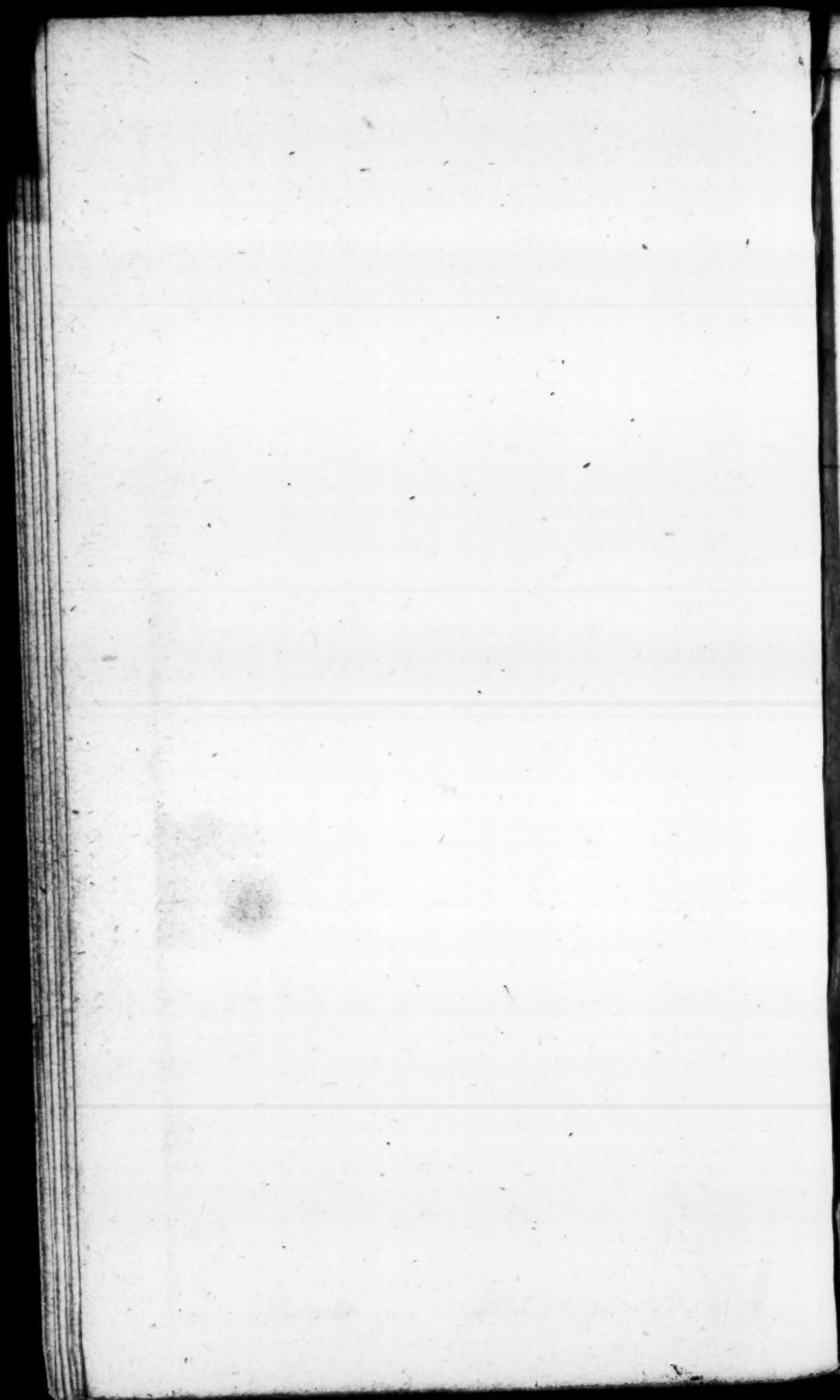
One borrowed a sum of money, and failed to pay it at the time; his creditor meeting him, began to chide him for not keeping his day. O Sir, says he, excuse me, I am not a strict observer of set days.

One Mr Hide had three sons, and having no estate to settle upon the youngest, told him, he must needs bind him apprentice, and bid him make choice of some trade: The youth being of a smart and ingenious temper, told him he would be a tanner. Pish, says the father, that's a nasty trade. Yes, says he, but the most convenient trade for me of any; you have but little to give me, and three hides will set me up. What hides are those? says the Father. Sir, says he, *yours and my two elder brothers.*

An exciseman walking by a river, seeing a boy fishing, who knew him; My pretty lad, says he, what dost fish for? I fish for the devil, replied the boy, but I want the right bait to catch him. What bait is that? said the other. Indeed, Sir, I have been told, there is no better bait in the world than an exciseman.

It was reported a long time, that Queen Elizabeth

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Elizabeth was dead, and then contradicted again: One that was by swore, he had heard it so often, that he would never believe it till he saw it under her own hand.

One coming into a friend's house, he saw the four seasons of the year hanging; said he, *These are very pretty; but if you had bought the whole dozen of them, it would have set off the room very handsomely.*

A merry cobbler commending a cup of nut-brown ale, said, Let old Joan my wife chafe and chide me ever so much, if she should cut my throat, I would drink strong ale still.

One seeing his son doing mischief, cries out, Sirrah, did you ever see me do so when I was a boy?

One told a baker's son, his father was a knave: *Truly*, says he, *tho' I say it that should not say it, my father is as honest a man as ever lived by bread.*

A gentleman having brought his friend down into his cellar, his friend observing there was no seat to sit on, asked him the reason of it. Because, says the other, I will have no man that comes here drink any longer than he can stand.

A fellow that used to be drunk, when he came home wallowed about the floor, and said, He paid rent for the house, and he would lie where he pleased. At last he falls into the fire; and the maid runs to her mistress, and told her she could not get him out: *Let him alone*, says she, *he pays rent for the house, let him lie where he pleases.*

A member of the house of Commons made

a most learned speech, and desired Mr Speaker to purge the house of whoremasters and drunkards: Up starts another *member*, and desires it also might be purged of fools and knaves; and then, said he, I am confident you will have but a thin house.

A gentleman came to a widow's house, and she presented him with a cup of small beer; so coming a week afterwards, she salutes him with another cup of the same beer, saying, Sir, I dare not commend the beer to you, for indeed it is dead; to which he replied, *That may very well be, for it was very weak when I was here last.*

A country-fellow took his child in his arms, and told his wife it was none of his getting: Why, says she, if a friend should help you to a good estate of none of your own getting, would you be angry? Well, says he, I believe 'tis a bastard for all that. Husband, says she, how strangely you talk! *How can it be a bastard, when the father got it?* That's true, indeed, now I am satisfied.

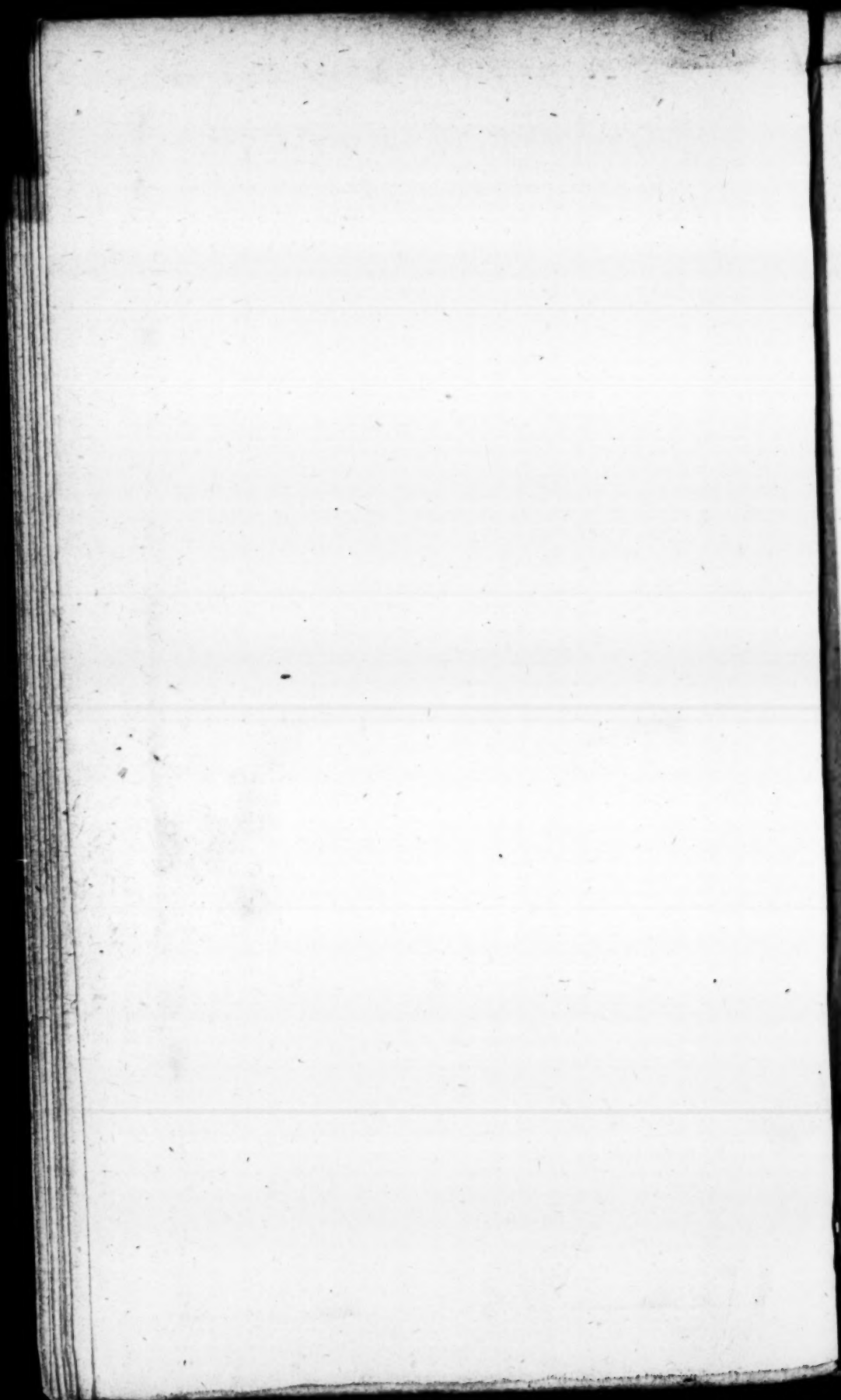
A brisk young sempstress having outwitted many an airy fop, and *sparkish* gallant, was at last outwitted herself in this manner: A town-thrift, in very good habit, coming into her shop, cheapened and bargained for a considerable parcel of linen; and then pausing — said, Oh! I'd like to forget one thing; I want a shirt of the largest make; it is not for myself, but for one as big again. She shewed him thereupon several; but he complained they were too strait: and she then shewed another; which he seemed to like, saying, Pray, Madam, do me the favour to slip it over your own cloaths; which, to please
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and humour so good a customer, she did: Then he turned her about to see how it sat, fastened privately the hinder lappets with two large pins, through all her cloaths to the hinder part of her smock; then snatching the linen he had bargained for off the counter, out he ran; she thereupon followed him, crying, Stop him! stop him! and hastily going to pull the shirt over her ears, as ashamed to pursue him in such a garment, *she with it drew up all her cloaths, and exposed her naked posteriors to the public;* and so ran on, still pulling to get off the shirt; whilst some matrons, who supposed her to be mad, stopped her, sensible that she ought to be covered behind; which gave the sharper an opportunity to run cleverly off with his booty.

Two going thro' Cambridge-market, one asked the price of 100 Burham oysters: His friend perswaded him not to buy 'em, for they were too small. Too small! replied the other; there is not much loss in that, for I have the more to the hundred.

Two citizens, passing through a country-village, saw a very fair house not inhabited; says one, *If I had this house at London, it should not stand here so long empty.*

Mr Amner hearing some gentlemen perswading one to go along with them into the water that could not swim: Faith, neighbour, says he, be ruled by me, never go into the water till you have learned to swim.

The same person would very often go to an alehouse, and call for a pot of all ale with a little beer in it.

Some gentlemen being a-drinking of ale together,

gether, one of them seeing Mr Amner going by; requested him to come in and drink with them; a Londoner being there (having his horse tied at the door), said to one of his friends, Is this Mr Amner that useth to utter the bulls? I wish he do not make a bull of my horse; which he overhearing, said, *What a saucy fellow is this? You see I no sooner turn my back, but he abuses me to my face.*

A gentleman having a little study, and having some company in his chamber, which desired to see it; he told them, In faith, Gentlemen, if you all go in, it will not hold you.

Queen Elisabeth was naturally dilatory in suits; the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, being a wise man, and willing to feed her humour, would say to her, Madam, you do well to let suitors wait: for, if you grant them speedily, they will come again the sooner.

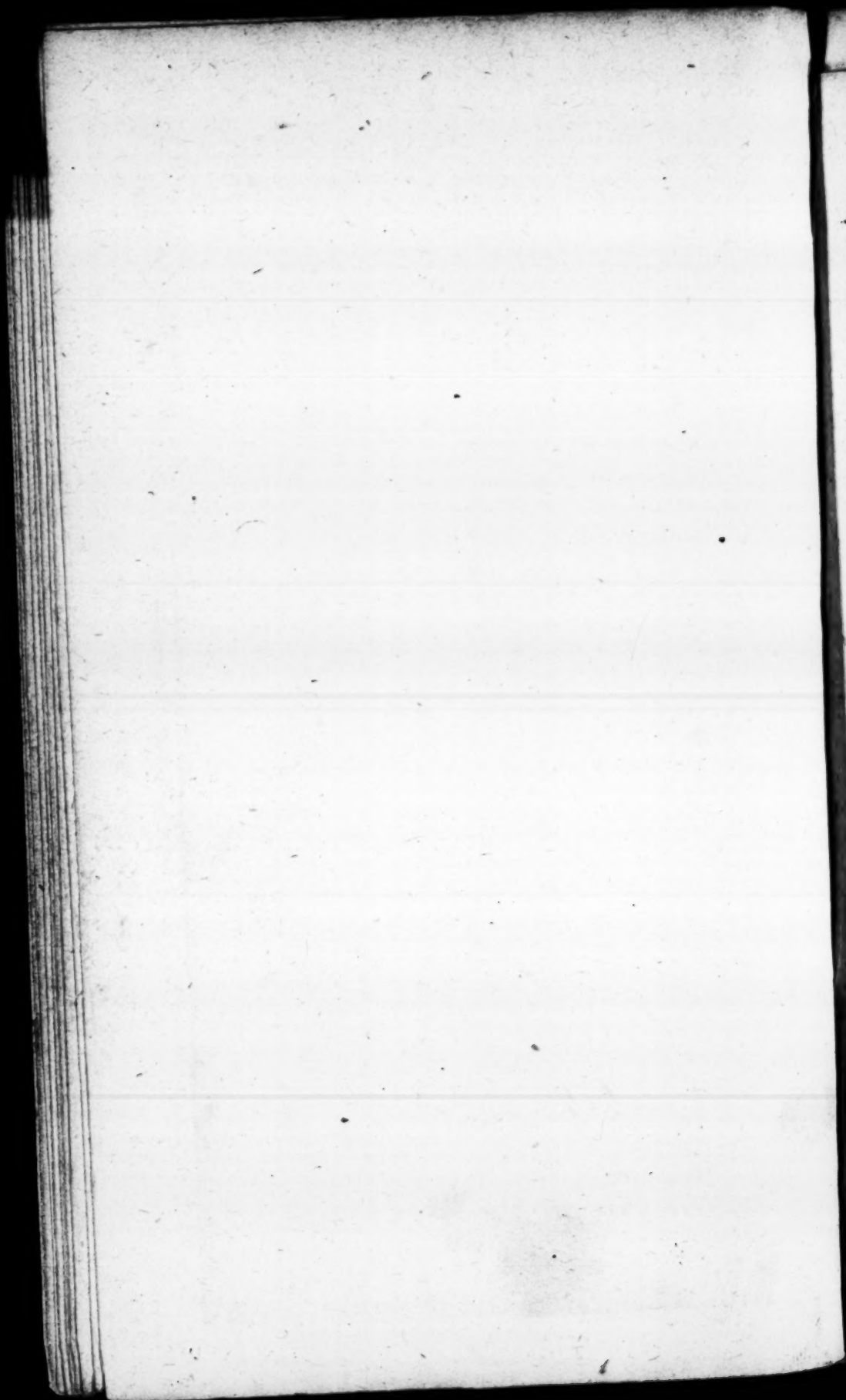
Augustus Cæsar would say, He wondered Alexander should fear to want work; having no more worlds to conquer; as if they were not as hard to keep, as to conquer.

One who had always been very jocose in his lifetime, when he lay on his deathbed, his clerk came and desired he would leave him a legacy: *Here,* said he, giving him a key, *in such a drawer, there is that will make you drink.* Not many hours after he died, and the youth greedily opening the drawer, found nought there but two red herrings.

The day proving very windy, whereon one was to perform a journey, who was scarce ever before farther than his street, his friends dissuaded him, saying, *The wind would be very troublesome*
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come to him: *Oh, let me alone,* said he, *I will ride out of the wind.*

A scholar meeting a poor ignorant peasant on the road, *How far, friend,* said he, *is it to Cambridge?* *By my faith, Master,* says the man, *I do not know; but from Cambridge to this town, is counted seven miles.*

When Tom Holland quartering in Fleet-street, had raised his landlady's maid's belly, whose name was *Nell Cotton*, it was wittily said, *That he gave her a yard of Holland, she gave him an ell of Cotton; and what harm was there in that?*

A simple peasant lying one night upon the ground, and finding it very uneasy, when he awaked in the morning, saw a feather under his head. *Oh,* said he, *doth one feather cause me to be so uneasy; how are they troubled that lie on a great many of them?*

Porters are esteemed as men well bred, for generally they are men of carriage.

A journeyman-shoemaker having a kindness for his mistress, his master being out of town, he importunes her to let him lie with her; but she said no, although but faintly. When night came, he gets into his mistress's bed before she came, and draws the curtains close about him; she not knowing any thing of him, undressed and gets into bed. Where being got, she felt something stir; *Who is there,* said she? *'Tis I, Mistress,* says he, *peace. O you damn'd rogue, you devil, you dog, how dare you offer such a thing? Sirrah, I will have you made an example. Well, well,* says he, *I am sorry I have offended you; don't be angry with me, and I will be gone. Nay,*
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says she, *you did not hear me bid you begone; now you are here, you may stay; but if ever you offer to do such another thing, I protest, as I am an honest woman, I will tell your master.*

A dog lying under a table, the maid went to kick him out, and he did not stir; if a body should kill this dog, says she, I believe he would not stir from this place.

One being invited to the funeral of a smith, and to express some dissembled grief, says he, The party deceased, our brother, was an honest blacksmith, and whereas other smiths pawn their tools, he kept his vice to his dying day.

A gentlewoman lov'd a doctor of physick, and to enjoy him, feigned herself sick; the doctor being sent for in all haste, went up and staid with her an hour. When he came down, her husband asked him how she did? O, says he, she has had two such extreme fits, that if you had but seen one of them, it would have made your heart ache.

Says a lady to a nurse, that was suckling a child, *Are you a dry nurse?* No, Madam, says she, *I am a wet nurse, else I could not suckle the child.* Ay, but, says the lady, *my meaning was, whether you would drink.* Not too much, Madam, says she, *but a little when I am a-dry.*

A man and his wife were chiding together, one advised them to agree as man and wife should do: *Why, so we do,* says he; *for we are like a pack of cards, shuffle with one another all day long, but at night lie close together as friends.*

A philosopher said, that men were guilty of many faults, but women were guilty of but two
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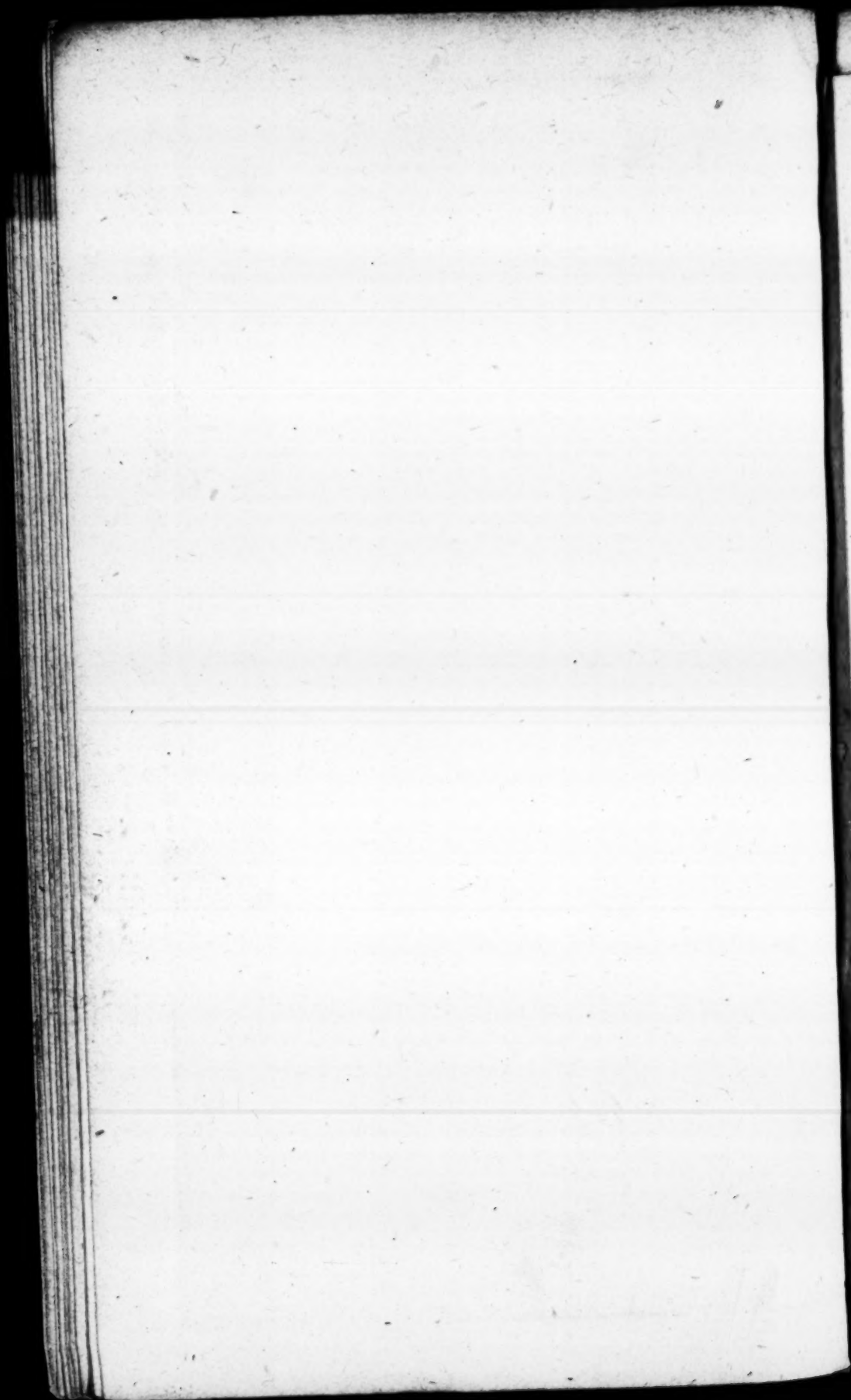
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in all; that is, only naught in words, and naught in deeds.

One said to a cobbler, he believed he would not live long; because he worked so hard, and if he did take advice, *awl* would not do, for he was pretty near his *end*.

A man owing money, his creditor clapt him into prison, of which he made great complaint, saying, That he had trouble enough to borrow it, and did not need be troubled to pay it again.

A woman burying her fifth husband, a man was counting with his fingers how many she had had, and he said, she made a hand of them all.

A gentleman said, no man loved and confided in their *country* so much as *thieves*; because they durst put themselves upon it, altho' they were hanged for it.

A young parson lost his way in a forest, and it being very cold and rainy, he happened upon a poor cottage, and desired any lodging or hay-loft to lie in, and some fire to dry him; the man told him, he and his wife had but one bed, and if he pleased to lie with them, he should be welcome. The parson thanked him, and kindly accepted of it. In the morning, the man rose to go to market, and meeting with some of his neighbours, he fell a-laughing. They asked him, what made him so merry about the mouth? Why, says he, I can't but think how shamed the parson will be when he awakes to find himself left a-bed with my wife.

One Mr *Man*, master of the ship called the *Moon*, used to be very familiar with a gentlewoman; and her husband taxed her with an-

other gentleman; she swore she knew him no more than she did the *man* in the *Moon*.

A man having a strong opinion that his wife had often cornuted him, and for an experiment to find out the mystery, he cuts off the spurs of several young cocks, and with some soft wax, stuck some upon his forehead, and came to his wife; Look here, thou naughty woman, said he, this is the fruit of your lewdness. You are an unworthy man, said she, I ne'er wronged you in my life. I have now prayed, says he, to Jupiter, that I may have so many horns as thou hast been false, and he has sent me one already. Nay, said she, if it be of Jupiter's sending, 'tis in vain to dispute his register; I must confess, once I did transgress, but it was much against my inclination, with a lusty young groom, for which I ask yours and Jupiter's pardon with all my heart. Then he clapt on another young horn, and taxed her further. Indeed, said she, I have a very frail memory, but I perceive Jupiter is much in the right, for I remember another time, with one of the brewer's porters. Well, said he, I will never leave praying to Jupiter, till I have completed the number of all thy treasons, and I do already feel some more budding forth. Pray, husband, said she, let me beg of you upon my knees, leave troubling of Jupiter; for I know not, but if you continue praying, you may have horns all over.

An old gentleman being sick of an imposthume, and the servants fearing his death, took what they could and went away; an old ape seeing what the rest did, found an old hat of his master's, and seeing the rest of his servants bid him

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him adieu, he put his hat off, and bowed to him; at which the gentleman laughed so heartily, that his imposthume broke, and he recovered.

A scholar blowing his fire, the nose of the bellows dropt off; says he, I see 'tis cold weather, for the nose of the bellows drops.

One that kept an inn to entertain thieves, and what they had stolen laid up for them, always had, as he called it, a snack out of it. At last, his house being mistrusted, it was searched, and he found to be an abettor, though not a robber; still he followed them for his snack; so he and his two partners were condemned. As they were going to execution, one of the thieves laughed; and being asked why he did so? he said, He could not otherwise chuse to see his landlord come in for his snack.

A gentleman told a rumper, in waggersy, That he had spoke something in the house he would be questioned for. Sir, says he, I believe you mistake the man; for upon my faith, Sir, I never spoke one word since I sat in the house; only this, I told them the windows were broke, and it was requisite they should be mended to keep the cold out.

When Oliver lay in state in Somerset-house, a great cavalier came to see the ceremony, and having viewed it well, said it was the most glorious sight he ever saw in his life, and pulled out a piece of gold to give them? They told him no money was to be taken: Nay, Gentlemen, says he, I am not only willing to give this piece now, but I would as freely have given

given five hundred of them, if I could have seen this sight twelve years ago.

A Quaker, that was a barber, being sued by the parson for tythes; Yea and Nay went to him, and demanded the reason why he troubled him, seeing he had never any dealings with him in his whole life: *Why*, says the parson, *it is for tythes!* says the Quaker, *I prithee, friend, upon what account?* *Why*, says the parson, *for preaching in the church.* Alas! then, replied the Quaker, *I have nothing to do with paying thee; for I come not there.* Oh! but you might, says the parson, *for the doors are always open at convenient times.* And thereupon he told him, he would be paid, seeing it was his due. Yea and Nay hereupon shook his ears, and making several wry faces, departed, and immediately entered his action (it being a corporation-town) against the parson for forty shillings: the parson, upon notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded, why he put such a disgrace upon him; and for what did he owe him the money? Truly, friend, replied the Quaker, *for trimming.* For trimming, said the parson; *why, I was never trimmed by you in my life.* Oh! but thou mightst have come and been trimmed, if thou hadst been pleased, for my doors are always open at convenient times as well as thine.

One that had the looking after a chapel, gave a charge to the rest to let in none of the croud before the great persons were come and seated; thereupon going to the vestry, and looking into the chapel, he espied a great many people; at which, being angry, he told one
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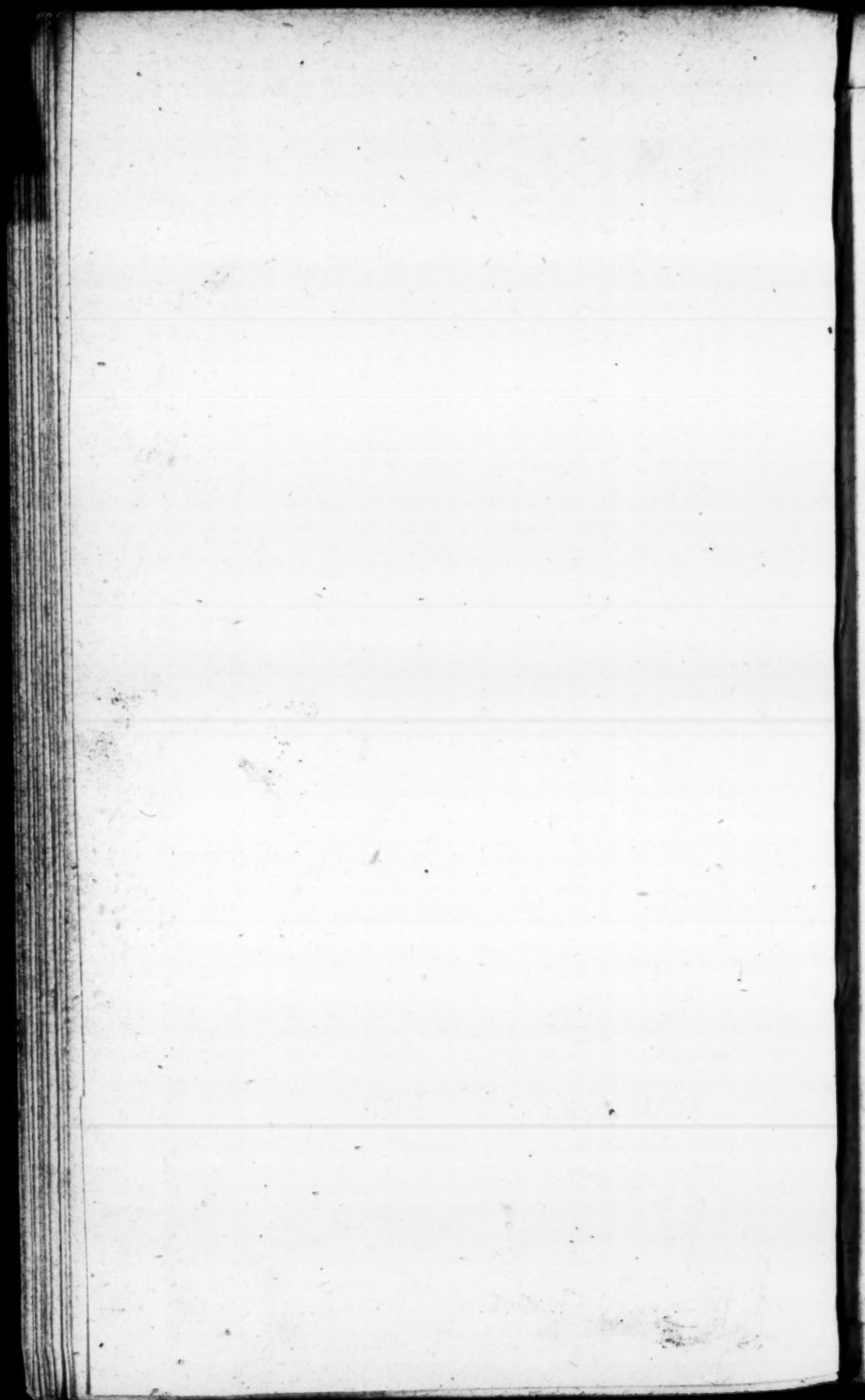
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of the vergers, I am afraid you will be turned out of your place, for you have filled the chapel full of people before any body comes in.

In the great rebellion, when the city of London had works cast about it; one said, the city would be much stronger, if the Thames run on the north side thereof: to which another replied, *That might easily be done; it was but removing the city to the south side of the Thames.*

One having been very extravagant, writ to his father to supply him with money, and used all means, but nothing would prevail; he very ingeniously writ his father word he was dead, and desired him to send up money to pay for his burial.

Mr Ralph Amner, the bull-speaker, when he was sick, Well, said he to his friends, when I am dead, let this be my epitaph: *Here lies honest Ralph, as dead as any man living.*

At another time, going through St Clement's church-yard; *If I live and do well*, says he, *I'll be buried in this place.*

At another time, he, with some of his friends, being invited to the funeral of a gentleman not far from Windsor, whither coming, and finding a house full of company, they were content to sit them down in the arbour; and having sat a considerable time after they had been served with rosemary and gloves, Mr Amner went into the house to inquire how long it would be before the corpse went to the church? But finding it already gone, he came hastily to his friends, saying to them, Come, come, what do you mean to stand sitting there? They are gone
(and

(and pointing over the wall) shewing them the corpse and people in the next field, he said, *Do you not see? They are out of sight already.*

One asked a scullion of a kitchen (who was very witty), how he came to have so much wit? he answered, *Why, where should it be unless in the scull?*

An old man being drunk, his son came to fetch him home: *Sirrah*, said he, *have a care of me, my head is very light*: O father, said he, *that's long of your eyes; for if they were out, your head would be in the dark.*

Henry the Fourth of France, being given to the love of other women, besides his Queen, was sharply reprov'd by a rich abbot his confessor; which the King seemed to take very well, and invited him that day to dine with him, where the abbot fed very heartily upon a dish of roasted partridges; which the King observing, asked him, why he did not eat of some other dishes which he thought better? The abbot told the King, nothing could be better to him than roasted partridges, for it was his beloved dish above all others. The next day the King caused the abbot to be arrested for high treason, and committed close prisoner to the Bastile, with a strict command to the keeper to let him have no meat but partridges; which at first pleased the abbot, but having been fed with nothing but that diet for a week together, he began to nauseate it. At eight days end, the King sent for him, under the pretence of examining him; and having urged him to a confession of the treason he charged him with, the abbot pleaded his innocence,

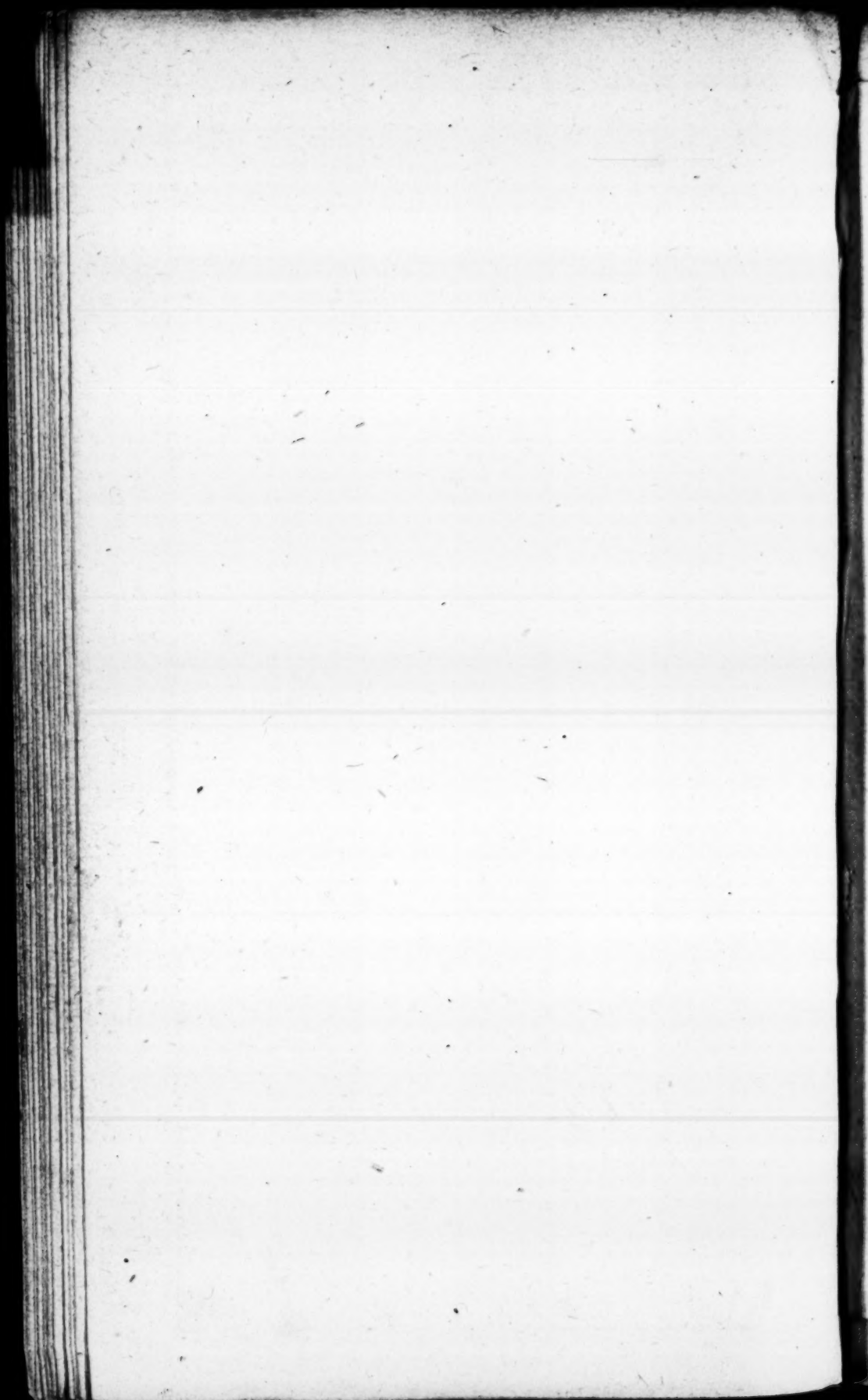
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cence, and confessed nothing: Well, said the King, since you are so obstinate, you must e'en go to prison again: to which the abbot replied, I beseech your Majesty, if I must still be confined, that I may be ordered some other diet. Why, what diet have you? said the King. Nothing, said the abbot, but partridges. Why, said the King, you told me that was the diet you loved above any thing in the world. 'Tis true, I do, says the abbot; but to be always fed with partridges, that makes me loath it, and desire other diet. Very well, replied the King, *'tis just so with me, my Lord, I love my Queen above all women in the world; but my Lord, always the Queen, always the Queen, this is too tiresome, and makes me sometimes desire change of diet as well as you do: and so laughing at the abbot, set him again at liberty.*

A man having a wry nose, one told him, he knew what his nose was made on, and what it was not made on. Why, said he, how's that? Why, says the other, *'tis not made of wheat, 'tis made o'wry.*

Three citizens walking in the fields, one said, *We should have a great year of black-berries; for, said he, the last week, I pluck'd a handful of the fairest red black-berries that ever I saw.* A second person laughed at him, saying, *Red black-berries is a bull.* But the third person, with much gravity, justify'd what the former had said, and very sagely questions, *Are not black-berries always red when they are green?*

A man at Christmas drinking of March beer,

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which, was very mellow, complained of the newness of it, and said, *Surely this March beer cannot be above six weeks old.*

A gentleman being at a tavern, seeing a saltcellar of foul salt, called very angrily to the drawer, and bid him bring up some fresh salt.

One seeing a very fat man pass by, said, *He never saw a larger man of his bigness in his life.*

A man and his wife were striving who should wear the breeches; in the mean time one knocked at the door; the good man steps out to see who was there, and ask'd the party who he would speak withal; who answered, with the master of the house. Stay, friend, says he, but a little while, and I shall resolve you, for as yet the case is doubtful. So stepping in, his wife and he went to it again, who at last yields him the victory. Then he goes to the door. Now, friend, said he, thou mayst speak with me, I am the master of the house; but I could not tell thee so before, till my wife and I had decided the controversy.

One walking abroad in a clear moonshine night, said, It was as fine a night as man should see in a summer's day.

A fiddler was bragging what a chaste wife he had. Says a merchant, I'll lay my ship against your fiddle, that I'll get her good-will to lie with her; the wager was laid, and he had the liberty to try her; the fiddler at the same time at the window sung this song:

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Hold out but these two hours;*

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*If thou hold out, there is no doubt,
But the ship and all is ours.*

Her ANSWER.

*Indeed, sweet Robin, I cannot,
He hath caught me about the middle;
He hath me won, and thou art undone,
Sweet Robin, thou hast lost thy fiddle.*

Some were saying, in such a town in Norfolk, they were all counted whores. A mad fellow hearing them say so, presently swore he did believe it; for his mother and both his sisters were born there.

A Welchman seeing his master tearing some letters, pray, Sir, give hur one, says he, no matter which, to send hur friends, for they have not heard from hur a great while.

A Puritan coming to a cheesemonger's shop to buy cheese, when he gave him a taste, he puts his hat before his eyes to say grace. Nay, said he, instead of tasting it, you intend to make a meal of it.

One that was troubled with a damnable shrew, would often wish her in heaven; she in a great rage replied, she had rather see him hang'd first.

A man was bragging, that he was promised a lease of the next house that fell; says another, Had it been my case, I should rather have desired the lease of a house that stood.

A farmer being rich, was knighted, his wife thereupon grew very fine. One said, that his Worthip was very much in fault for spoiling a good housewife to make a Mad-dame,

Sir Thomas Gardiner, being chosen recorder of London, one said that office was the most fitting for him of all others ; no place in the kingdom being more full of ill weeds.

A gentleman having a very fat daughter, offered a great portion with her. Says the other, Sir, a quarter of her is enough for me ; therefore pray find out another husband for the rest.

A gentleman requested a thing of an unchaste woman. No, says she, had I a hundred, you should have none of 'em. Well, said he, I knew the time when you had but one thing, and you'd let a friend use it.

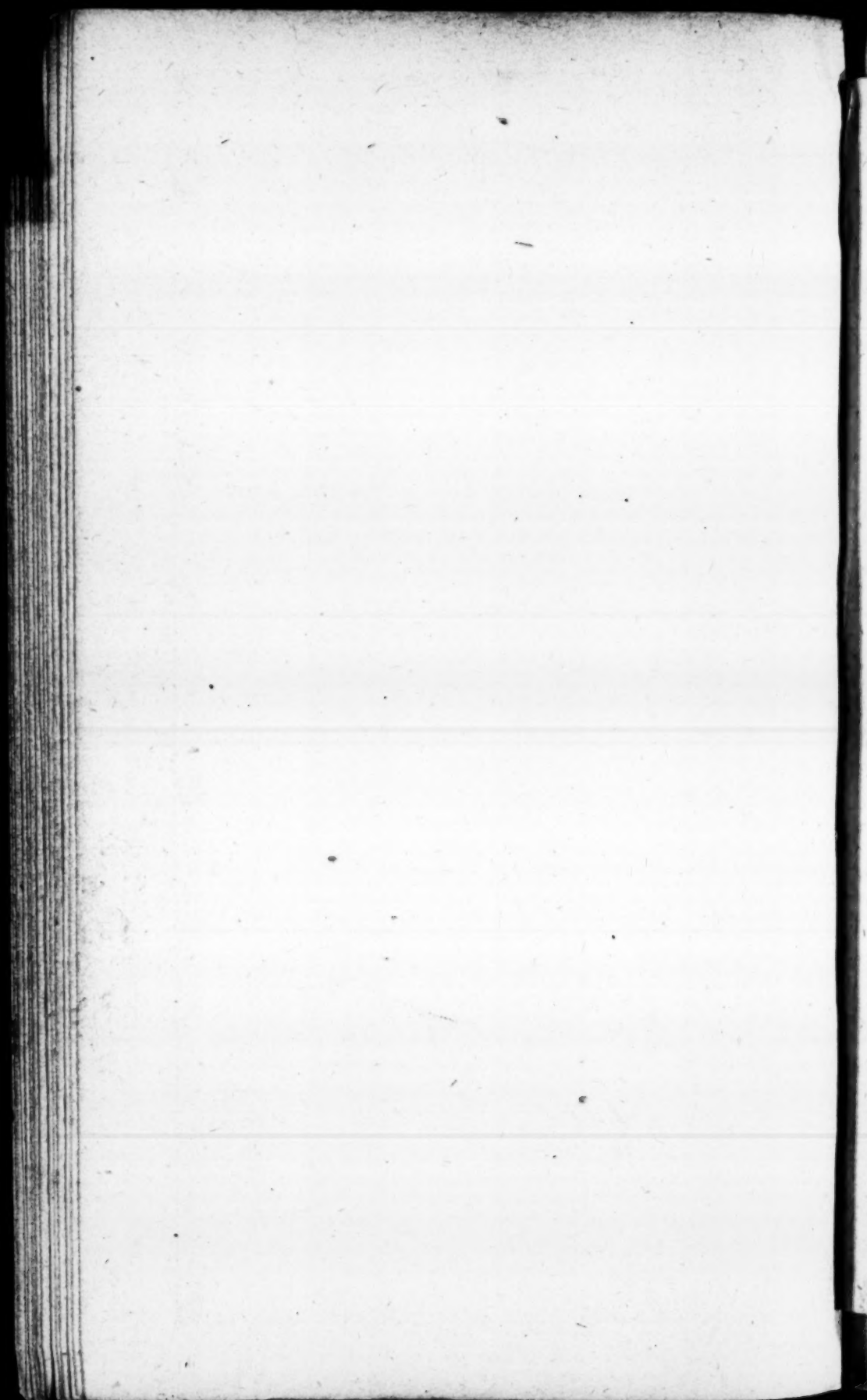
A citizen having new built his house, he was praising the conveniency of it, and how light it was : For, says he, the morning-sun lies all day upon it.

A covetous man was used to promise much, and perform little ; upon which, one said to him, *By my troth, Sir, you would be the finest man in the world, if purse-strings hung at your mouth.*

A bishop having, in a grave subject of divinity, sprinkled many witty ornaments of learning, King James told him, they were like the blue, yellow, and red flowers in corn ; which made a pleasant shew, but hurt the corn.

I happen'd once, since these great hoops were in fashion, to be at a christening, when a lady, who had more vivacity than discretion, began to rally a little gentleman in company about the marriage of his friend, who, it seems, was also a very little man. *'Tis surprising to me, says the lady, that Miss ***** whom we all know to be a girl of good sense, should ever think of*

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of such a diminutive animal; why, I could hide fifty of them under my petticoat.—Madam, quoth the gentleman, I don't doubt but you have had a hundred there before now.

A gentleman being in a croud, a thief pick'd his pocket; his man being behind him (and hur was a Welchman) drew out hur knife, and cut the thief's ear off, and cry'd, Give hur master hur purse, and hur will give hur hur ear again.

One was tried for having five wives at once, and four of them it was proved he was lawfully married to: Then the judge asked him, why he married so many? He said, 'twas only to make trial among so many to find one good one, with whom he might spend the rest of his life. Truly, says the judge, I am certain you'll find none such in this life, and therefore I shall take care, that you may go and seek one in another; and so condemn'd him.

King Charles the Second, and the Duke of Ormond, discoursing of the prettiest women of the severall countries, says the King to the Duke, My Lord, you have very pretty women in Ireland, but they have great legs: *O that's nothing, please you my Liege, we lay them aside.*

A gentleman who had a numerous family observing one at a table, that thank'd God he could digest any thing: another ask'd him how he digested his ten children. Oh, Sir, replied the gentleman, *I bring them up.*

A man, very rich, but very silly, was recommended to a gentleman as a good match for his daughter. No, no, said he, *I would rather*

rather have a man without money, than money without a man.

A deserter, just a-going to be turned off the ladder, gave a silver cup to a gray friar, his confessor. Jack Ketch, being vexed that he had given it to the friar, rather than to him, *Pray, father, said he to the religious, since you are paid for it, e'en hang him yourself.*

Socrates's friends being angry at a man who had not returned his civility, *Why so angry, said Socrates, that this man is not as civil as I?*

A lady of pleasure having had five several copies of her picture drawn in miniature, *How comes it, says a cavalier to the painter, that this lady has so many of her pictures drawn? 'Tis, answered he, because her iniquities are multiplied.*

Charles King of Sweden, a great enemy to the Jesuits, when he took any of their colleges, would hang the old Jesuits, and send the young ones to his mines, saying, since they wrought so hard above ground, he would try how they could work under ground.

A physician, boasting his great knowledge in the profession, said, he never heard any complaint from his patients; a by-stander wittily replied, *Very likely, Doctor, for the faults of the physicians are generally buried with their patients.*

Some gentlemen talking at a tavern about the criminals then under sentence of death; one of the company said, he believed such a one (mentioning his name) would get off, for that the *Presbyterian clergy* (he being of that sect) had

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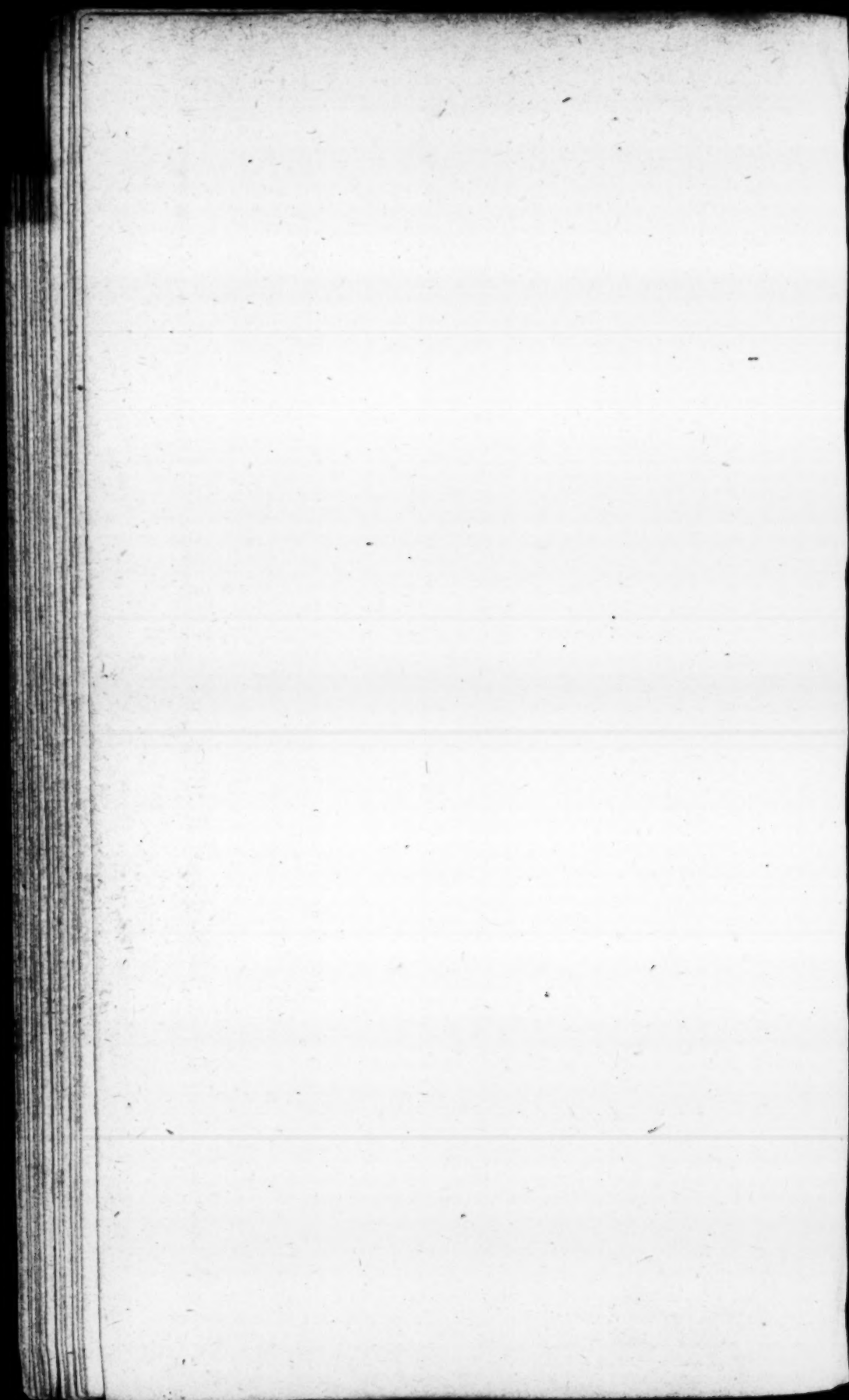
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had made great interest to save him; upon which a gentleman made answer, That he was excluded *the benefit of the clergy*.

A collegian, famous for punning, was taken to task by one of the heads of the universities, who told him, that his puns were a scandal to him, though ever so much *in tempore*. The punster replied, *Sir, my puns are all extempore*.

The French king having a lady in his private apartment, commanded that no one should enter till his Majesty gave orders for his being seen. An officer happening to come at that time with an express, was very importunate to be admitted; but being denied, was obliged to wait till a lady in green had come out of the King's closet, soon after which he was introduced; and inquiring of his Majesty's welfare, the King told him he had been somewhat indisposed, but was then perfectly recovered. The officer replied, I believe your Majesty was troubled with the *green-sickness*, for I saw it go out at the door.

One seeing a friend going before him in the street, called *Hallo*. A haughty German, passing by at the time, asked what business he had to cry *Hallo*, while he passed by? *D—n you*, says the Englishman, *what business had you to pass by, while I was crying Hallo?*

The late Duke of Somerset, having presented one of the colleges with a collection of pictures, a gentleman was desirous to see them, and for that purpose, asked one of the collegians where they were: To which he replied, (looking about and pointing), *Soin-are-set here*, and

and *Som-are-set* there, but where they really are set, I know not.

The above gentleman talking of one Mr Kay, who was a very facetious person, likened him to one of the quarters of the world, meaning *America*.

A little gentleman going to a friend's house, found himself too short to reach the knocker; at last seeing a very tall fellow coming by, begged him to do it for him; which (though very unwillingly) he did, at the same time muttering, *Damn it, what are little fellows like you made for?* the other smartly replied, *To be served by tall ones like you.*

A regent in the university of Cambridge being to preach the next day after his commencement, chose this text out of Job, *We are but of yesterday, and know nothing.* His sermon was divided into two parts, 1. *Our standing, yesterday.* 2. *Our understanding, We know nothing.*

At a stageplay in Oxford, a Cornishman was brought in to wrestle with three Welchmen, one after another; and when he had worsted them all, he called out as his part was, *Have you any more Welchmen?* Which words so exasperated a gentleman of Jesus college, that he leaped upon the stage, and threw the player in earnest.

In the year 1649, the new president and fellows of Magdalen college, caused the picture of our Saviour to be taken down out of the window of their chapel (in which is represented the day of judgment), but left the picture of the devil standing; whereupon a countryman seeing

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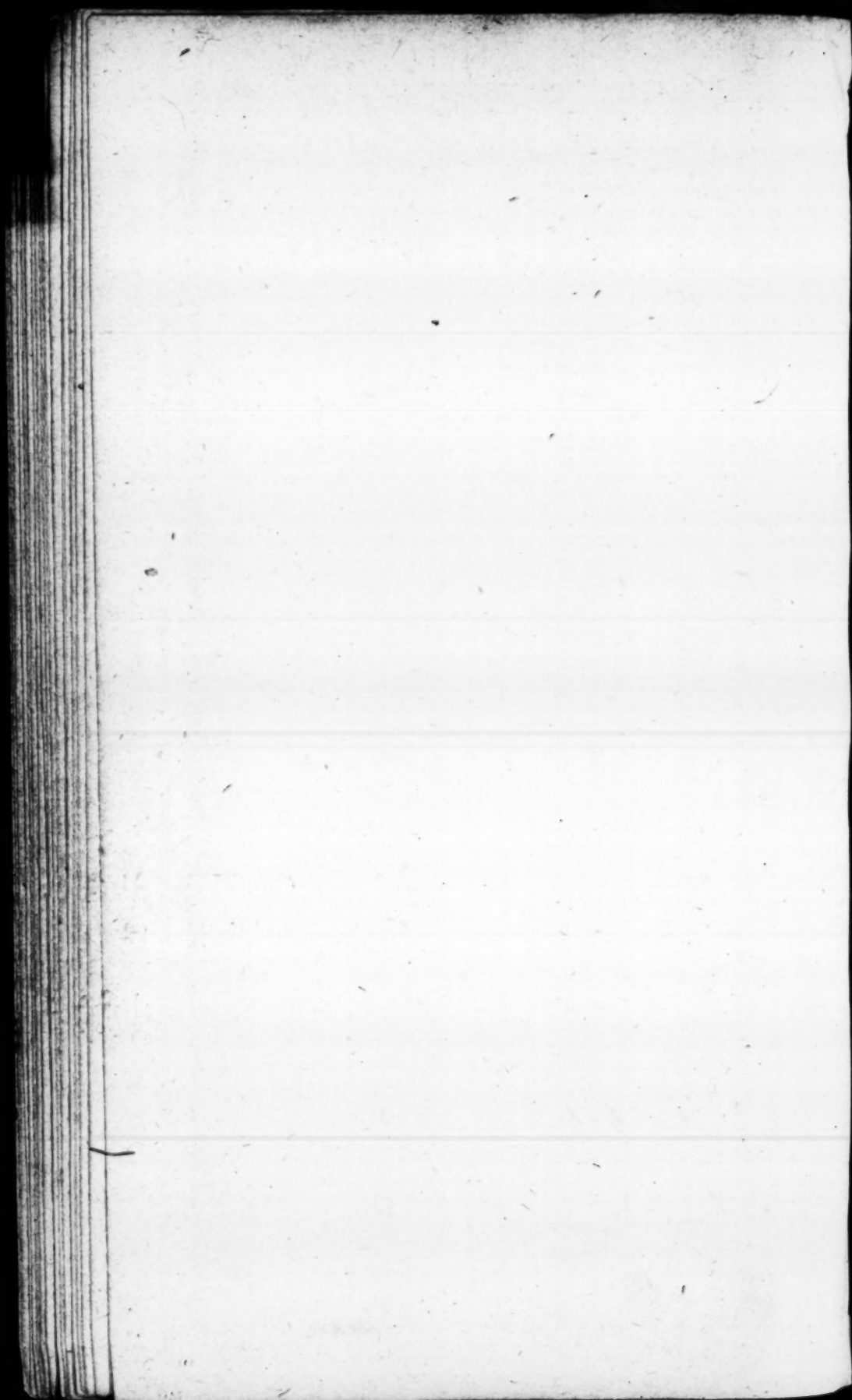
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seeing what had been done, said, *Blez us, what a revormation is here ! what ! pluck down God, and set up the devil !* But this picture was again set up in 1675.

On the 25th of August 1633, or much about that time, Dr Potter presented one of his books to the King, intituled, *Charity mistaken*. A prebendship of Windsor was designed him for his reward, then likely to be void by the promotion of the Bishop of Gloucester to Hereford. It was thought that Dr Heylin should have been the man, and many of his friends, especially Neale Archbishop of York, put him hard upon it ; but it did not move him, only so far as to make this epigram upon it, and so pass'd it by :

When Windfor prebend late disposed was,
One ask'd me sadly, how it came to pass
Potter was chose, and Heylin was forsaken ?
I answered, 'twas by — *Charity mistaken*.

But the Bishop of Gloucester (good man) was not removed, so the business ended.

Ben Johnson, after he had been created A. M. at Oxford, 1619, returned to London ; but his friends being scrupulous of it, would be often asking him, *But are you indeed A. M. ?* Yes, replied he, *without question*.

A poor cavalier corporal, being condemned to die, wrote this letter to his wife the day before he expected to suffer, thinking it would come to hand after his execution.

“ Dear wife,
“ Hoping you are in good health, as I am
“ at this present writing ; this is to let you
L “ know,

“ know, that yesterday, between the hours of
 “ eleven and twelve, I was hanged, drawn, and
 “ quarter’d. I died very penitently, and every
 “ body thought my case very hard. Remem-
 “ ber me kindly to my poor fatherless chil-
 “ dren.

“ Yours till death, W. B.”

A scholar lock’d out of his gates at college, desired his friend within to get him the keys. His friend, Mr Phil. French, of New college, answers, *Sir, you had better come in and speak yourself, for I think I shall scarce procure them.*

’Tis reported of one of the chaplains to the famous Montrose, that being condemn’d in Scotland to die for attending his master in some of his glorious exploits; and being upon the ladder, and ordered to set out a psalm, expecting a reprieve, he named the 119th psalm (with which the officers attending the execution complied, the Scots Presbyterians being great *psalm-singers*); and ’twas well for him he did so: for they had sung it three parts through, before the reprieve came; any other psalm would have hang’d him.

A minister who was travelling in the west of England, happened to stop at a village on Sunday, and meeting with the churchwarden, offered to give them a sermon: the churchwarden asked him if he was licensed to preach? Yes, quoth the minister; and pull’d out a licence in Latin: Truly, says the churchwarden, I don’t understand Latin; but pray let me look upon your licence, for I may perhaps pick out a word here and there. No, good Sir, quoth the minister, I’ll have no words pick’d out, for I won’t have my licence spoiled.

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RULES for the TAVERN ACADEMY:

From the Latin of BEN JOHNSON, in-
graven in marble over the chimney in the
APOLLO of the OLD DEVIL TAVERN
near TEMPLE-BAR; that being his CLUB-
ROOM.

AS the fund of our pleasure, let each pay
his shot,
Except some chance-friend by a mem-
ber brought in.

Far hence be the *sad*, the *lewd fop*, and the *sot*,
For such have the plagues of good company
been.

Let the *learn'd* and the *witty*, the *jovial* and *gay*,
The *generous* and *honest* compose our free state;
And the more to exalt our delight while we stay,
Let none be debarr'd from his choice female
mate.

Let no scent offensive the chamber infest,
Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our dishes,
Let the caterer mind the taste of each guest,
And the cook in his dressing comply with their
wishes.

Let's have no disturbance about taking places,
To shew your nice breeding, or out of vain pride,
Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh
glasses,
And let them have eyes, tho' their tongues must
be ty'd.

84 RULES FOR THE TAVERN ACADEMY.

Let our wines without mixture, or stum be all
fine,

Or call up the master and breast his dull noddle.

Let no sober bigot here think it a sin,
To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.

Let the contests be rather of books than of wine,

Let the company neither be noisy nor mute.

Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
When belly and heads full profanely dispute.

Let no saucy fiddler presume to intrude,

Unless he is sent for to *vary our bliss*,

When *mirth*, *wit*, and *dancing*, and *singing* con-
clude,

To regale ev'ry sense, with delight in excess.

Let raillery be without malice or heat,

Dull poems to read let none privilege take.

Let no poetaster command or intreat

Another extempore verses to make.

Let argument bear no unmusical sound,

Nor jars interpose sacred friendship to grieve.

For generous lovers let a corner be found,

Where they in soft sighs may their passions re-
lieve.

Like the old Lapithites, with the goblets to
fight,

Our own 'mong offences unpardon'd will rank;

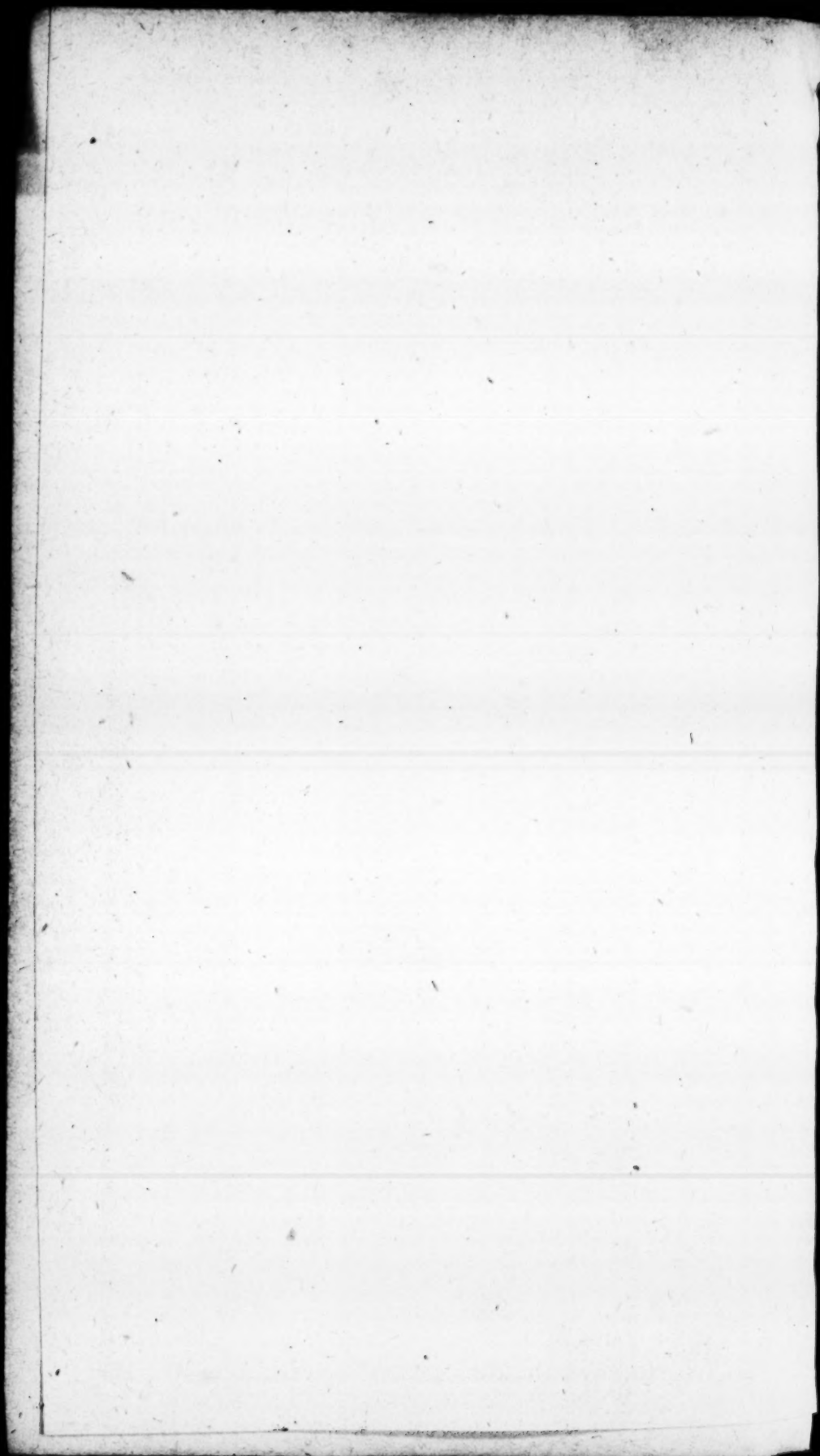
Or breaking of windows, or glasses for spite,

And spoiling the goods for a rakehell's prank.

Whoever shall publish what's said or what's done,

Be he banish'd for ever our assembly divine;

Let



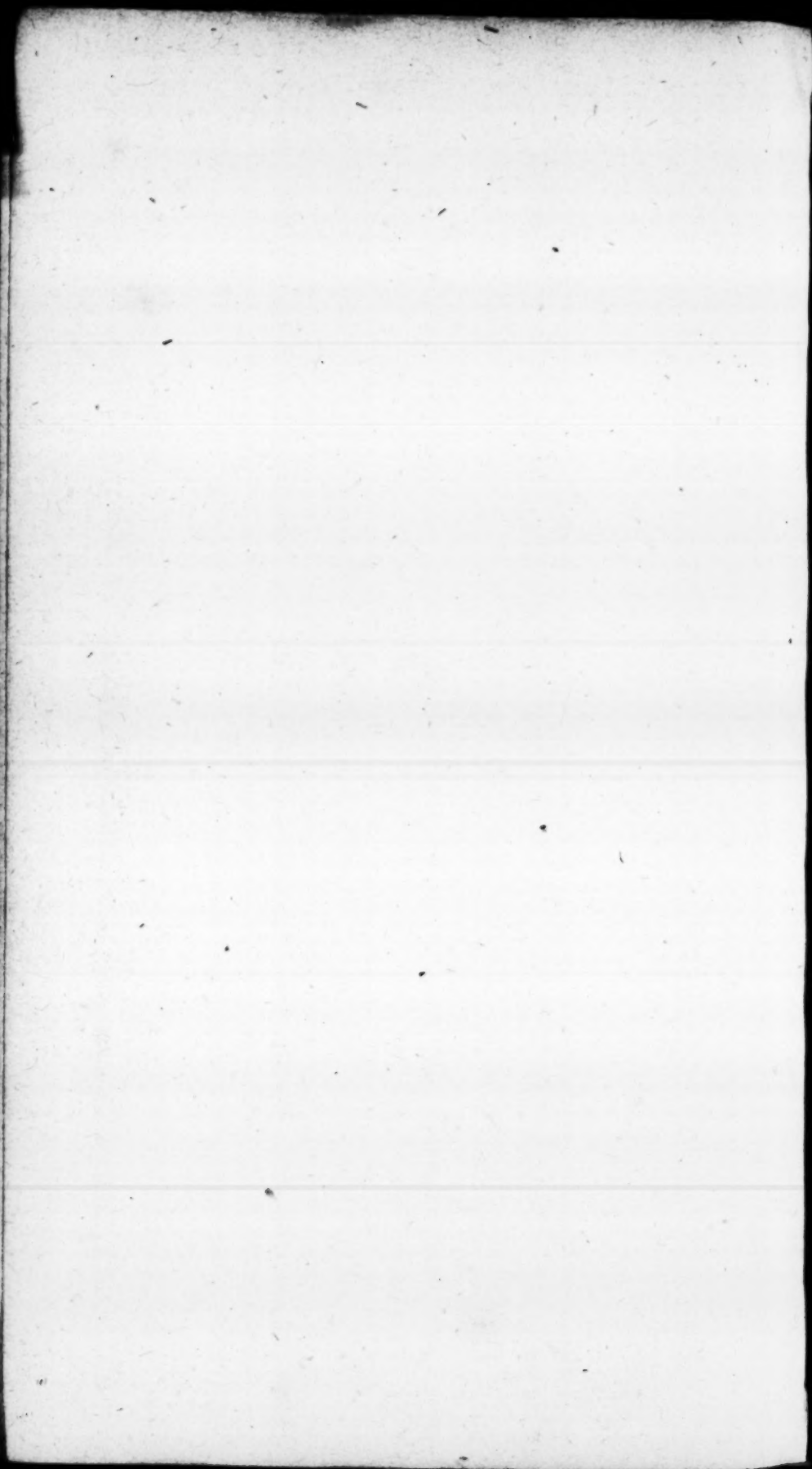
CONUNDRUMS. 35

Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good wine.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1 **W**HY is a drunken man like Wales?
- 2 Why is Templebar like an organ?
- 3 Why is a madman like two men?
- 4 Why is the gallows the last refuge of a condemned man?
- 5 Why does a dog turn round before he lies down?
- 6 Why is a tallow candle like Peloponnesus?
- 7 Why is a dancing-master like a tree?
- 8 Why is a tavern like a table?
- 9 Why is a man with a bad memory like a covetous man?
- 10 Why is a key like an hospital?
- 11 Why is Lord Sands like the deserts of Arabia?
- 12 Why is a man that is deceived like a girl in leading-strings?
- 13 Why is a bitch that has puppies like the father of mankind?
- 14 Why is a condemned malefactor like the root of the tongue?
- 15 Why is a man that is delirious in a fever, like a burning candle?
- 16 Why is claret like an oath?
- 17 Why is a cane like Sunday?
- 18 Why is a difficulty overcome like a knight on horseback?
- 19 Why is a man that hinders another from killing himself, like one that permits him?

- 20 Why is a woman like a mathematician?
- 21 Why is a looking-glass like a philosopher?
- 22 Why is a lady on her wedding-day like a man in an error?
- 23 Why is a condemned malefactor like a cannon?
- 24 Why is one's head like a porter?
- 25 Why is a wig like a blind beggar?
- 26 Why is a man that is put to a nonplus, like a walk in a garden?
- 27 What is a man like, that is in the midst of a great river and cannot swim?
- 28 Why is a skittish young horse like a coy young girl?
- 29 Why is a very censorious lady like a philosopher?
- 30 Why is a brewer's horse like a tapster?
- 31 Why is a street-robber like a woman that hath had several bastards?
- 32 Why is a clear stream like a fine lady?
- 33 Why is a turn'd coat like the bottom of a privy?
- 34 Why is a hackney-horse like scarlet?
- 35 What is a man like that is in the midst of a desert without meat or drink?
- 36 Why is a man that runs in debt like a watch?
- 37 Why is a neat prim lady like a book?
- 38 Why is a drunken man like one swimming?
- 39 Why is a red-hair'd lady like a band of soldiers?
- 40 Why is a man in a ship like a kitchen-dresser?



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41 Why is a thing bought like an old mended shoe?

42 Why is the New-market like the admiral of a squadron?

43 Why is rotten cheese like a strong man?

44 Why is a man that lays wagers on a game, like a man that helps another to steal?

45 Why is a band of soldiers drawn up in battle-array, like a woman's bosom?

46 Why is a fisherman like a man who cuts his tradesman's bills off short?

47 Why is the seeing of a sign a manifest token of sight?

48 Why is a good picture like a quart of liquor?

49 Why should a tailor have all manner of filth and nastiness thrown on him?

50 Why is an unbound book like a lady in bed?

51 Why is an empty playhouse like some fishwoman's baskets?

52 Why is a poor man like a sempstress?

53 Why is a clergyman's head like a secret?

54 Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot?

55 Why is Richmond like the letter R?

56 Why was the late Duke of Chandois a man of military disposition?

57 Why are turn'd coats like sailors?

58 Why is a whoremaster like an East-India supercargo?

59 Why is a river like a fore dog?

60 Why are turnips like men and their wives?

61 Why are most pieces of villany like a match?

62 Why is a man going to a play like a sailor?

- 63 Why is an old ship like a vagabond?
- 64 Why is playing at fives like an ass, and red wine?
- 65 Why is a book like a tree?
- 66 Why is G——thy——y like a harness-maker?
- 67 Why is a tennis-court like a house full of scolds?
- 68 Why is a watchman like a mill-horse?
- 69 Why is a cherry like a book?
- 70 Why is a bad man like a bad pen?
- 71 Why is a bred horse like an old man?
- 72 Why is a fine woman like a diamond?
- 73 Why are wagers like eggs?
- 74 Why are coals like a town?
- 75 Why is Mrs Woffington like a field of new hay?
- 76 Why is a man that has been whipp'd at the cart's tail like George's coffeehouse?
- 77 Why is an old woman, gallanted by a young man, like a laced handkerchief?
- 78 Why is a teller at the bank like a collier?
- 79 Why is a cook like a person in a salivation?
- 80 Why is a man on horseback like a fan?
- 81 Why is a lady in her shift like the Hague?
- 82 Why is a person that refuses Old Hock like a schoolboy?
- 83 Why is a farmer in a dry season like the Countess of Y———?
- 84 Why are a pair of spectacles like the inhabitants of the part adjacent to Prague?
- 85 Why are illuminations like the lungs?
- 86 Why is a conforming nonjuror like a coach-horse?

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CONUNDRUMS. 89

- 87 Why is a fish-pond like a man's neck?
- 88 Why are full playhouses like a shoemaker's shop?
- 89 Why is a state-horse heavy?
- 90 Why is a man losing his life for murder like a pond newly frozen?
- 91 Why is a gaoler like a musician?
- 92 Why is a little girl in arms like a woman that comes before her time?
- 93 Why is money like a whip?
- 94 Why are there no women lawyers as well as men?
- 95 What old saying is that which women will not believe?
- 96 When may we think a woman past recovery?
- 97 Why are women fitter for the study of astronomy than men?
- 98 What kind of book may a man with his wife were like?
- 99 Why are whoremasters said to be like ferrets?
- 100 What kind of water is most deceitful?
- 101 What was the first game that ever was play'd at?
- 102 Why is it said, It is better to have a bad wife than a good one?
- 103 By what measure do women like to trade?
- 104 What may be said of women that marry young?
- 105 What creatures bear best?
- 106 Why are women the weaker vessels?
- 107 Why is it impossible to ravish some women?

108 What kind of jointures do women like best?

109 What kind of sickness are most women subject to?

110 What makes most women alike?

111 Why do women spit when men talk bawdy?

112 Why is a tea-kettle and lamp like a Quaker?

113 Why is a picture like a member of parliament?

114 Why is a bad fire like an old maid?

115 Why is a woman in bed like fivepence three farthings?

116 Why is beau N——h like an old glove?

117 Why is a sash window like a woman in labour?

118 Why is a fore leg like the Earl of Ch—f—d?

119 Why is a beau like a buttock of beef?

120 Why is the King of Persia like Christmas?

121 Why is the kitten's petticoats like a pack of cards?

122 Why is an apothecary like a woodcock?

123 Why is a fart like a double entendre?

124 Why is a whore like an exciseman's book?

125 Why is an eye like a thief at the whipping-post?

126 Why is a wainscoted room like a relieve?

127 Why are the remains of a leg of mutton like Windsor?

128 Why does an ox drive?

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- 129 Why is a button-hole like a cloudy day?
- 130 Why is the house of C—ns like an account-book?
- 131 Why is going to play like last week?
- 132 Why is a bell like a lock?
- 133 Why is a pioneer like a ruler and pencil?
- 134 Why is an old man like a girl?
- 135 Why is an old man's young wife like an hot bun?
- 136 Why is a troop of horse like a dead man?
- 137 Why is an organ like the new river head?
- 138 Why should you eat bread and butter with a carrotty woman?
- 139 Why does a miller wear a white hat?
- 140 Why is a whore like a comet?
- 141 Why is your wig like a butcher's shop?
- 142 Why are widows fit for beggars?
- 143 Why is a soldier like some doers?
- 144 Why is a saddle like a mule?
- 145 Why is a peevish man like a watch?
- 146 Why is a parish-bell like a good story?
- 147 Why is a little man like a good book?
- 148 Why was Cain a good ringer?
- 149 Why is a sparrow like a man with one leg?
- 150 Why are the K—g's servants like ladies lapdogs?
- 151 Why is a crooked woman like a country brown loaf?
- 152 Why is a lean man like a neck of mutton?
- 153 Why is a horse like a coy wench?

154 Why is a cribbage-board like a new-married lady?

155 Why is the weather-cock like the sea?

156 Why is a big-bellied woman like a fine gentleman?

157 Why is a blind man heavier than one that can see?

158 Why is a pack of rakes like a pack of bad hounds?

159 Why is a dead man proud?

160 Why is a lady's face like Dr Rock?

161 Why are women like huntsmen?

162 Why is a man in a passion like a lady's smock?

163 Why is a lady like a hog'shead?

164 Why is a man on a gibbet like a watch?

165 Why is a pickpocket like a candle?

166 Why is an impertinent fellow like a waterman?

167 Why is an axe like a dish of coffee?

168 When has a goose the most feathers on?

169 Why is Betty St—d like some part of the sea?

170 Why is a pretty lady like an oat-cake?

171 Why are the Dutch like the devil?

172 Why do ladies wear clogs?

173 Why is hope like an old shoe?

174 Why are some authors and bookfellers like sailors?

175 Why is the sun-fire-office like an impudent fellow?

176 Why is C—Pp—'s bubbies like a hat?

177 Why is Fulham bridge like the house of L—s?

178 Why is an old woman like a chitterlin?

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- 179 Why is a fortified town like a bed?
180 Why is a parasite like a pair of spectacles?
181 Why is a boasting fellow like a coach-whip?
182 Why is Parson Whitefield's gown like charity?
183 Why is a proud man like a candle?
184 Why is a fine girl like a highwayman?
185 Why is a quarrelsome man like brawn?
186 Why is a scold like a tennis-player?
187 Why is a drunken man and a dead man directly opposite?
188 Why is a fat man like a Cornish borough?
189 Why is your right hand like Eve?
190 Why is an impudent fellow like a trader?
191 Why is a man in debt like a misty morning?
192 Why is a poor poet like a ship just launched?
193 Why are some women holiday dames?
194 Why is a hackney-coachman like a happy man?
195 Why is a wicked man like my Lord Mayor's coach?
196 Why is a nobleman like a book?
197 Why is a fire-shovel like a footman?
198 Why is a bunch of keys like a head of hair?
199 Why are sailors the happiest men?
200 Why is a lewd woman like a frosty morning?
201 Why is a false note like a bar of iron?
202 Why is the Archbishop of Canterbury like a weathercock?

203. Why is a blind man like a buttock of beef?
204. Why is the post like a woman with child of a boy?
205. Why are whores like rogues?
206. Why is a crab-tree like the Duke of Grafton?
207. Why is a good cook like a woman of fashion?
208. Why is a poet like a cat?
209. Why is a thankful man like a good fire?
210. Why is a highwayman the most godly man?
211. Why is an organ like a church-steeple?
212. Why is a man who drinks wine in a morning like a rainy day?
213. Why should footmen be very strong?
214. Why is the fire-side the most learned place of the house?
215. Why is a contented cuckold like an affronted coward?
216. Why is a ship coming into a port like Barbadoes?
217. Why is a bad poet like a justice of peace?
218. Why is a first floor like a lie?
219. Why can no man say his time is his own?
220. Why is a perspective glass like time?
221. Why is a cannon like a tailor?
222. Why is an armed soldier like a farmer's yard? [orchard?
223. Why is the house of Lords like an
224. Why is the court on a birth-night like two women a scolding?
225. Why is a bunch of keys like bells?

226 Why is the history of England like a wet winter?

227 Why is Mr Handel so much talked of?

228 Why is a good play like a ring of bells?

229 Why is the moon like a weather-cock?

230 Why is a bad shoemaker's shop like hell?

231 Why is a tailor like a sprout?

232 Why is Ireland like a bottle of wine?

233 Why is the house of Lords a hungry place?

234 Why is a good sermon like a plumb-pudding?

235 Why is a bad pen like a wicked man?

236 Why is a silly fellow like a fleece of wool?

237 Why is a country-justice like a change-broker?

238 Why is an opera like a pillory?

239 Why is a man that has taken physic like a whore?

240 Why is the plate like the meat upon it?

241 Why is a man fishing like a pair of breeches?

242 Why is a coward like a mouse-trap?

243 Why is my Lord Mayor like an almshouse?

244 Why is a barrel of beer, almost out, like a country-waggon?

245 Why may a man that takes snuff be called a coward?

246 Why are the people of England like a barrel of beer?

247 Why is a good coach-horse like a good painter?

248 What is the best trade for men to learn?

249 Why is orator Henley like a pastry-cook?

250 What trade is the most common in London?

251 Why is the second horse in a race like a main-mast of a ship?

252 Why is a grave-digger like a waterman?

253 Why is a tailor like a lawyer?

254 Why is a man who improves his estate like an old coat?

255 Why is a drunken man like a pack-horse?

256 Why is White's chocolate-house like Hercules?

257 Why is a tavern-drawer like a partridge killed with a gun?

258 Why is smoke of tobacco like wine?

259 Why is a fine woman like a diamond-ring?

260 Why is the court of justice like a tavern?

261 Why is the court like a pack of cards?

262 Why is a common whore like a squirrel?

263 Why is an old maid like a turn-stile?

264 Why is an house of office like a state-employment?

265 Why is a fly like a pair of bellows?

266 Why is Mr G——g like fine gold?

267 Why is a man like a melon?

268 Why is a conundrum like a parrot?

269 Why is a drunken man like a wheelbarrow?

270 Why is swearing like an old coat?

271 Why is the office of prime minister like a may-pole?

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272 Why is a tavern-man like a loose pair of breeches?

273 Why is a drunken man like a ship?

274 Why is a whore contrary to all other trades?

275 What's that which will be to-morrow and was yesterday?

276 Why is a pair of breeches like three feet of cloth?

277 What is that which God never sees, kings seldom see, but I often see?

278 Why is a kept miss like a dressing-room?

279 When is a girl's most taking motion?

280 Why is a beau like an apothecary?

281 What part of the grammar is a clap?

282 Why are conundrums like jellies?

283 Why is a court like a pedlar's pack?

284 Why is his Majesty often like a parson's horse?

285 Why is the Countess of Y——, properly speaking, a minister of state?

286 Why does not V—— get more into his wife's soul?

287 Why is truth so hard to come at in the political world?

288 Why is dying an old maid to be avoided?

289 Why is a court like a lousy beggar?

290 Why is the Queen of Hungary the best park-keeper?

291 Why are some governments like a coach-wheel?

292 Why do whores seldom play upon the square?

293 Why are the good people of England like a lady in a moody air?

294 Why are gray hairs such a prejudice to the eyes of the knowing ladies?

295 Why does a certain old statesman's mistress shew no marks of the whip?

296 Why was Lady B—— so confounded at a bawdy thing slipping from her?

297 Why ought ladies that paint to be treated as pirates?

298 Why are the people of England never contented?

299 Why did Sir Thomas L—— take up with a negro girl the night his lady died?

300 Why are the mens two favourite servants indecently merry upon some occasions?

301 Why are some great men so secure?

302 Why is there at present so great a call for men?

303 What would be a right noble fight?

304 Why is a coquet like amber?

305 When would a court be in a pitiful case?

306 Why is the nation like a privateer without his compliment?

307 Why is an ordinary face in a woman like the quarters of a ship stoutly fitted?

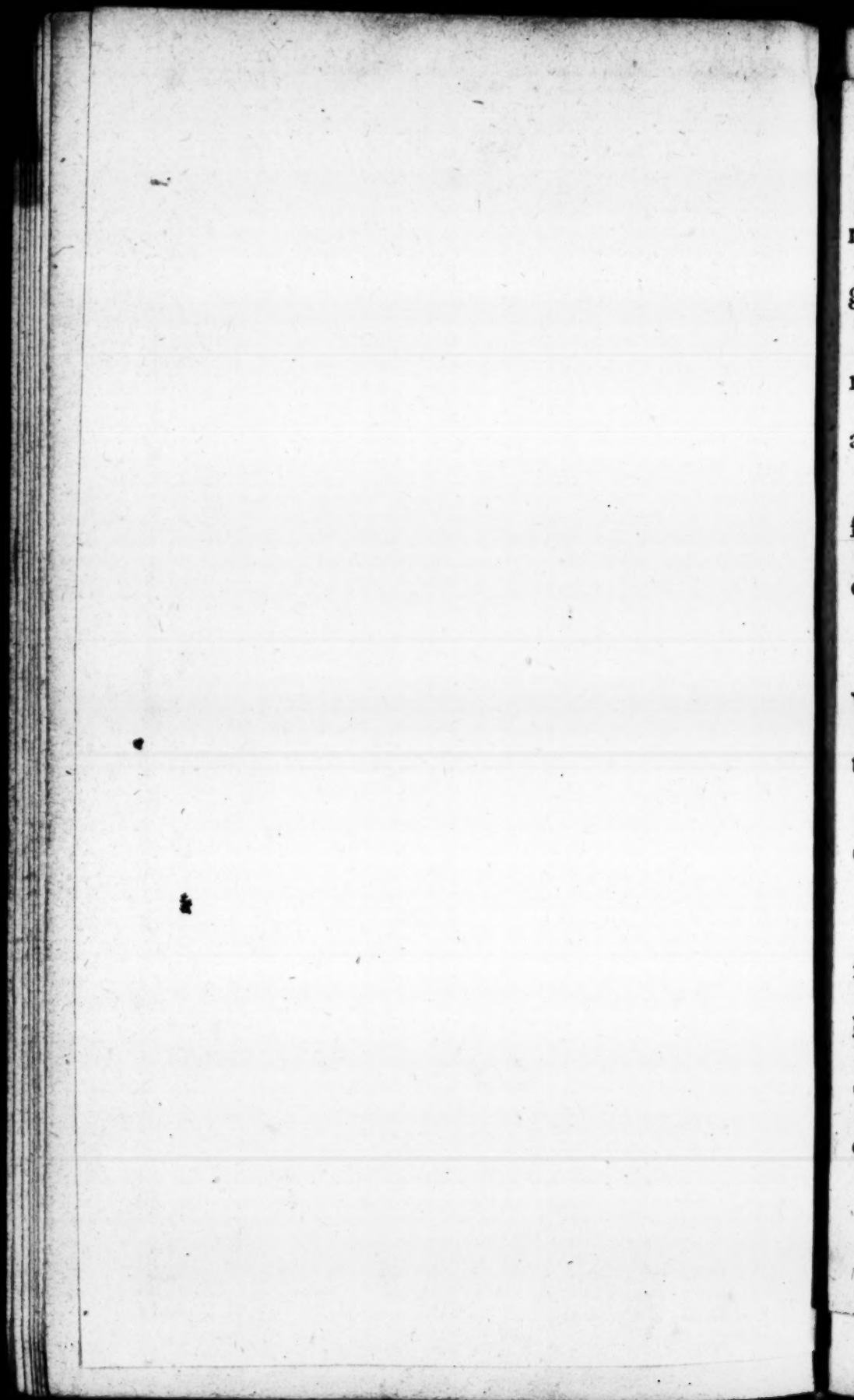
308 What does a woman delight to see out of her windows?

309 Why is a boy on Shrove Tuesday like a pretty girl?

310 Why is Fanny M—— like the serjeant at arms?

311 Why is beau N—— like my A—— in a band-box?

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312 Why are most transactions like rose diamonds ?

313 Why is an alderman on horseback a good lesson for riding ?

314 When does a woman top her character ?

315 Why are public offices like public roads ?

316 Why is a brown girl often preferred to a fair one ?

317 Why is Betty S—— like Hanover ?

318 Why are several members like stepping-stones ?

319 Why are Sally Tuffnell's eyes like the devil ?

320 Why is a whore like an innkeeper ?

321 Why are free masons like an old maid ?

322 Why is Mrs Woffington like the poet Waller ?

323 Why are some great men like unfair traders ?

324 Why is Garrick manly enough ?

325 Why is Quin like Solomon dividing the child ?

326 Why are thieves impertinent ?

327 Why are many tradesmen like a toad ?

328 Why are Patty C—t's breasts like a shrewish tongue ?

329 Why are the beaux at once so light and heavy ?

330 Why are girls in their teens like an old crazy ship ?

331 Why are ships new cleaned like a beau on a birthday ?

332 Why are the stocks like a paper kite ?

333 Why are sleepy eyes like amber ?

334 Why are some rich men like an old money-chest ?

335 Why have old women a smack of the golden age ?

336 Why are B—ps with great propriety Englished into overseers ?

337 Why are fine horses like a good well ?

338 Why should sailors be good oeconomists ?

339 Why is the plain reasoner like bottled small beer ?

340 Why are women like a horse at rack and manger ?

341 Why are some statesmen like a shirt ?

342 Why are the people of England abused ?

343 Which is the wonderful plant ?

344 Why is the court like a brewer ?

345 Why are the courtiers like deer ?

346 Why is a kept miss like a rudder ?

347 Why is Lady M—— like the moon ?

348 Why is Betty St—— like a cistern ?

349 Why are some patriots like Hannibal ?

350 Why was England in Cromwell's time like a horse ?

351 Why is a yellow-hair'd girl like the ship Argo ?

352 Why have some stanch city-gluttons no ears ?

353 Why are the surgeons for taking the equinoctial ?

354 Why is a sordid king like a Papist ?

355 Why is a gun like a woman ?

356 Why are the Dutch like storks ?

357 Why are Rochester's works like a chimney-sweeper ?

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358 Why is the coalition like a door half open?

359 Why are some princes that hire their troops like surgeons?

360 Why are some great men like glow-worms?

361 Why is a fop like a steeple?

362 Why are men like stones?

363 Why are frowards girls like a lucky merchant?

364 Why is a spendthrift like a squib?

365 Why is a girl like the first step towards a treaty?

366 Why is Lady L— so easily penetrated?

367 Why may distillers be sad?

368 Why is a publican like a musician?

369 Why is Britain like a child?

370 Why is marriage like a curtain?

371 Why is opposition like a curb bridle?

372 Why is M——y like a lawyer above the world?

373 Why are rich men of these days miserably poor?

374 Why are brave men like sweetmeats?

375 Why are some men like the punks of Drury?

376 Why is a shepherd like a woman?

377 Why was Mr Pope like a black kettle?

378 Why is the poet laureat like a martial king?

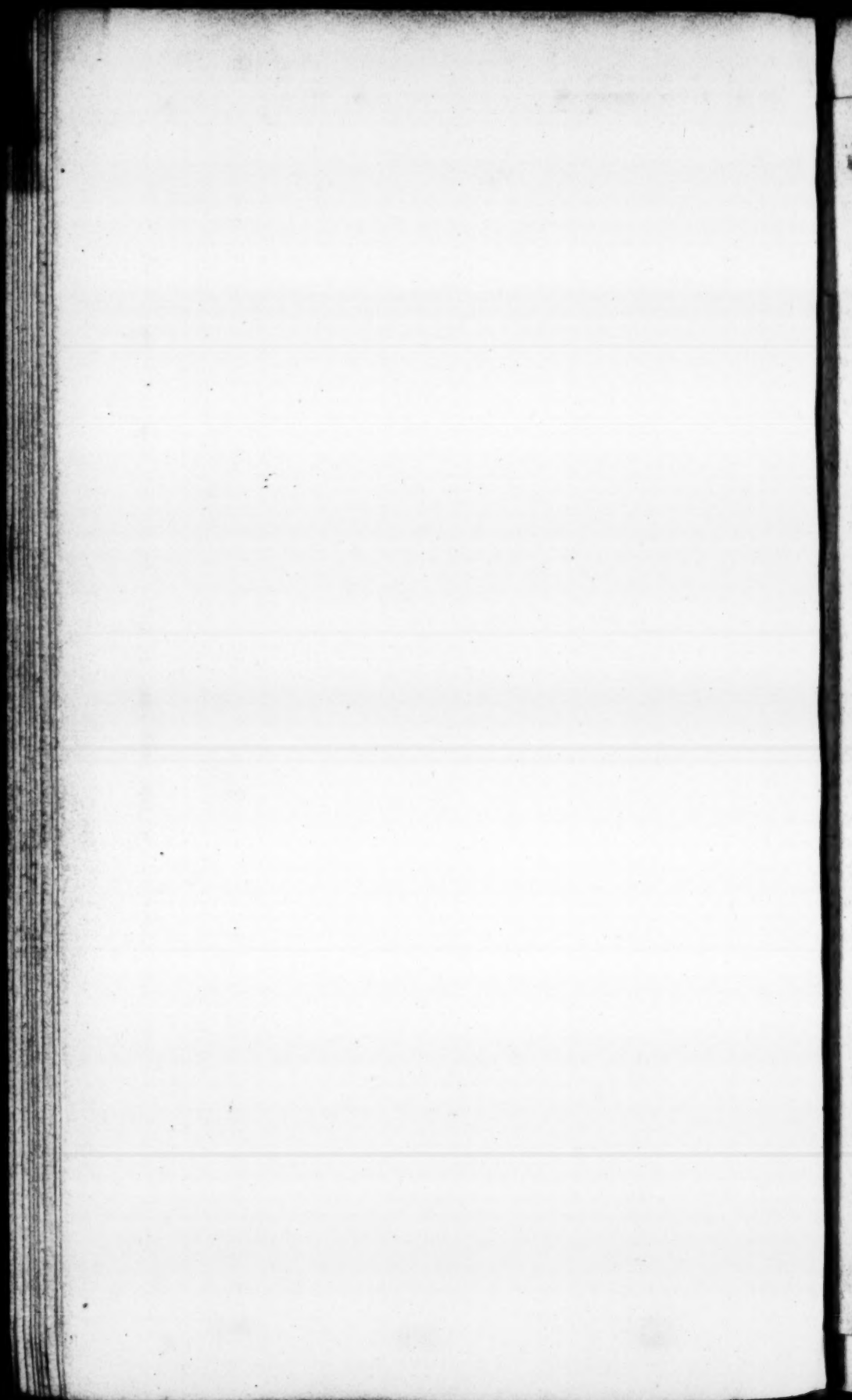
379 Where would you, pretty lady, clap your hands, if a man came into the room when you was stark-naked?

380 What is cried most when least in season?

- 381 Why do we buy new shoes?
- 382 Which is comparatively best, a cup of purl or a mutton-chop?
- 383 Which has most legs, a horse or no horse?
- 384 Which is best, a shoulder of mutton or heaven?
- 385 Which is best, a little fat pig, or a fat little pig?
- 386 Which would be best, to have one's nose reach as far as one's sight, or one's sight reach no farther than one's nose?
- 387 Who was the first that bore arms?
- 388 What is that God never made and commanded not to be made, and yet was made, and has a soul to be saved?
- 389 Where was Adam going when he was in his 39th year?
- 390 Who was it that was begot before his father, born before his mother, and had the maidenhead of his grandmother?
- 391 When Tobit went out, his dog went with him; but he went neither before, nor behind, nor of one side. Where then did he go?
- 392 Why are fish like gamesters?
- 393 Why are carriers and miners like wise men?
- 394 Why is a hat like a beau?
- 395 Why is a letter like the top of a room?
- 396 Why is a good orator like a large seal?
- 397 Why is a good shilling like a running footman?
- 398 Why is debt like rain?
- 399 Why would cooks make good bowlers?
- 400 Why are nuns like noblemens servants?

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401 Why is St Thomas's hospital like a wild rabbit?

402 Why is Langford the auctioneer like Royston's wine-vault?

403 Why is Christ-church, Oxford, like the walls of a fortified town?

404 Why is an unmannerly fellow like a shelf with a loaf upon it?

405 Why would perukemakers be the best servants?

406 Why are sheep in a fold like a good history?

407 Why is going up a hill like granting a request?

408 Why is the city of Bath like a watch?

A COLLECTION OF RIDDLES.

When virtue smil'd, and spread her purple wings,
O'er senates, laws, and held the crowns of
How happy I! who by a just applause, [kings:
Converted all to one essential cause,
Bid merit rise, and held imperial sway,
Till Athens fell: O black and awful day!
Then lofty Rome to every virtue prone,
To arts and arms with heighten'd lustre shone,
Smil'd in the records of immortal fame,
And rais'd a temple sacred to my name;
Approv'd my worth, ador'd my tender care,
And made me guardian to the charming fair.

II.

He who begot me, did conceive me too,
Within one month to a man's height I grew:
And

And should I to an hundred years remain,
 I to my stature not one inch should gain.
 I Numbers of brethren I have here on earth;
 And all like me of this surprising birth.
 Some curious garments do their limbs adorn,
 And some as naked are as they were born,
 Yet both alike are cold, alike are warm,
 Some want an eye, and others have no feet,
 Some have no arms, others no legs; and yet
 Most men esteem them equally with me,
 Though I, in all my limbs, unblemish'd be.
 To sum up all as briefly as I can,
 I am man's offspring, though I'm not a man.

III.

At two days old good Latin I speak,
 Tho' for it I ne'er went to school:
 Arms I have four, which come out of my back;
 And in yellow am dress'd like a fool.
 All men do me seek, though few can me get,
 When caught I'm confin'd like a fish in a net.

IV.

Nor wings, nor feet, unto my shape have fell,
 Yet I in swiftness do the best excell:
 Arms I have none, nor weapons do I wear,
 And yet I daily wound the brave and fair;
 My name is odious both to friends and foes,
 Yet I'm admir'd by all the belles and beaux,
 And when my name's conceal'd, I've many friends,
 The best man fears me, and his fault amends;
 All wise men hate me, as their common foe.
 Take C. from me, I keep you from the snow.
 Old maids care for me, for this world I hate;
 As it hates them, so we receive our fate. [talk,
 From these short hints, to tell my name's your
 That well perform'd, I've nothing more to ask.

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V.

With me the dullest fool must surely thrive,
 And fairly others of their right deprive ;
 In different shapes and functions I appear ;
 Always undaunted, tho' I'm most in fear :
 The son of gold, yet claim a nearer kin,
 T' a certain orator of Lincoln's Inn ;
 A friend to vice, an open foe to truth ;
 I'm old as time, tho' in the bloom of youth.

VI.

Legs I have got, yet seldom walk ;
 I backbite all, yet never talk.

VII.

In a place big enough for work or for play,
 A carpet was spread on a carpet of hay,
 Of neat morris-dancers three hundred met on it,
 Now perhaps you'll expect a jig or a sonnet ;
 But alas, of all these there was never a one
 Could whistle *Moll Peatly*, or sing *Bobbing Jone* ;
 But yet notwithstanding they jigg'd it about,
 Each one in his turn, not a couple stood out :
 Next to these a crew of sharp lads in their natures,
 Stood as so many posts, or as idle spectators ;
 No wonder that none of them join'd in the jig ;
 Since, it seems, they were each of them ty'd by
 the leg.

Nor no wonder that none of the others could sing,
 Since they danc'd all the time with their necks
 in a ring.

VIII.

I'm born in the woods, in the city I live,
 I'm us'd and abus'd, and ill language receive ;
 My complexion's like wainscot, I have the face
 of a man,
 In stature not low, yet my waist's but a span ;

I can't brag of my brains, but yet in my station,
My head's of more use than half in the nation.

IX.

Ladies, my name I pray explore,
'Tis what of all things you adore:
I'm no upstart come to earth,
But with Adam took my birth:
O'er learning's seat I do preside,
And only with the male abide;
To luxury I'm made a tool,
My very name denotes a fool.

X.

By nature I am black and blue,
When wounded 'am as fair as you;
I help the old, instruct the youth,
In all their searches after truth.
A mighty drinker in his haste
Sweeps o'er my face, and lays me waste,
And with a thousand mouths devours
The labours of as many hours.

XI.

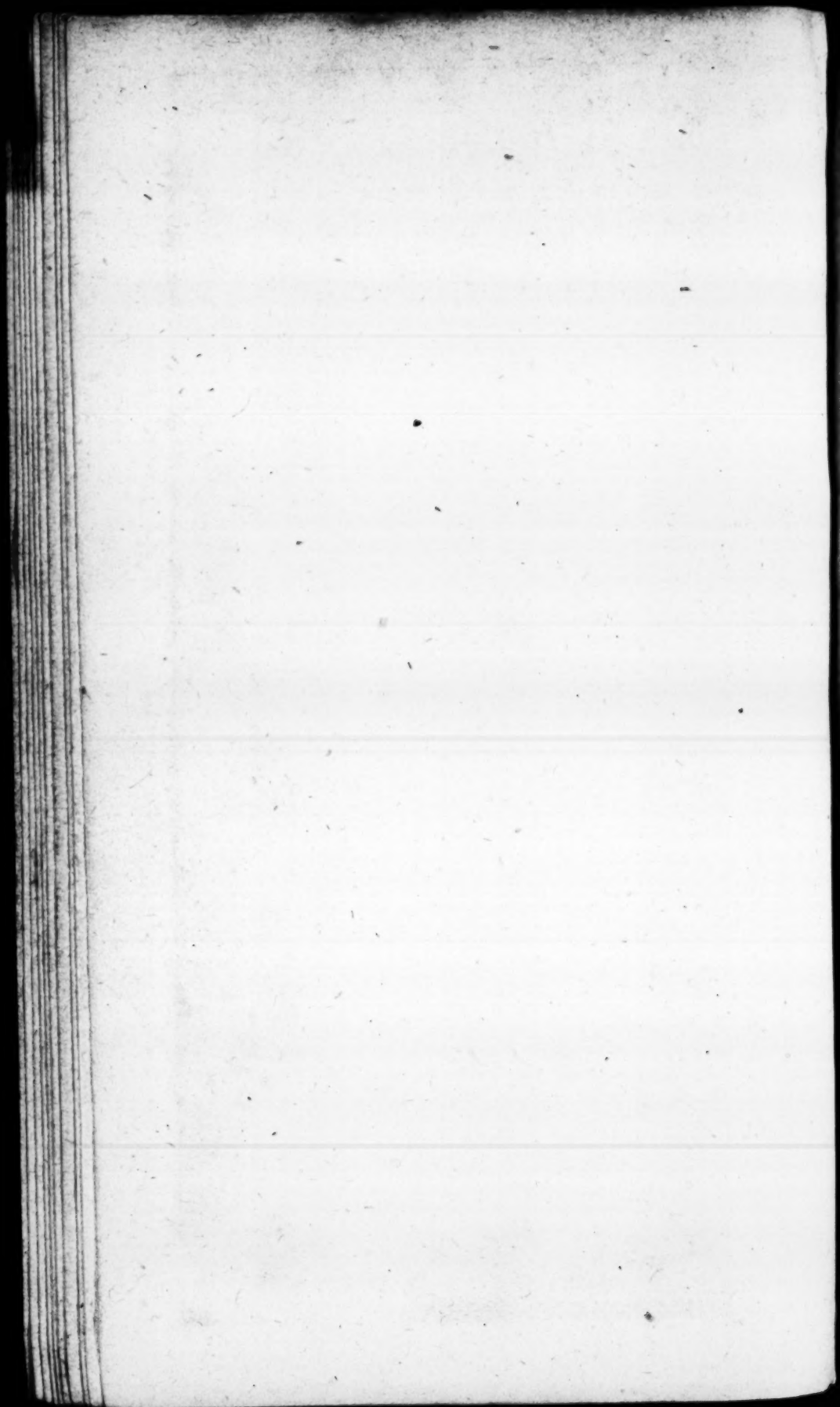
Tho' I stand still, yet oft I run apace,
The loss of me is deem'd no small disgrace;
In foreign countries I'm with jewels dight,
When old, by me you're help'd to better fight:
To such degree confess'd to fight I stand,
That I'm a proverb grown throughout the land.

XII.

There's a being in nature as light as a feather,
As fickle as fortune, as uncertain as weather;
Now cruel, then kind; now sweet, and then
four;
Never wears the same humour or conduct an
'Tis a lion, a lamb, an eagle, a dove; [hour.
All fierceness, all timeness, all hate, or all love.

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It can swear and protest, tho' its oath is so frail,
That he who relies on't, has an eel by the tail.

XIII.

There's a thing that pretends to be wondrous
wife,

Always meddling with what it pretends to de-
spise :

Now fawning, then railing, now whining,
then curling,

All flattery, all satire, all honey, or a worse
thing.

So odd are the whims of this wonderful creature,
That 'twould tempt one to think, it had more
than one nature ;

'Tis a spaniel, a tyger, a chicken, a kite ;
And she that's once caught by so common a bite,
Her credulous folly in vain may bewail,
For she has, to her grief, not an eel by the tail.

XIV.

Of different parts I'm made ; one part of me
Comes from a worm, the other from a tree ;
I am of different sizes, yet 'tis strange
My shape and my complexion never change ;
My stations various are, some fine, some fair,
But others filthy, and offensive are ;
Yet once in either fix'd, I constant prove,
And rarely without violence I move,
Unless time makes me drop from what I love. }

XV.

In marble walls, as white as milk,
Lin'd with a skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple does appear.
No doors there are to this strong hold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

XVI.

What fortune gives, I wear in state,
A little thing does make me great ;
All admire me, when I wear it,
Yet cares attend all those that bear it.

XVII.

I view the world in little space,
Am always restless, changing place :
No food I eat, but by my power
Procure what millions do devour.

XVIII.

Here is a thing that nothing is,
'Tis foolish, wanton, sober, wise ;
It hath nor wings, no eyes, nor ears,
And yet it flies, it sees, it hears,
It lives by loss, it feeds in smart,
It dwells in wo, it liveth not,
Yet ever more this hungry elf
Doth feed on nothing but itself.

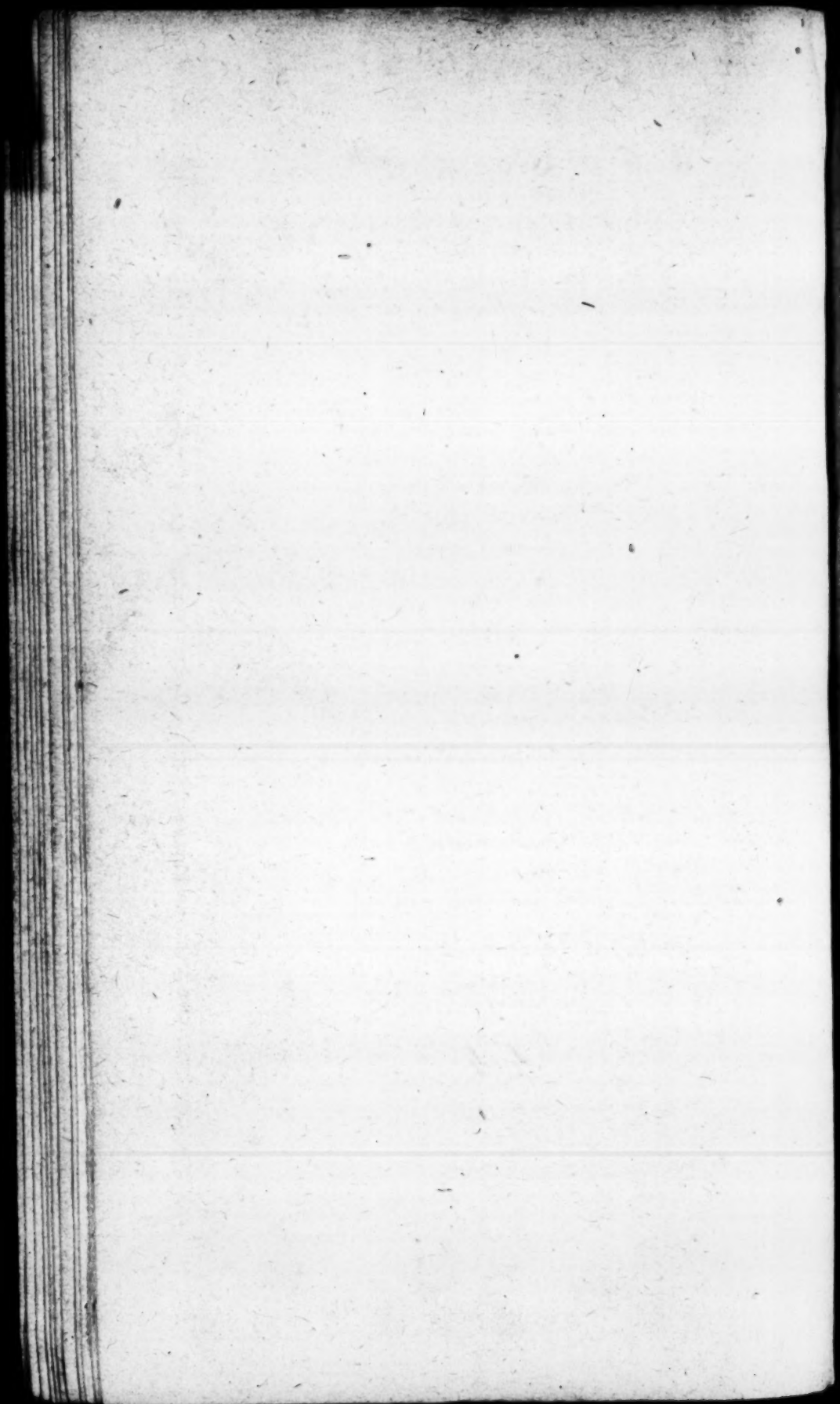
XIX.

Whene'er I work, I'm always cloth'd ;
When idle, naked stand,
And boldly, I myself, may say,
I'm useful to this land.
Naked, 'tis true, I often am,
But, what will make you wonder,
I'm often naked in winds and storms,
In lightning and in thunder ;
For, where I am, I'm doom'd to stand
All sorts of storms and weather ;
But all I want of you's my name,
For, faith, I don't mind either.

XX.

There is a thing which in the light
Is seldom used, but in the night.

It



It serves the maiden female crew,
The ladies and the good-wives too :
They use to take it in their hand,
And then it will uprightly stand ;
And to a hole they it apply,
Where by its good-will it would die.
It spends, goes out, and still within
It leaves its moisture thick and thin.

XXI.

Of mirth the parent, and the child of art,
A stranger to myself in every part,
East India has a native in my breast,
The west my softness, and my fire the east :
While kinder climes my virtues to complete,
Quicken my mildness to correct my heat.
Thus perfect, yet humility I show,
The more I'm admir'd the less I grow ;
My faithful friends upon my ruin thrive,
And see me dying as they grow alive.

XXII.

Erect, delightful to be seen,
I stood, with youth and beauty crown'd.
Till cruel foes, with weapons keen,
First threw me prostrate on the ground.

There, as I wounded, helpless lay,
Rudely trod beneath their feet,
My colour chang'd, my strength decay'd,
My body burnt with scorching heat.

Yet, this with patience might be born,
Did not (to aggravate my woes)
To female cruelty and scorn,
Th' insulting victors me expose.

But

But I'm by woman (Oh ! disgrace !)
 Woman, when bad, still worse than man ;
 Dragg'd by the teeth from place to place,
 Oft rais'd, and oft thrown down again.

At length, like corpse in hearse convey'd,
 My scatter'd parts away are sent ;
 Of which a stately pile being made,
 Myself am my own monument.

Ponder this, then look on me,
 And think on man's mortality.

XXIII.

Or e'er bright Sol display'd his genial flame,
 I was created, and I had a name :
 Aided by me, Adam with wond'ring eyes
 Beheld th' amazing scenes of Paradise, [rise. }
 Flowers, plants, and trees, in grateful order }
 By me, forsooth, all nature seems to mourn,
 But meets with chearful smiles my glad return.
 Tho' made at first by the Almighty, free,
 Kings have presum'd to lay a tax on me :
 Through all the world alternately I rove,
 Through every city, town, or field, or grove ;
 The fair, without me, would lose every grace,
 Nor would one lover gaze upon her face :
 Yet, soon as e'er the wish'd-for knot is ty'd,
 I strait grow tiresome to th' ungrateful bride.

XXIV.

By torture tho' extreme, I stronger grow, }
 Yet death, of all mankind the common foe, }
 And some diseases work my overthrow ; }
 Each night fair Chloe finds me in her bed ;
 And may great George long find me in his head.
 'Tis I that give the lover all his bliss,
 When on his Celia's lips he prints a kiss.

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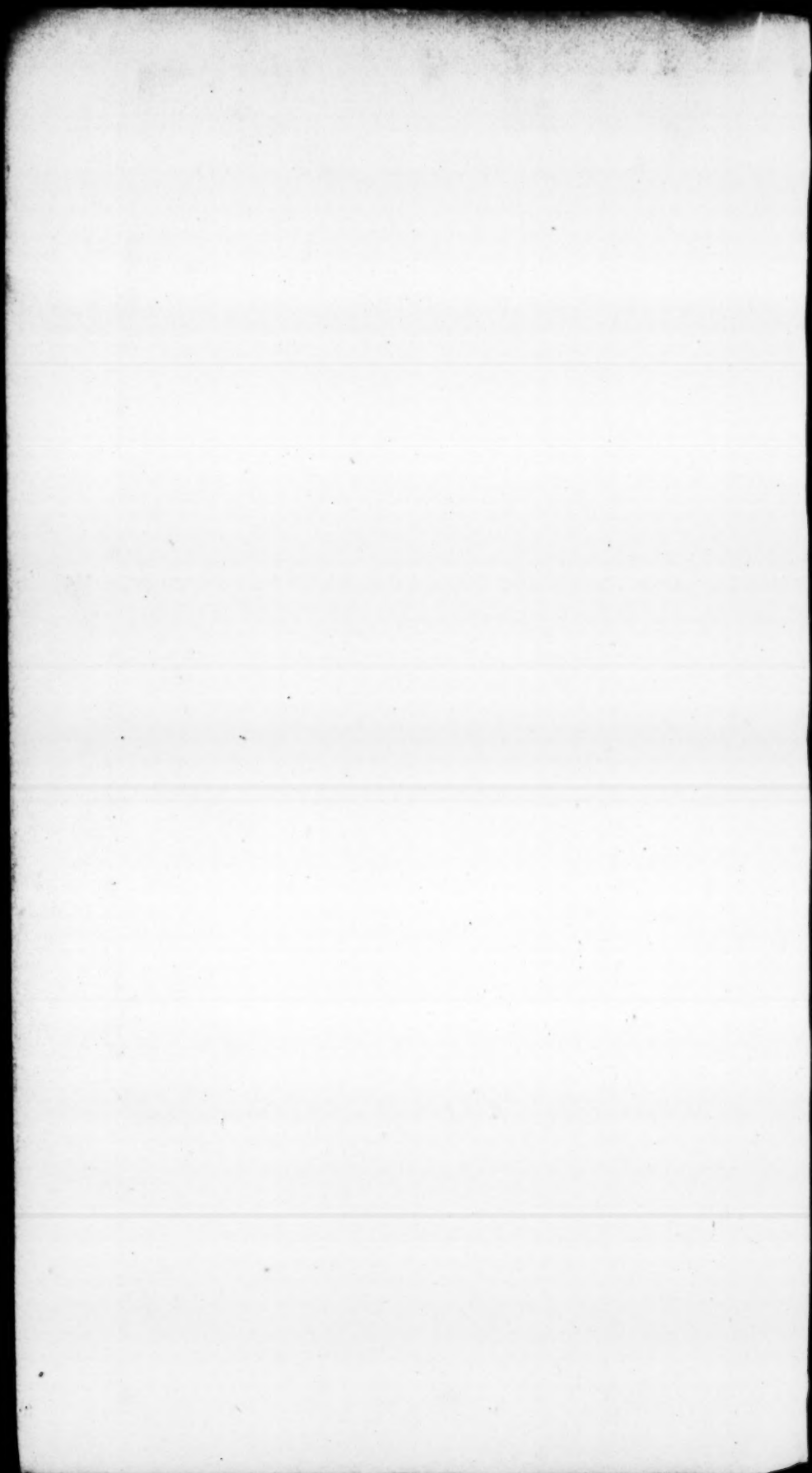
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My brothers their set stations are assign'd,
 But I alone am free and unconfin'd:
 Thro' all mankind, in every part I roam,
 They never travel from their native home.

XXV.

Without my aid no nymph is truly fair,
 Nor could you ever find a happy pair:
 In curs'd rebellions, me the head you'll find,
 To murder, cruelty, and rage inclin'd,
 Yet, virtue's friends, all surely must agree,
 Since ev'n religion's self must cease with me;
 Thus you may see I'm not devoid of grace,
 In heav'n, or hell, yet ne'er shall find a place:
 Tho' in the centre of the world I'm pent,
 Tho' by my power subsists each element,
 Tho' on my aid, myriads of worlds depend,
 Ladies, you'll find me at your finger's end.

XXVI.

From small beginning, and extraction low,
 To wealth and plenty by degrees I rose;
 All pleas'd to see me thrive, and greater grow,
 And none at first to my advancement foes.

At length rebellious slaves (who eat my bread)
 Bound and convey'd me to my native soil,
 Then leaving me with blows and bruises dead,
 Of all my treasure rudely did me spoil.

Such my hard fate, till some ingenious friend,
 Kindly contriv'd to raise me once again,
 And did both pains and skill to fit me lend,
 For the high office which I now sustain.

Have you not seen the glittering helmet ward
 From th' brave warrior's head th' hostile blow?
 'Tis

'Tis mine like that, the fair, from him to guard;
Who is, and ever will be beauty's foe.

This task their favours gratefully requite,
Gay filks and ribands of their gift I wear,
And when clear skies to pleasant walks invite,
I still am call'd for to attend the fair.

XXVII.

Without edge it cuts, without tongue it sings;
Foams without anger; and flies without wings.

XXVIII.

In shaping me both sexes join,
Who must in fit embraces twine,
And grow with mutual motions warm,
Ere they complete my mystic form:
I please (tho' from the country sprung)
The city and the country throng,
I oft promote the balmy kiss,
And music heightens much the bliss.
By me engag'd you ne'er can dose,
Yet I procure the soft repose;
And (which increases more your mirth),
Both sexes labour at my birth.

XXIX.

That which as human kind must be in death,
Gives me my being with one hasty breath;
Me you may hear or touch, but scarce can see,
Yet half your life see nothing without me.

XXX.

What's that in which good housewives take de-
light?

Which, though it has no legs, will stand up-
right?

'Tis often us'd, both sexes must agree,
Beneath the navel, yet above the knee.

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At the end it has a hole; 'tis stiff and strong,
 Thick as a maiden's wrist, and pretty long.
 To a soft place 'tis very oft applied,
 And makes the thing 'tis us'd to still more wide.
 The women love to wriggle it to and fro,
 That what lies under may the wider grow.
 By giddy sluts sometimes it is abus'd,
 But by good housewives rubb'd before 'tis us'd,
 That it may fitter for their purpose be,
 When they to occupy the same are free.
 Now tell me, merry ladies, if you can,
 What this must be, that is no part of man.

R E B U S E S.

I.

What incloses a plat, as I with her dear
 arms;
 Had my body encompass'd with nightingale's
 charms,
 And the leg of an hog, gives my dearest her
 name.
 Her beauties so great set my heart on a flame.

II.

Take the devil's short name,
 And much more than a yard,
 You've the name of the dame
 I shall ever regard.

III.

The greatest noise on Sundays made,
 Tell us her name in masquerade,
 Whom I must kiss — or be a shade.

IV.

One of the softest things in nature,
 Beareth the name of my dear creature.

P

V.

V.

A famous old man of time,
And his children, the males of his line,
Give the name of my beauty divine. }

VI.

A pickle of excellent growth,
And to * *sin* against the truth,
Tells the name of a virgin of beauty and youth. }

* i. e. to *Err*.

VII.

The pleasure of the sportsman's chace,
The pledge in matrimonial case,
With twenty hundred weight beside,
Name her I wish to make my bride.

VIII.

What gives the pleasant mead its grace,
What spreads at spring earth's smiling face,
What jolly hunters chuse to wear,
Gives name to her whose chains I bear.

IX.

That of the pretty feather'd race,
Which most do courtly tables grace,
And o'er the mountains bend its flight,
Or lurks in fields with harvest bright,
For whose destruction men with care,
The noblest canine breed prepare,
Bestows a name on that fair maid,
Whose eyes to love my heart betray'd.

X.

That is a sweet thing, if you could it obtain,
Would refresh you, and make you forget ev'ry
pain,
Restore your lost spirits, dispel all your fears,
Your sorrows divert, and dry up your tears.

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If you guess what it is, you will then know the
dame,
Who, tho' colder than ice, can make all others
flame.

XI.

What's done when we buy, and done when we
play,
Is the name of a lady that's sprightly and gay.

XII.

The Irish have a certain root,
Our parsnip's very like unto't,
Which eats with butter wondrous well,
And, like potatoes, makes a meal.
Now from this root there comes a name,
Which own'd is by the beauteous dame,
Who sways the heart of him who rules
A mighty herd of knaves and fools.

XIII.

The court of love's assembled here ;
'Tis Venus Queen of beauty's sphere,
In all her charms she stands confest,
And rules supreme the noblest breast.
Ye shepherds, would ye learn the name
Of her who spreads so vast a flame,
Know that 'tis hid from the profane,
And that your strictest search is vain.

XIV.

What no man does twice, and what guards us
from thieves,
What a lady for breakfast in a morning re-
ceives ;
If spelling not true, you'll now kindly excuse,
Is a fine lady's name, who her pleasure pur-
sues.

XV.

The sea-port for Dublin, and the hero's desire,
Is the name of a peer, whom all must admire.

XVI.

What death puts us all on, and heirs that are
male,

Is the name of a smart whose father sold ale.

XVII.

What Cocker first teaches, ingenious was he,
What I call myself, and my father calls me,
Is the name of a man vers'd in poetry.

XVIII.

The mate of a cock, and forerunner of wheat,
The grace of a cat, and the house of a hermit,
Is the name of a man who was in music complete.

XIX.

The king and the prince,
And what points out time,
With the measure of cloth,
Is a man's name sublime,
And fam'd throughout the harmonious throng
For notes melodious, and the tuneful song.

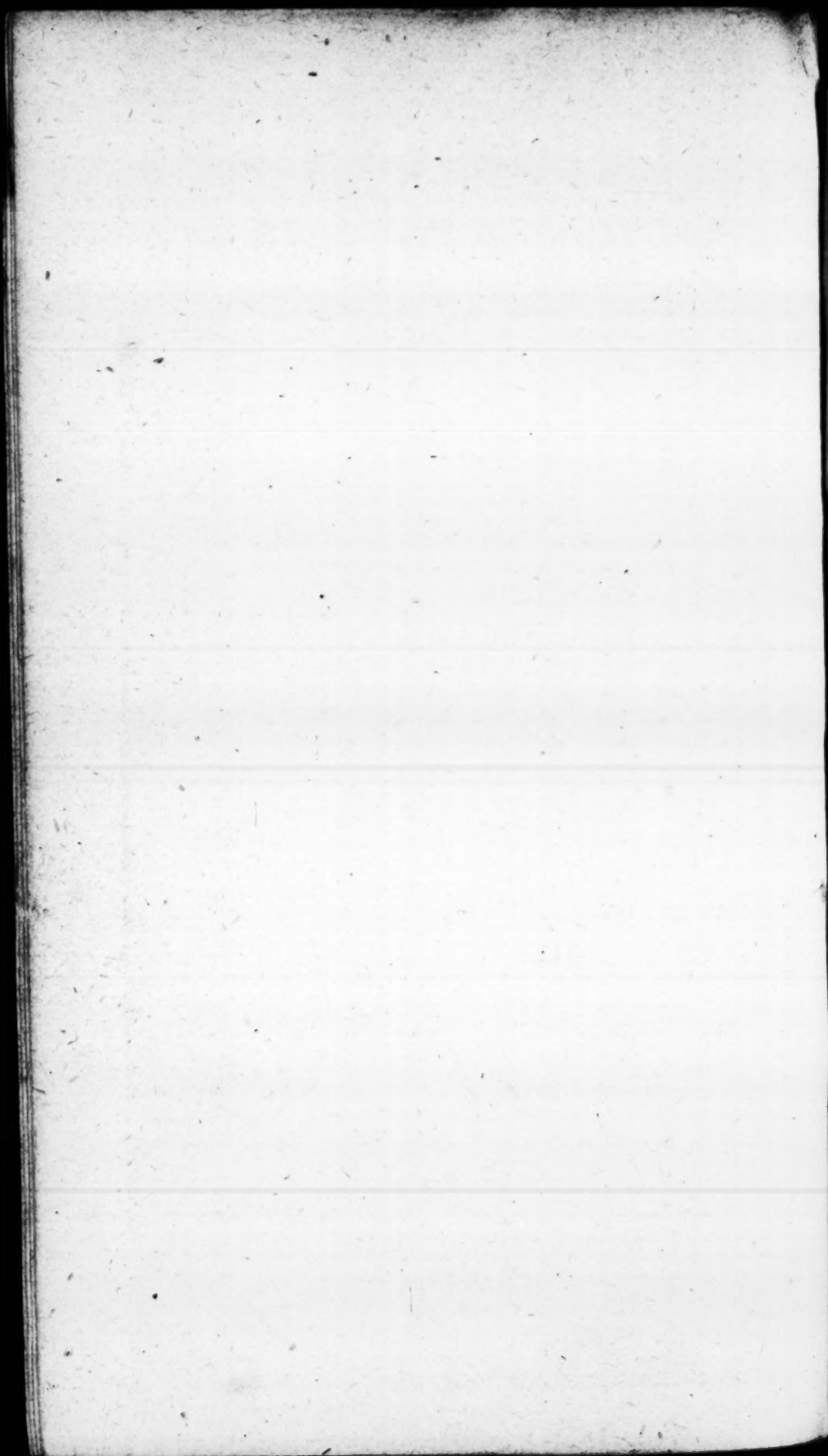
XX.

What in man is a grace, and in woman a joke,
Or what foreigners swear by, when wrath does
provoke;
Or when remov'd, is wash'd and clean'd after,
Is the name of a man who has won a Lord's
daughter.

A KEY to the CONUNDRUMS.

- 1 **B**Ecause he is rocky.
2 **B**Ecause it is full of stops.

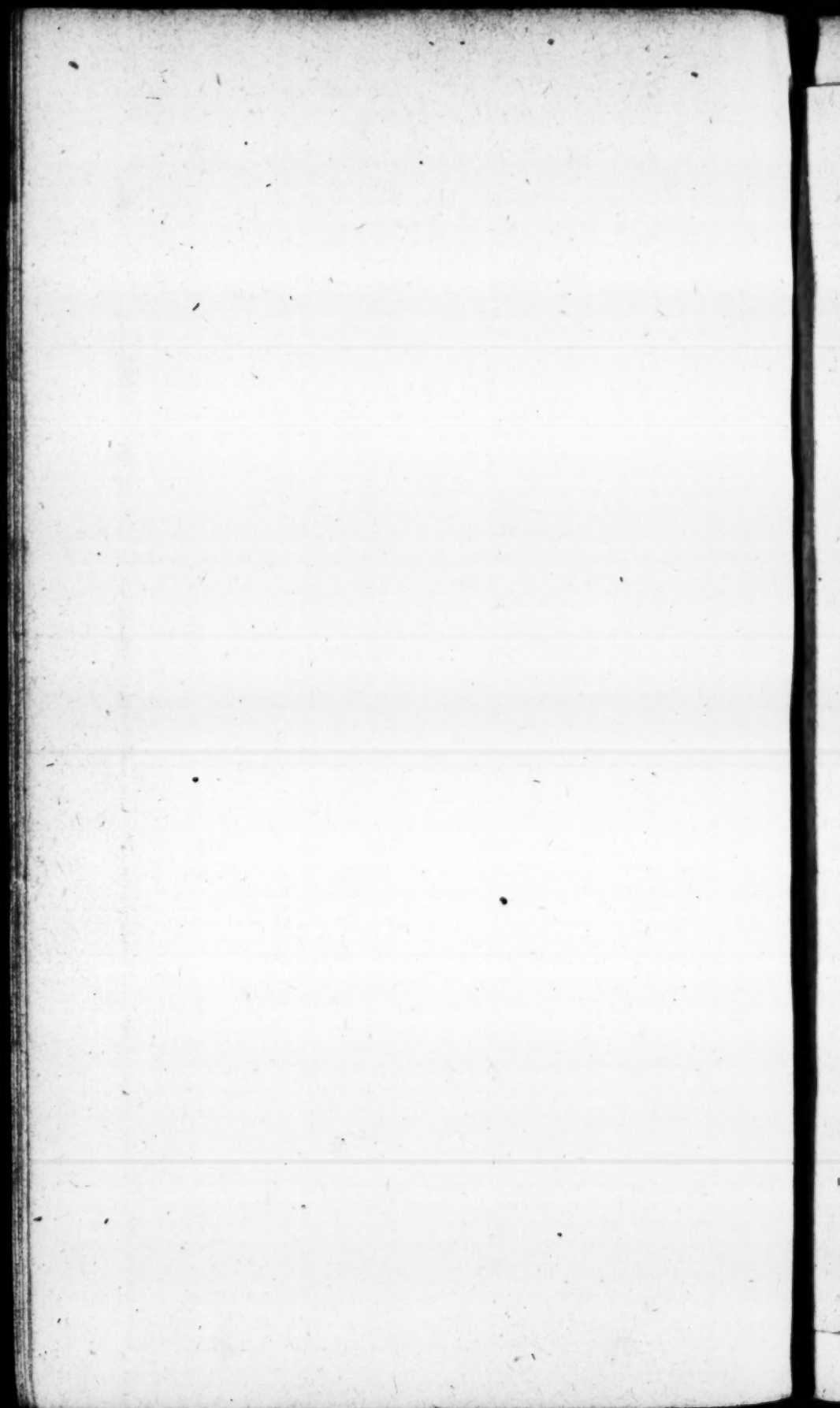
3 **B**Ecause



- 3 Because he is a man besides himself.
- 4 Because he has nothing else to depend upon.
- 5 Because he goes about to lie down.
- 6 Because it is part of Greece.
- 7 Because he is full of bows.
- 8 Because it has drawers in it.
- 9 Because he is for getting.
- 10 Because it has wards in it.
- 11 Because he is *Baron Sands*.
- 12 Because he is miss-led.
- 13 Because she is a DAM.
- 14 Because he is down in the mouth.
- 15 Because he is light-headed.
- 16 Because it binds.
- 17 Because it hangs on a man's hands.
- 18 Because it is sur mounted.
- 19 Because he lets him.
- 20 Because the endeavours to find out the longitude.
- 21 Because it reflects.
- 22 Because she is mistaken.
- 23 Because he's cast.
- 24 Because generally within caul.
- 25 Because it is cur-led.
- 26 Because he is gravelled.
- 27 Like to be drowned.
- 28 Because he is loath to be mounted.
- 29 Because she is full of reflections.
- 30 Because he draws drink.
- 31 Because he deals in by-blows.
- 32 Because it reflects.
- 33 Because it is al-ter'd.
- 34 Because it is hi-red.
- 35 Like to be starved.
- 36 Because he gets a tick.

118 A KEY to the CONUNDRUMS.

- 37 Because she's in print.
- 38 Because he's in liquor.
- 39 Because she bears fire-locks.
- 40 Because he is abroad.
- 41 Because it is sold.
- 42 Because it is in the *Fleet*.
- 43 Because it is mitey.
- 44 Because he is abetting.
- 45 Because they are a-breast.
- 46 Because he baits much.
- 47 Because it is a sign you see.
- 48 Because it is a good draft.
- 49 Because he is a common sewer.
- 50 Because it is in sheets.
- 51 Because it is full of place.
- 52 Because he makes shifts.
- 53 Because it is under the rose.
- 54 Because it is out of the head.
- 55 Because it is a little beyond Kew.
- 56 Because he delighted much in cannons.
- 57 Because usually press'd.
- 58 Because he goes often to *Bom-bay*.
- 59 Because it runs.
- 60 Because they are pared.
- 61 Because they are brought to light.
- 62 Because he goes to see.
- 63 Because it ought to be put in the flocks.
- 64 Because it is a sport.
- 65 Because it is full of leaves.
- 66 Because he deals in reins.
- 67 Because there is many a racket in it.
- 68 Because he goes his rounds.
- 69 Because it is red.
- 70 Because he does not write well.
- 71 Because it is a man-aged.



- 72 Because she is a jewel.
- 73 Because they are laid.
- 74 Because they are sack'd.
- 75 Because she is tossed about with the rakes.
- 76 Because he is full of smarts.
- 77 Because she is so-laced.
- 78 Because he handles the coal.
- 79 Because she spits much.
- 80 Because he is mounted.
- 81 Because she is in Holland.
- 82 Because he declines *Hock*.
- 83 Because he is for-rain.
- 84 Because they are for-aged people.
- 85 Because they are lights.
- 86 Because he submits to the rein.
- 87 Because it should be stocked.
- 88 Because it is full of souls.
- 89 Because he is led.
- 90 Because it is but just-ice.
- 91 Because he fingers the keys.
- 92 Because she is miss-carried.
- 93 Because it makes the mare to go.
- 94 Because they would lay their cases too open.
- 95 Short and sweet.
- 96 When she is speechless.
- 97 Because they lie more on their backs.
- 98 An almanack ; for then he might have a new one every year.
- 99 Because they creep so much into coney-holes
- 100 Woman's tears.
- 101 Child-getting.
- 102 Because she brings repentance, and puts one in mind of hell.

120 *A KEY to the CONUNDRUMS.*

- 103 The yard.
- 104 That they begin to take UPON them be-
times.
- 105 Asses and women.
- 106 Because they are the soonest cracked.
- 107 Because they are willing.
- 108 Body to body.
- 109 The falling.
- 110 The dark.
- 111 Because it makes their mouth water.
- 112 Because it moves by the spirit.
- 113 Because it is a representative.
- 114 Because it wants poking at the bottom.
- 115 Because she is under the tester.
- 116 Because he has no fellow.
- 117 Because it is full of pains.
- 118 Because it is full of humour.
- 119 Because he is powdered.
- 120 Because he is an enemy to Turkey.
- 121 Because they are often turned up.
- 122 Because he has a long bill.
- 123 Because it is taken in two senses.
- 124 Because she is often entered.
- 125 Because it is under the lash.
- 126 Because it saves hanging.
- 127 Because it is near Eaton.
- 128 Because he can't spit.
- 129 Because it is overcast.
- 130 Because there are many ciphers in it.
- 131 Because it is past-time.
- 132 Because it has a spring.
- 133 Because he draws lines.
- 134 Because he is bald.
- 135 Because she wants to be well buttered.
- 136 Because it is a corps.

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- 137 Because it is full of pipes.
- 138 Because she is reddith.
- 139 To cover his head.
- 140 Because she has a fiery tail.
- 141 Because there is a calf's head in it.
- 142 Because they are relics.
- 143 Because he is lifted.
- 144 Because it is between an horse and an
a—fe.
- 145 Because he is often wound up.
- 146 Because it is often toll'd.
- 147 Because he is often look'd over.
- 148 Because he was master of A-bel.
- 149 Because it hops.
- 150 Because they are seldom paid.
- 151 Because she is made a-wray.
- 152 Because he is craggy.
- 153 Because he'll say nothing but neigh.
- 154 Because it is pegged up and down.
- 155 Because it waves.
- 156 Because she shews her breeding.
- 157 Because he is not so light.
- 158 Because they are sad dogs.
- 159 Because he is stiff.
- 160 Because it is often in a mob.
- 161 Because they go with a hoop and a hol-
low.
- 162 Because he is ruffled
- 163 Because she is hooped.
- 164 Because he hangs in chains.
- 165 Because he is often dipt.
- 166 Because he often puts in his oar.
- 167 Because it should be ground before it is u-
sed.
- 168 When the gander's upon her.

122 A KEY to the CONUNDRUMS.

- 169 Because she is not easily fathomed.
- 170 Because she is often toasted.
- 171 Because they are damned.
- 172 To save their souls.
- 173 Because it makes people easy.
- 174 Because they commit piracy.
- 175 Because it deals in assurance.
- 176 Because they are often felt.
- 177 Because there are wooden piers under it.
- 178 Because she is thrivell'd.
- 179 Because there are curtains round it.
- 180 Because he magnifies small things.
- 181 Because he often cracks.
- 182 Because it covers a multitude of sins.
- 183 Because it is often snuffed.
- 184 Because she makes a man stand.
- 185 Because he is often collar'd.
- 186 Because she loves bawling.
- 187 Because one carries his beer, and the other
the bier carries him.
- 188 Because he seldom sees his member.
- 189 Because it bears a cane.
- 190 Because he has a good stock.
- 191 Because he is full of dues.
- 192 Because he wants rigging.
- 193 Because their names are *Esther*.
- 194 Because he has always his fare.
- 195 Because he is all guilt.
- 196 Because he has a title.
- 197 Because it belongs to the grate.
- 198 Because it has locks belonging to it.
- 199 Because they come to haven before they
die.
- 200 Because she is whory.

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- 201 Because it is forged.
202 Because he is at the head of the church.
203 Because he is boy-led.
204 Because he bears a mail.
205 Because they are both common.
206 Because it is like to Graft-on.
207 Because she dresses well.
208 Because of his muse.
209 Because he is grateful.
210 Because he lives by preying.
211 Because we have a peel from it.
212 Because he whets.
213 Because they carry messages.
214 Because it is the place of the tongs.
215 Because they pocket their shame.
216 Because it is a high-land.
217 Because he writes wrong.
218 Because it is a story raised.
219 Because 'tis hours.
220 Because it brings distant things near.
221 Because it makes breaches.
222 Because he is full accounted.
223 Because there are pears and apples in it.
224 Because there is a great ball.
225 Because they are ringed.
226 Because it is full of reins.
227 Because he is a man of note.
228 Because it has clappers.
229 Because it often changes.
230 Because there are bad souls in it.
231 Because he will cabbage.
232 Because there's a cork in it.
233 Because they have no commons.
234 Because there are reasons in it.
235 Because it wants mending

124 *A KEY to the CONUNDRUMS.*

- 236 Because he is soft.
- 237 Because he deals in stocks.
- 238 Because it holds us by the years.
- 239 Because he is loose.
- 240 Because 'tis eat on.
- 241 Because he has a line-in.
- 242 Because he will be pusillanimous.
- 243 Because he serves but a year.
- 244 Because 'tis tilted.
- 245 Because he often puts up a box.
- 246 Because they are apt to be upon the fret.
- 247 Because he draws well.
- 248 To learn to die well.
- 249 Because he deals in puffs.
- 250 Shift-makers ; or, perhaps, the old trade
of basket-making.
- 251 Because he is next the foremost.
- 252 Because he handles sculls.
- 253 Because he deals in suits.
- 254 Because his rent's increased.
- 255 Because he has got his load.
- 256 Because it has a great club.
- 257 Because he receives the shot.
- 258 Because it comes out of a pipe.
- 259 Because she is surrounded with sparks.
- 260 Because there is a bar to it.
- 261 Because there are knaves in it.
- 262 Because she covers her back with her tail.
- 263 Because she stands in every body's way, and
stops nobody.
- 264 Because people go into it to ease them-
selves.
- 265 Because it blows.
- 266 Because he is often beat.
- 267 Because best raised in a hot-bed.

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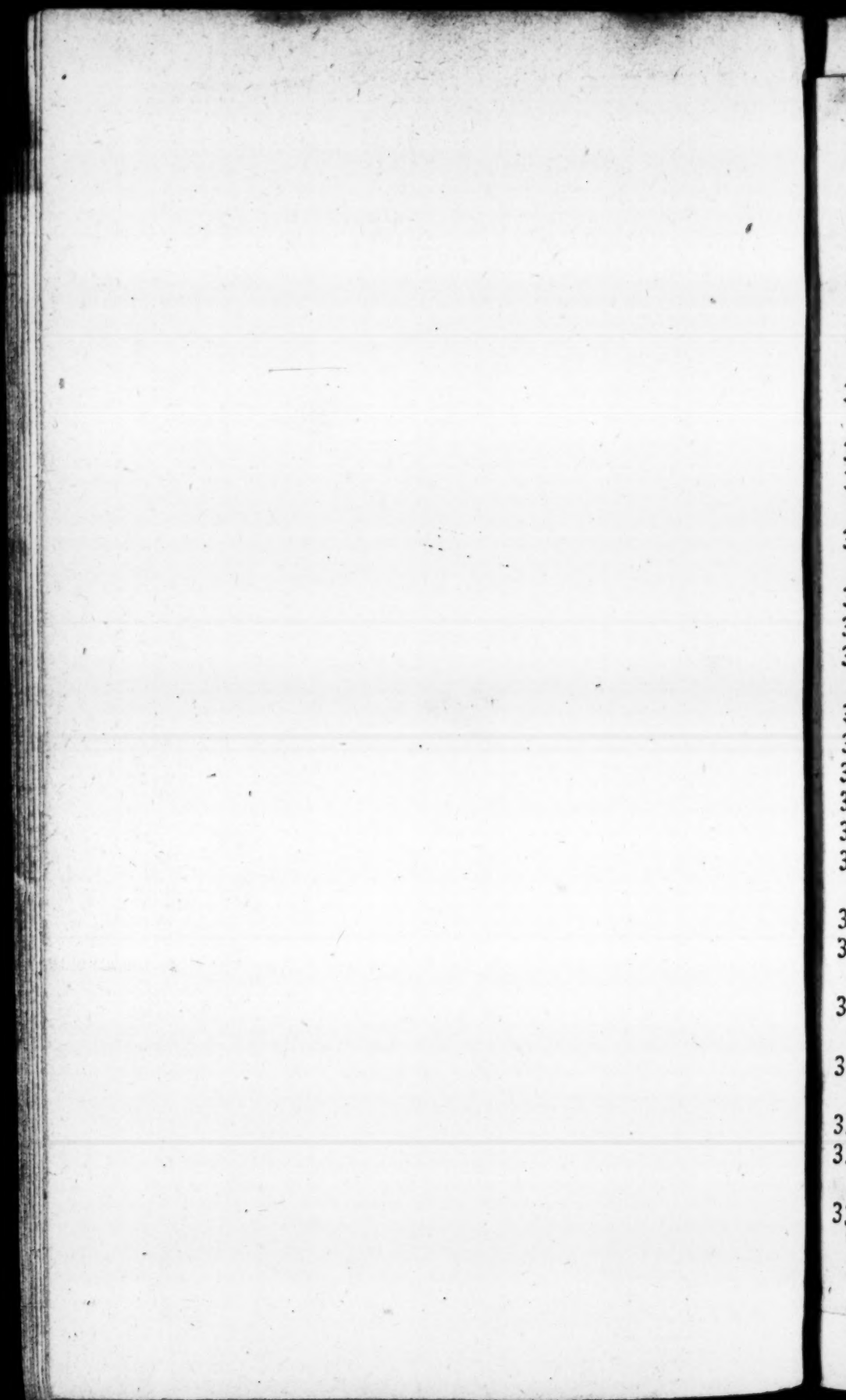
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- 268 Because far-fetched and full of nonsense.
269 Because his head turns round.
270 Because 'tis a bad habit.
271 Because it is a high post.
272 Because he has drawers under him.
273 Because he is top heavy, and easily over-
set.
274 Because she sets up without credit, and too
much business breaks her.
275 To-day.
276 Because they contain a yard.
277 An equal.
278 Because of her toilet.
279 When she is pricked forward.
280 Because of his glister.
281 The sin-tax.
282 Because they are strained.
283 Because its toys and trumpery are hawked
about.
284 Because minister-ridden.
285 Because she acts immediately under his
M——y.
286 Because he does not get more into her
body.
287 Because probability no longer keeps the
door.
288 Because it is so foolish to go back without
one's errand.
289 Because it crawls with vermin.
290 Because she will not trust her deer out of
her sight,
291 Because they are composed of wooden sel-
lows.
292 Because they rarely play metal to metal.
293 Because they are extremely low spirited.

126 A KEY to the CONUNDRUMS.

- 294 Because when it snows on the hills, it is generally bitter cold in the valleys.
295 Because she is only fished with an old fox's tail.
296 Because it was no sooner out, than she wished it in again.
297 Because they attack under false colours.
298 Because they are never satisfied.
299 Because he made haste to put his late wife's most favourite servant in mourning.
300 Because when the master is in prison, the rogues are dancing at the door.
301 Because they can neither fall nor be abused.
302 Because the women join in the national demand.
303 The Royal Sovereign at anchor in Yarmouth-road.
304 Because she attracts feathers and light trash.
305 When it is a case.
306 Because he is miserably manned.
307 Because the upper parts defend the hatch-
es.
308 A yard at her fore-door.
309 Because he no sooner sets a cock up than down with him.
310 Because she takes unruly members into custody.
311 Because he is a droll sight.
312 Because they present several faces.
313 Because sad examples seldom fail to move.
314 When she plays the devil.
315 Because they are pestered with turnpikes.
316 Because she is dough-like, and better baked.

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- 317 Because she is sandy, and affords innumerable turn-ups.
- 318 Because they are laid over a dirty causey.
- 319 Because they are as black, and are full of mischief.
- 320 Because she keeps a stable for any to set up their horses in.
- 321 Because their joke is stale.
- 322 Because she caught at love, and filled her arms with bays.
- 323 Because they protested their own bills, and made no returns for goods on trust.
- 324 Because he does not act a-miss.
- 325 Because he divides the town.
- 326 Because they meddle with that which does not concern them.
- 327 Because they break with overswelling.
- 328 Because they are intolerably provoking.
- 329 Because they are feathers and lead.
- 330 Because they are fit to break up.
- 331 Because they have a new coat.
- 332 Because they are raised, lowered, or kept up by wind.
- 333 Because they draw straws.
- 334 Because the money they contain is all their value.
- 335 Because acorns are primitive fruit, they still delight too much.
- 336 Because they overlook their flocks, and especially themselves.
- 337 Because of their delicious spring.
- 338 Because minding the main chance is all they have for it.
- 339 Because he is pert.

128 A KEY to the CONUNDRUMS.

- 340 Because they are in-stable.
- 341 Because when they are foul, they are lye-washed.
- 342 Because they are mis-represented.
- 343 That which grows in the hand.
- 344 Because it is overshadowed with creepers.
- 345 Because they fawn, and feed grovelling.
- 346 Because she has her rake.
- 347 Because she hath several phrases.
- 348 Because she weeps if not tightly plugg'd.
- 349 Because they trifled away their victory.
- 350 Because it was bed-rid by men.
- 351 Because she bears the golden fleece.
- 352 Because they are all belly.
- 353 Because they would distress the whole.
- 354 Because he inclines to mass.
- 355 Because it has an apron over the touch-hole.
- 356 Because they take care of their dames.
- 357 Because they are smutty.
- 358 Because it is a jar.
- 359 Because they are blood-letters.
- 360 Because it must be dark indeed when they shine.
- 361 Because the belles hang upon him.
- 362 Because they often prop-a-gate.
- 363 Because their commodities have an early vent.
- 364 Because he bounces, runs speedily to the end of his line, and goes out with a stink.
- 365 Because the overture is made before the material point is entered into.
- 366 Because she is rather too open.
- 367 Because the British spirits are going quite out.

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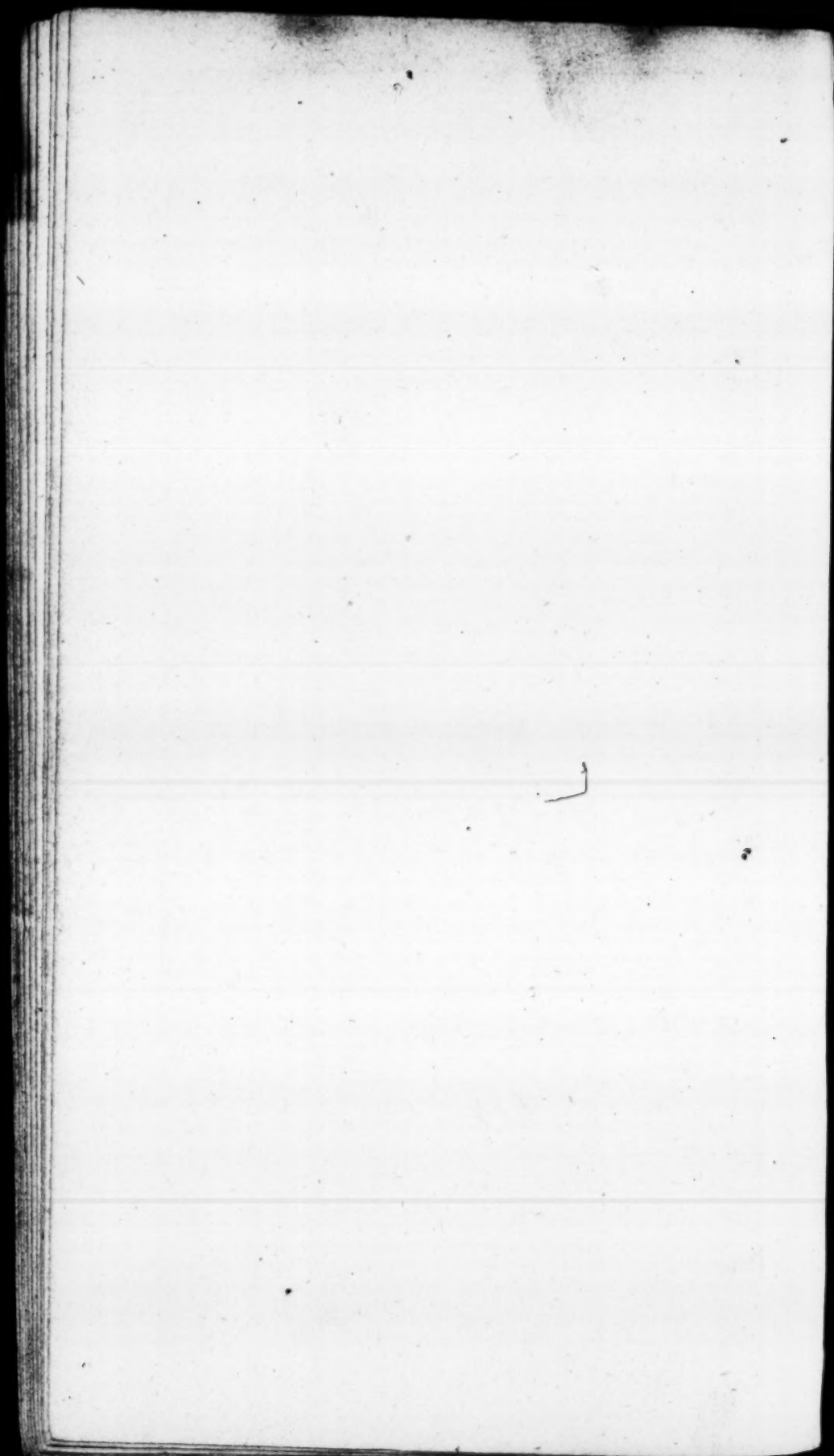
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- 368 Because his works are in score.
369 Because every rattle amuses and diverts it.
370 Because it often serves for a blind.
371 Because it corrects and reins in a head-
strong horse.
372 Because it disdains to defend a good cause.
373 Because they don't know how to live.
374 Because they can-dy.
375 Because of their dirty shifts and no cha-
racter.
376 Because of his pinfold.
377 Because he was colly'd.
378 Because he exposes his subjects.
379 On the man's eyes.
380 Almanacks.
381 Because nobody will give them us.
382 A mutton-chop ; because a cup of purl is
but a sup, and a mutton-chop is a sup-per.
Or, a cup of purl ; because a mutton-chop
is but a bit, and a cup of purl is bit-ter.
383 No horse ; for a horse has but four legs,
and no horse has five legs.
384 A shoulder of mutton ; for nothing is bet-
ter than heaven, and a shoulder of mut-
ton is better than *nothing*.
385 A fat little pig is better than a *little fat*
pig, or a pig with little fat.
386 Chuse which you will, you would no soon-
see a Sir R—r—e, but your nose would
be in it.
387 Adam.
388 A cuckold.
389 Into his fortieth year.
390 Cain.
391 On the other side.

130 *ANSWERS to the RIDDLES.*

- 392 Because they fed upon one another.
 393 Because they will meddle with nothing,
 without knowing of what moment and
 weight it is.
 394 Because it is dressed.
 395 Because it is seal'd (ceil'd).
 396 Because he makes a great impression.
 397 Because it is current.
 398 Because it is due (dew.)
 399 Because they're often nearest the jack.
 400 Because they have large veils (veils.)
 401 Because it is in the borough (burrow.)
 402 Because he's a great seller (cellar.)
 403 Because it has canons.
 404 Because he is underbred (underbread.)
 405 Because they're ready at a call (cawl.)
 406 Because they're well penn'd.
 407 Because it is an ascent (ascent.)
 408 Because it depends upon the spring.

ANSWERS to the RIDDLES.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. W isdom. | 16. A crown on a king's |
| 2. A picture. | 17. The sun. [head. |
| 3. A Guinea. | 18. The mind. |
| 4. Scandal. | 19. A windmill. |
| 5. Impudence. | 20. A candle. |
| 6. A flea. | 21. A bowl of punch. |
| 7. Making bobbin-lace. | 22. Hay. |
| 8. A block. | 23. Light. |
| 9. A coxcomb. | 24. Feeling. |
| 10. A slate and sponge. | 25. The letter R. |
| 11. A nose. | 26. A Straw-hat. |
| 12. A coquet. | 27. Bottled ale. |
| 13. A fop. | 28. Country dancing. |
| 14. A patch. | 29. Glafs. |
| 15. An egg. | 30. A Rolling-pin. |

SOLUTION

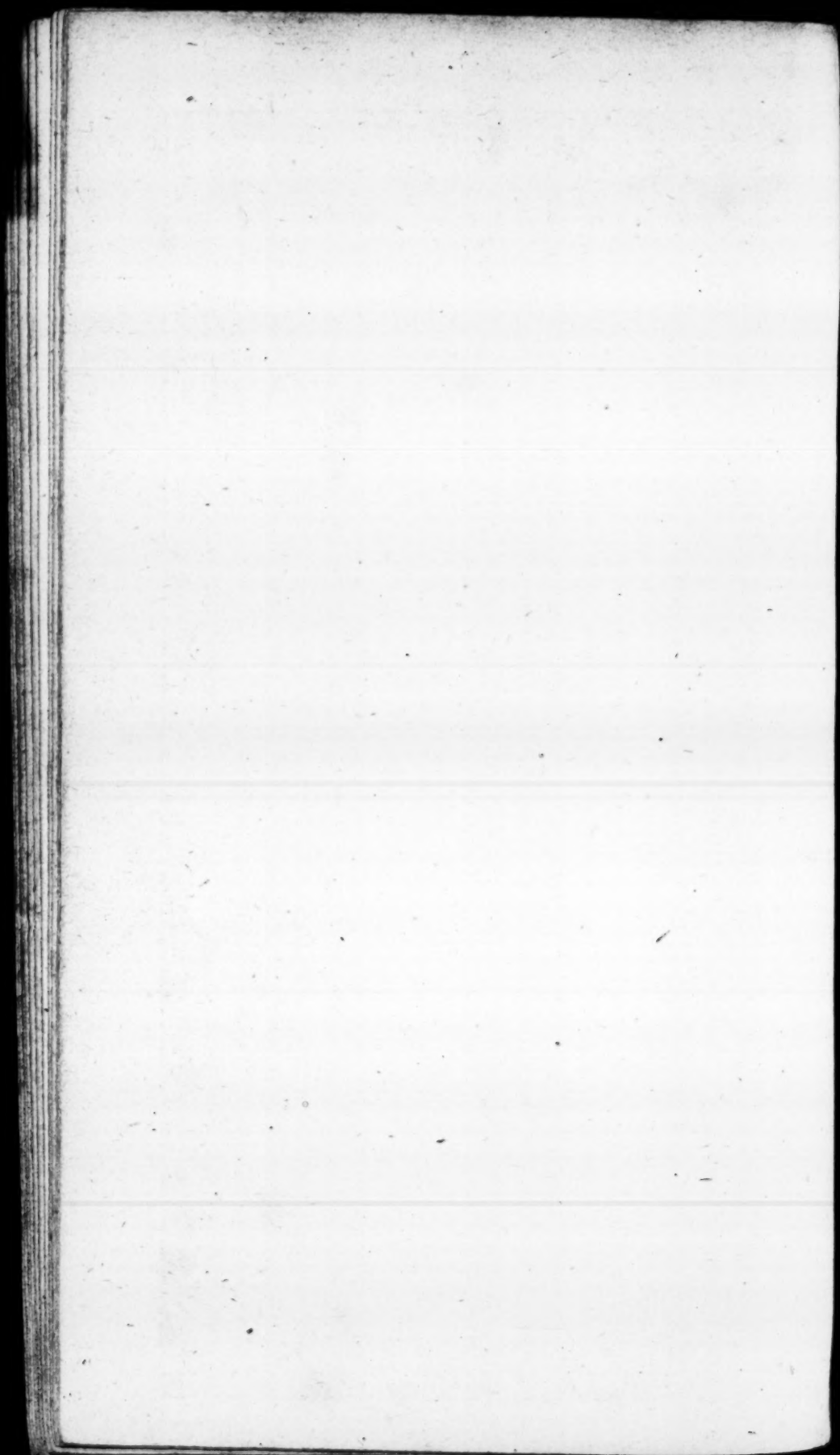
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SOLUTION to the REBUSES.

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| 1. M ifs Wall-sing- ham. | 11. Mifs Sell-win. |
| 2. Mifs Nick-ells. | 12. Mifs Sk— at Tun- bridge. |
| 3. Mifs Bell. | 13. Mifs Vane. |
| 4. Mifs Cotton. | 14. Mifs Di— B—try. |
| 5. Mifs Par-sons. | 15. Earl of Chesterfield. |
| 6. Mifs Oliv-er. | 16. Mr Parsons. |
| 7. Mifs Harrington. | 17. Mr Add-i-son. |
| 8. Mifs Green. | 18. Mr Hen-ry Pur-cell. |
| 9. Mifs Partidge. | 19. Mr G. Fred. Handel. |
| 10. Mifs Knap. | 20. Mr Beard. |

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, TALES, FA-
BLES, &c.*The Complaint. By a young Lady.*

Custom, alas, does partial prove,
 Nor give us even measure;
 A pain it is to maids in love,
 But 'tis to men a pleasure.
 They freely can their thoughts disclose,
 But ours must burn within :
 We have got eyes and tongues in vain,
 And truth from us is sin.
 Men to new joys and conquests fly,
 And yet no hazard run ;
 Poor we are left, if we deny,
 And if we yield, undone.

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Then

Then equal laws let custom find,
 Nor thus the sex oppress;
 More freedom grant to womankind,
 Or give to mankind less.

A Description of the MORNING. By Dr Swift.

NOW hardly here and there an hackney-
 coach,
 Appearing, shew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
 Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
 And softly stole to discompose her own :
 The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
 Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the
 floor.

Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous
 airs,

Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.

The youth, with broomy stumps, began to trace
 The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the
 place.

The small-coal man was heard with cadence
 deep,

Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep.
 Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet ;
 And brick-dust Moll had scream'd thro' half the
 street.

The turnkey now his flock returning fees,
 Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees.

The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
 And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

To Mr C— on his complaining of a scolding wife.

SIR, be content, let this your hopes uphold,
 Venus was but a quean, Juno a scold.

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Written in a Lady's Prayer-book.

IF you, fair Slyvia, hope the gods will hear,
 And kindly give admiffion to your pray'r;
 Then you, like them, must with compaffion
 move,
 And not be cruel to an ardent love;
 Which your bright eyes did in my breast inspire,
 And none but you can quench the amorous fire.

To Butcher Goffe extempore.

I Find, old friend, I am mistaken ———
 Pray where's the fitch of well-dry'd bacon,
 Thou saidst thou wouldst transmit to me,
 By thy own waggon, carriage-free?
 I tell thee thou dost seem afraid,
 As if thou never shouldst be paid.
 Of shillings twelve, the sum, 'tis true,
 Already is thy lawful due,
 And thou art sensible, twelve more
 Exactly make a pound and four;
 That which I promise thee to pay,
 Perhaps the latter end of May;
 Or if it can't be quite so soon,
 Thou shalt be sure to ha't in June;
 Then prithee send it in a trice,
 To thy obedient slave H. Price.
 Receiv'd this money of the poet,
 Witness my hand that all may know it,

WILL. GOFFE.

On

On an officer's making his escape from a highwayman, who was afterwards shot dead by a physician he likewise attempted to rob.

WHO wonders that the captain run,
From the rogue who'd fain have stopt
him!

Who that the doctor sure as a gun,
Coming soon after dropt him;

Commend the latter if you will,
But pray the former spare,
Since soldiers now arn't us'd to kill,
And the physicians are.

*Wrote in a Prayer-book belonging to one of the
maids of honour. By Dr Swift.*

WHEN Israel's daughters mourn'd their past
offences,
They dealt in sackcloth, and turn'd cinder-
wenches:
But Richmond's fair-ones never spoil their locks;
They use *white* powder, and wear *Holland*
smocks.

O comely church! where females find *clean*
linen

As decent to *repent* in, as to *sin* in.

An EPIGRAM.

SIR Thomas Fr—I—d marries at threescore,
The charming Celia eighteen and no more.
You'll say this marriage sure must prove a curse,
Why so! — she has a husband, he a nurse;
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Nevertheless, hard is poor Celia's lot,
She has husband, — as if she had not.

Wrote by a Lady in her Prayer-book.

OF T on my knees at church I've been,
One pray'r my first and last ; —
A husband is the thing I mean,
Good Lord ! I am in haste.

TO NICYLLA.

SOME wags, Nicylla, say thy hair,
Which makes thee seem so wondrous fair,
Is all an artful lady's cheat,
And owes to combs its glossy jet ;
Say, is it lead ? or dost thou put on
What barbers call a *tete de mouton* ?

AN EPIGRAM.

'TIS said, when first resistless Love
To cast his darts began,
He turn'd his skill and power, to prove
Great Jove into a swan.
Experience now can fairly shew,
That still the wedding noose,
Whether the passion's false or true,
Oft makes a *man* a *goose*.

On Mrs T——s. By Dr Swift.

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Or-
pheus along :

But

But such is thy av'rice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet
have dy'd.

The TOWN-JILT.

HOW foolish is the spark to trust the lass,
Who robs him of his nose before his face?
For 'tis the nature mostly of a wench,
To borrow English coin, but pay in French.

A country-quarteressions.

THree or four parsons, three or four 'squires,
Three or four lawyers, three or four liars,
Three or four parishes bringing appeals,
Three or four hands, and three or four seals;
Three or four bastards, three or four whores,
Tag, rag, and bob-tail three or four scores;
Three or four bulls, three or four cows *,
Three or four orders, three or four bows,
Three or four statues, (not understood),
Three or four paupers praying for food;
Three or four roads, that never were mended,
Three or four scolds — and the session's ended.

*A Dialogue at Tunbridge between ROGER and
his brother DICK.*

AH! Dick, said Roger, I have been,
Where such a fine sight I have seen,
That, hadst thou seen the like, my boy,
Thou never wouldst forget the joy.

* Alluding to the orders about the distempered cattle.

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You never saw a finer thing
 Than I, said Dick, who saw the King.
 Roger reply'd in merry strain,
 Why, prithee, hast thou crack'd thy brain?
 I tell thee, Dick, I've seen what he
 (God bless him) would be glad to see.
 Nay, nay, quoth Dick, if such the sight,
 Proceed to tell thy tale outright.
 Why, so I will, if you will hear,
 And plainly make the thing appear:
 This morn I left my plough, and ran
 With bonny Susan, Kate, and Nan,
 To see an ass-race on the plain:
 We made much haste, for we were told,
 That men would ride all lac'd with gold;
 We wonder'd much, such is their pride,
 That lords and squires would asses ride.
 What numbers of fine folks were there!
 Lord! at the show how we did stare!
 Some rode in coaches split in twain,
 To view at once the showy train;
 Fine beaux in chaises seem'd to fly,
 Flutt'ring like paper kites on high;
 Full in the midst were asses led,
 With gaudy trappings all bespread,
 Who, with deportment grave and wise,
 All this fine show seem'd to despise.
 Fair nymphs to see, and to be seen,
 And smiling with alluring mien,
 Stood in the stand, all in a row,
 And pleas'd beheld the croud below;
 The gazing croud so press'd and teaz'd me,
 That underneath the stand they squeez'd me,

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Where;

Where, thro' the crannies I could spy,
 More pleasing charms with half an eye
 Than those abroad that gaz'd so high. }
 White legs, thighs taper, and that same,
 Which, tho' I saw, I dare not name!
 It would have made thy glad heart leap,
 But to have had one single peep:
 Here Dick cry'd out, and laugh'd aloud,
 A mighty sight to see a croud!
 And pray, how common 'tis, dear brother,
 To see the asses ride each other?
 The gilded chariots, coach, and chaise,
 Are what I should gaze at with amaze;
 But what you saw beneath the stand,
 The thing most common in the land;
 For such a sight you need not roam;
 —Susan can shew as good at home.

DAPHNIS and CHLOE; a Pastoral. By Mr
 Dryden.

Daphnis.

THE shepherd Paris bore the Spartan bride
 By force away, and then by force enjoy'd;
 But I by by free consent can boast a bliss,
 A fairer Helen and a sweeter kiss.

Chloe. Kisses are empty joys, and soon are o'er.

Daph. A kiss between the lips is something
 more.

Chloe. I wipe my mouth, and where's your
 kisses then!

Daph. I swear you wipe it to be kiss'd again.

Chloe. Go tend your herd, and kiss your cows
 at home.

I am a maid, and in my beauty's bloom.

Daph.

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Daph. 'Tis well remember'd, do not waste
your time;

But wisely use it ere you pass your prime.

Chloe. Blown roses hold their sweetness to the
And raisins keep their luscious native taste. [last,

Daph. The sun's too hot; these olive shades
are near:

I fain would whisper something in your ear.

Chloe. 'Tis honest talking where we may be
seen,

God knows what secret mischief you may mean;

I doubt you'll play the wag, and kiss again. }

Daph. At least beneath yon elm you need not
My pipe's in tune, if you're dispos'd to hear. [fear;

Chloe. Play by yourself, I dare not venture
thither:

You and your naughty pipe go hang together.

Nay fie, what mean you in this open place?

Unhand me, or, I swear, I'll scratch your face;

Let go, for shame, you make me mad for spite;

My mouth's my own, and if you kiss I'll bite.

Daph. Away with your dissembling female
tricks:

What would you 'scape the fate of all your sex?

Chloe. I swear I'll keep my maidenhead till
And die as pure as Queen Elisabeth. [death,

Daph. Nay, mum for that, but let me lay
thee down;

Better with me than with some nauseous clown.

Chloe. I'd have you know, if I were so inclin'd,
I have been woo'd by many a wealthy hind; }
But never found a husband to my mind. }

Daph. But they are absent all, and I am here. }

Chloe. What do you mean, uncivil as you are,
To touch my breast, and leave my bosom bare? }

Daph. These pretty bubbles first I make my own.

Chloe. Pull out your hand I swear, or I shall swoon.

Daph. Why does thy ebbing blood forsake thy face?

Chloe. Throw me at least upon a cleaner place:

My linen ruffled, and my waistcoat soiling?
What do you think new cloaths are made for spoiling?

Daph. I'll lay my lambkins underneath thy back.

Chloe. My head gears off, what silly work you make.

Daph. To Venus first, I lay these off'rings by.

Chloe. Nay first look round that nobody be nigh:

Methinks I hear a whispering in the grove.

Daph. The cypress trees are telling tales of love.

Chloe. You tear off all behind me, and before
And I'm as naked as my mother bore me. [me,

Daph. I'll buy thee better cloaths than these
And lie so close, I'll cover thee from air. [I tear,

Chloe. You're liberal now; but when your turn is sped,

You'll wish me choak'd with every crust of bread.

Daph. I'll give thee more, much more than I have told,

Would I could coin my very heart to gold!

Chloe. Forgive thy handmaid (huntress of this wood),

I see there's no resisting flesh and blood.

Daph.

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Daph. The noble deed is done, my herd I
cull,

Cupid, be thine a calf, and Venus, thine a bull.

Chloe. A maid I came, in an unlucky hour,
But hence return without my virgin-flow'r.

Daph. A maid is but a barren name at best,
If thou canst hold, I bid for twins at least.

PRUDENCE and TRUTH. *A fable, after the
manner of Fontaine:*

ONce it fell out, as poets say,
When time and light had been at play,
The last prov'd big — a trick of youth,
And brought old *Time* — a daughter, *Truth*;
This virgin when she left her house,
Came up to court to look a spouse:
But sad, alas! her fortune there,
How wild, says one, that creature's air!
How blunt the wench! another cries;
A third spy'd madness in her eyes!
Thus us'd, poor *Truth* was forc'd to rove,
For none pretended (to her) love:
Art was the reigning toast, and she
Could never with plain *Truth* agree.
Vex'd to the soul, the virgin goes
To wilds and woods, she speaks her woes;
And as thro' these she chanc'd to stray,
Fortune threw *Prudence* in her way:
Seeing bright *Truth*, the goddess said,
How fares it, lovely-looking maid?
Why heave these sighs? why fall these tears?
Can harmless *Truth* have real fears?

With grief at this her bosom swells,
For sobbing, scarce her tale she tells:

Dear

Dear cousin, *said with smiling air,*
The goddess——“*Tho’ divinely fair,*
 “*From every stain of guilt tho’ free,*
 “*Yet nakedness becomes not — thee.*
 “*Be then advis’d — put on some cloaths,*
 “*No more, all bare, these limbs expose;*
 “*Nor trust your conduct quite to chance,*
 “*But learn to speak — nay learn to dance;*
 “*Good breeding borders not on vice;*
 “*Be both in dress and virtue nice.”*

Epitaph on a Miser.

Beneath this verdant *billock* lies
Deniar, the wealthy and the wise;
 His heirs, that he might safely rest,
 Have put his *carcase* in a *chest*.
 The very *chest* in which they say,
 His *other self*, his *money*, lay.
 And if his *heirs* continue kind,
 To that dear *self* he left behind;
 I dare believe, that four in five
 Will think his better half alive.

*An Epitaph on a parish-clerk at Weston in
 Cheshire.*

There lies entomb’d within this vault so dark,
 A tailor, cloth-draw’r, soldier, and a clerk;
 Death snatch’d him hence, and also from him
 took
 His needle, thimble, sword, and prayer-book.
 He could not work, nor fight, what then?
 He left the world, and faintly cry’d——*Amen.*

SIMPLE

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SIMPLE SIMON, or, *Who was to blame.* A Tale.

Quoth *Simon* to *Thomas* (and thew'd him his wife),

See, *Thomas*! see here! the delight of my life:
Look at her again!—Did you ever behold
Such sweetness enshrin'd in so charming a mold?
For conjugal virtue she never had peer,
To me, all engaging:—to others, severe.
But then to enjoy her! good Gods! such a feast
Were fit for a monarch,—or even a priest.
Would she but consent, you should taste of the
bliss—

This man's my acquaintance, *Sue*; grant him a
kiss.

Sue yielded; and *Thomas* accepted the grace,
The husband sat by, and beheld the embrace;
O'erjoy'd that his wife would so far condescend,
As to honour her spouse, by obliging his friend.

How suddenly *Cupid* can poison impart!

It pass'd thro' the lips, and it tickled the heart.
They ey'd one another with mutual good-will;
And *Simon* commended his moiety still.

Friend *Thomas*, you'll visit your neighbour again,
Your treatment shall always be hearty and plain.
From eleven till two I am daily at 'change,
At any time else, Sir,—pray do not make strange.

Tom promis'd, the bottle went once more
about,

And then they most courteously lighted him out.

Sue added her compliment too at the door,
My husband has mention'd the time, Sir, before:
From eleven till two he's never at home—

I hope, Sir, you'll do us the honour to come.

Tom's

Tom's word was repeated: the sense of the
 promise
 Appear'd in the eyes of both Susan and Thomas.
 But Simon was blinded with love of the dame —
 If Susan was visited, who was to blame?

*On a man's choice whether he would be hanged
 or married. By the Earl of Rochester.*

LO! here's the bride, and there's the tree,
 Take which of these best liketh thee.
 The bargain's bad on either part;
 The woman's worst; — drive on the cart.
 Were women little as they're good,
 A peascod would make them gown and hood.

Epitaph on an old maid.

BENEATH this place there lies an ancient maid,
 Whose secret parts no man durst e'er invade:
 Scarce her own fingers she'd permit to touch
 That virgin part, although it itch'd so much;
 And, in her last expiring, dying groans,
 Desir'd no tomb, if it was built with stones.

On a MISER.

OLD Cornus the miser, whose money was stole,
 Complain'd to his wife, he was robb'd of
 his soul:

If it is, says the dame, to the right owners gone,
 The de'el has your soul, and the money Sir John.

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EPIGRAMS, &c. . -145

On being expelled a Lady's company.

THus Adam look'd, when from the garden
driv'n,
And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n:
Like him I go, tho' to depart I'm loth;
Like him I go, for angels drive us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;
His *Eve* went with him, but mine staid behind.

Sent in a Snuff-box.

THink, and some useful lessons 'twill impart,
That when you open it, you ope my heart;
Think, when you see this present from your
lover,
Yourself's the *bottom*, and that I'm the *cover*.

The hardship put upon the ladies. By Dr S—t.

Poor ladies! tho' their bus'ness be to play,
'Tis hard they mu' be busy night and day.
Why should they want the privilege of men,
Nor take some small diversions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws,
(And why they were not, I can see no cause),
The men should slave at cards from morn to
night,
And female pleasures be to read and write.

An EPIGRAM.

Scarce had five months expir'd since *Ralph*
did wed,
When lo! his fruitful wife was brought to bed.
T How

How now, quoth *Ralph*—this is *too soon*, my
Kate?

No, *Ralph*, quoth she—you marry'd me *too late*.

The LOVERS game at cards.

MY love and I for kisses play'd,
She would keep stakes, I was content;
But when I won, she would be paid,
Which made me ask her what she meant?
Nay, since, says she, I see your wrangling vein,
Take you your kisses, and I'll take mine again.

*Wrote in a young Lady's Common-prayer Book,
upon resolving to die a maid.*

FLing this useless book away,
And presume no more to pray;
Heaven is just, and can bestow
Mercy on none, but such as mercy show;
With a proud heart, maliciously inclin'd
Not to increase, but to decreate mankind,
In vain you vex the gods with your petition;
Without repentance, and sincere contrition,
You're in a very reprobate condition. }

The DIMPLE.

Sylvia the young, the fair, the gay,
A verdant bow'r inclos'd:
The little wanton, tir'd with play,
In downy sleep repos'd.
A bloom so like the peach's hue,
Her glowing cheeks express'd,
A bird, deluded, eager flew,
And seiz'd the luscious feast.

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Ah! lucky spoil, tho' rude th' alarm,
 And Sylvia weeping rose,
 Since to the wound its smiling form,
 That killing *dimple* owes.

CELIA'S complaint. *An Epigram.*

AS Celia once to Damon did confess
 Her husband's impotence, and ask'd redress:
 Young Damon answer'd — Cuckold him, my
 dear,
 Such worthless apes should horns for ever wear.
 To which the nymph reply'd, with graceful ease,
 Ah! Sir, I can't — but you may if you please.

An EPIGRAM.

AS good Mr Crape with my Lord was at dinner,
 (For Crape may be frequently found with a
 finer),
 Mr Parson, said he, just now, on my life,
 I cast off my miss, will you take her to wife?
 For tho' I've a little made *use* of my Nancy,
 She'll *turn* when she marries a parson, I fancy:
 She may *turn*, please your Honour, the parson
 replied,
 But I'll never *turn* to your miss as a bride;
 For what by your Lordship at night and in morn-
 ing,
 She's been so much *us'd* she'll not be worth *turn-*
 ing.

*Wrote by a boy on his sister's breaking a drinking-
 glass.*

SEE, sister, in this shatter'd glass,
 The fate of many a pretty lass;

T 2

Woman,

Woman, like glass, is frail and weak,
Is apt to slip, is apt to break :
Therefore guide every step with caution,
For just like glass is reputation ;
Both broke to pieces in once falling,
For ever lost and past recalling.

An Epigram on bad dancers to good music.

IN vain Apollo makes the sounding lyre,
And from dead embers calls the living fire ;
While fools, unguided by the tuneful sound,
In awkward measures dance the mazy round :
Thus Orpheus sung : and thus the beasts obey'd,
Mov'd in such order to the tunes he play'd.

An Epitaph on the Earl of KILDARE.

WHO kill'd Kildare? who dar'd Kildare to
kill?
Death kill'd Kildare, who dare kill whom he will.

On CELIA. An Epigram.

BY artful glances, and inviting smiles,
Celia first hints her skill in am'rous toils ;
Returns each ogle from Philander's eyes,
And with him languishes, and with him sighs.
At length, the happy man dares speak his flame,
The willing *fair* too deigns to own the same ;
With melting kisses, takes him to her arms,
And seems at once to give him all her charms :
Yet she inexorable, still denies
The only thing for which her lover dies.

Celia should know, that woman-conduct's such,
She does too little, or she does too much.

To

*To a young Lady on the receipt of a Valentine,
extempore.*

MADAM,

I Take it kind of you,
Who for your Valentine me drew;
So when we shall together meet,
Whether i' th' house or open street,
Perform your promise, think on this,
Forfeit you must to me a kiss:
Welcome you are to three or four,
Nay, if you please, to half a score.
Happy! thrice blest I need must be,
When one so fair saluteth me.
What shall I say? 'Tis bravely done,
And kisses double will return:
For, if I here miss on my aim,
You will a coward me proclaim.
But what! if my service proffer,
I hope you'll not refuse the offer;
For had I known as much before,
(By Joye) I'd told you something more:
But mum for that — if me you claim,
Expect a present for the same.
Witness my name, witness my hand,
Your most obedient to command, R—H—

The Poet's Lamentation.

TEN pounds I sav'd, and bought a ticket,
Hoping a prize through fortune's wicket;
But the sly jade has play'd a prank,
And in its stead sent forth a blank:
I think they err, who say she's blind:
The rich alone her favours find:

To

To merit she has no regard,
 Nay, rather robs than aids the bard,
 I lose six pounds to gain her smile,
 The profit of my midnight-toil,
 Now darkling sing, for want of oil.
 How hard my fate! no more I'll trust her,
 But lean on reason, she is juster;
 She warn'd me of this dire event,
 Said in the end I should repent.
 So to my brethren of the quill,
 This consolation I'd instill;
 Fortune's a foe to men of wit,
 These rarely find a lucky hit:
 The sons of dulness share each prize,
 They are her grovelling votaries.

Epigram. By an old bachelor.

THE Have-wives and Lack-wives, by century write;
 The one — because bitten, the others to bite.
 From whence we infer, the best rule to be given,
 To — live here on earth, as the saints do in heaven.

An answer to the old bachelor's epigram. By a young bachelor.

SINCE your temper's so sour, and so cold your complexion,
 That the charms of the fair cannot win your affection;
 Live faint-like on earth still, nor fear to be told,
 He can never be young, who always was old.
 But,

But, by your good leave, Sir, my rule too's one
line,—
You may be your own carver, but shall not be
mine.

*On a Gentleman who run mad with the love of
a physician's daughter.*

EMploy'd to cure a love-distracted swain,
The boasted aid of *hellebore* is vain;
None but the fair, the storm she rais'd can calm,
Her smiles the cordial, and her tears the balm:
In *Cynthia's* bosom dwells the magic pow'r,
Sovereign to heal, and vital to restore. [heart!
But, Oh! what med'cine e'er could reach the
The daughter's eyes have foil'd the father's art.
For matchless were the learn'd physician's skill,
If he could cure as fast as she can kill.

EPIGRAM.

IF what the bard * asserts, for truth we take,
"That *every woman is at heart a rake,*"
'Tis custom only, not a virtuous cast,
Makes maids so shy, or keeps our wives so chaste,
And since all men would fain secure *that same,*
Who can the Turk or the Italian blame?

* Mr Pope.

ANSWERED.

THOU' padlocks and seraglios safeguards are,
True love, well fix'd surpasses, both by far:
Those may secure you a cold lifeless dame,
While this brings with the fair an equal flame:
Scorn

Scorn th' Italian then, and Turks low arts,
Nought regales Britons, but the ladies hearts.

HUMBLE WISH. *By a young Lady.*

I Ask not wit, nor beauty do I crave,
Nor wealth, nor pompous titles wish to have;
But, since 'tis doom'd through all degrees of life,
Whether a daughter, sister, or a wife;
That females should the stronger males obey,
And yield implicit to their lordly sway;
Since this, I say, is ev'ry woman's fate,
Give me a mind to suit my slavish state.

To Celia on her desiring me not to talk of love.

CAN I refrain from love, tho' but a youth?
Unskill'd in wiles, and what I speak, is truth;
No airy prospect shall my bliss destroy,
To life's last hour, I will my love enjoy.

*On a certain Collector of the Excise having de-
luded a young woman to cohabit with him.*

Collectors, for the public trustees made,
Ought to secure the duties of fair trade;
But, to the great dishonour of his post,
This turns free-booter on th'unguarded coast;
A virgin by false colours, h' as trepann'd,
And run a wit and beauty contreband.
Of civil, sacred property, th' invader,
Both robs the church, and smuggles the fair
trader.

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To the incomparable Miss G—c—t.

AS with a friend on Sunday last,
 I tript along the Mall;
 Snigg'ring at each powder'd beau,
 And gazing at each belle;
 A sudden buz run thro' the croud,
 With "There! that's she in green;"
 I could not for my soul devise
 What all the noise did mean.
 At length advancing farther on,
 Where still the hum increas'd,
 I saw you, lovely maid,—I did,
 And then my wonder ceas'd.

Written in a young Lady's Almanack.

THINK, bright Florella, when you see
 The constant changes of the year,
 That nothing is from ruin free,
 And gayest things must disappear.
 Think of your glories in their bloom,
 The spring of sprightly youth improve,
 For cruel age, alas! will come,
 And then 'twill be too late to love.

The PEASANT and his GOD.

A FABLE, from Mr PERRAULT.

JOVE, the great parent of mankind,
 Once to a peasant lands assign'd
 In trust, at the year's end to yield
 Half the neat profits of the field;

U

With

With this proviso, that the god
 Should now attend the farmer's nod,
 Hail, rain, blow, freeze, or send sun-shine,
 Just as the peasant should incline.
 On this, the man with pain and toil,
 Plough'd, sow'd, and harrow'd well the soil,
 Which first he dung'd — and saw with joy,
 Jove as he pleas'd his power employ.
 Just as he sought the weather came,
 Nor had one neighbour's grounds the same.
 Well, harvest comes, — and then he saw
 A field not full of corn, — but straw.
 At this Jove smil'd, who little car'd,
 How well he as a partner far'd ;
 And only meant to shew — how vain
 To providence is human pain :
 See, friend, he to the peasant said,
 How ill on your own terms you've sped !
 When wind and snow, and rain and sun,
 Round daily at your option run.
 Go, plough, sow, dung, and tend your ground,
 I in my province will be found ;
 Your labour shew, nor doubt my skill,
 But leave the weather to my will.
 So said, so done, — the harvest come,
 Such mighty loads of corn came home,
 That 'twas with equal skill and pain,
 The barns were made to hold the grain.
 Such was the change, when feeble man
 No more beyond his limits ran.

*The Waterman's EPIGRAM on a certain Noble-
man's house being repaired.*

Long on the river have I row'd,
 It may be years some thirty ;

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While * * * Earl his backside shew'd,
 Green, yellow, black, and dirty;
 How is my heart rejoic'd, I cry'd,
 To see how white it made is?
 It is not now my Lord's backside,
 This surely is my Lady's.

An EPIGRAM.

Cries Sylvia to a Reverend Dean,
 What reason can be given,
 Since marriage is a holy thing,
 That there are none in heaven?
 There are no women, he reply'd.
 She quick returns the jest ———
 Women there are, but I'm afraid
 They cannot find a priest.

An EPIGRAM on Scolding.

Great folks are of a finer mold;
 Lord! how politely they can scold?
 While a coarse English tongue will itch,
 For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

An EPIGRAM.

As Philo's wife lay dead, to calm his grief,
 He to Clarinda flies, and finds relief;
 She too was crying on her husband's score;
He's dead! he's gone! alas! he is no more.
 Since they are dead, poor souls! he, Philo, cries,
 'Twill be in vain to grieve, come, dry your eyes;
 Our care is just the same, away with sorrow,
 One day's enough for that, we'll wed to-morrow.

An EPITAPH on a young Lady.

Underneath this stone does lie
 As much virtue as could die;

U 2

Which,

Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.

Written by Dr Swift on his own deafness.

DEaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown;
No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

An extempore Complaint to my empty Purse.

TO thee, my purse, thus troubled, I complain,
To thee, that art the cause of all my pain,
Thy yellow gold is gone, and silver bright,
Alas! I'm heavy, because thou'rt so light;
To thee, my purse, for mercy thus I cry,
Be heavy once again, or else I die.

On the derivation of the word NEWS.

THE word explains itself without the muse,
And the four letters speak whence comes
the news.
From *North, East, West, South*, the solution's
made,
Each quarter gives account of war and trade.

PEGGY to her JOHN, at his leaving her to go
on board the Carteret Buss, a vessel just sailed
for the herring-fishery.

HOW dearly I love you, bear witness my
heart!
I wish you success, but 'tis death thus to part:
With

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To as much beauty as could live.

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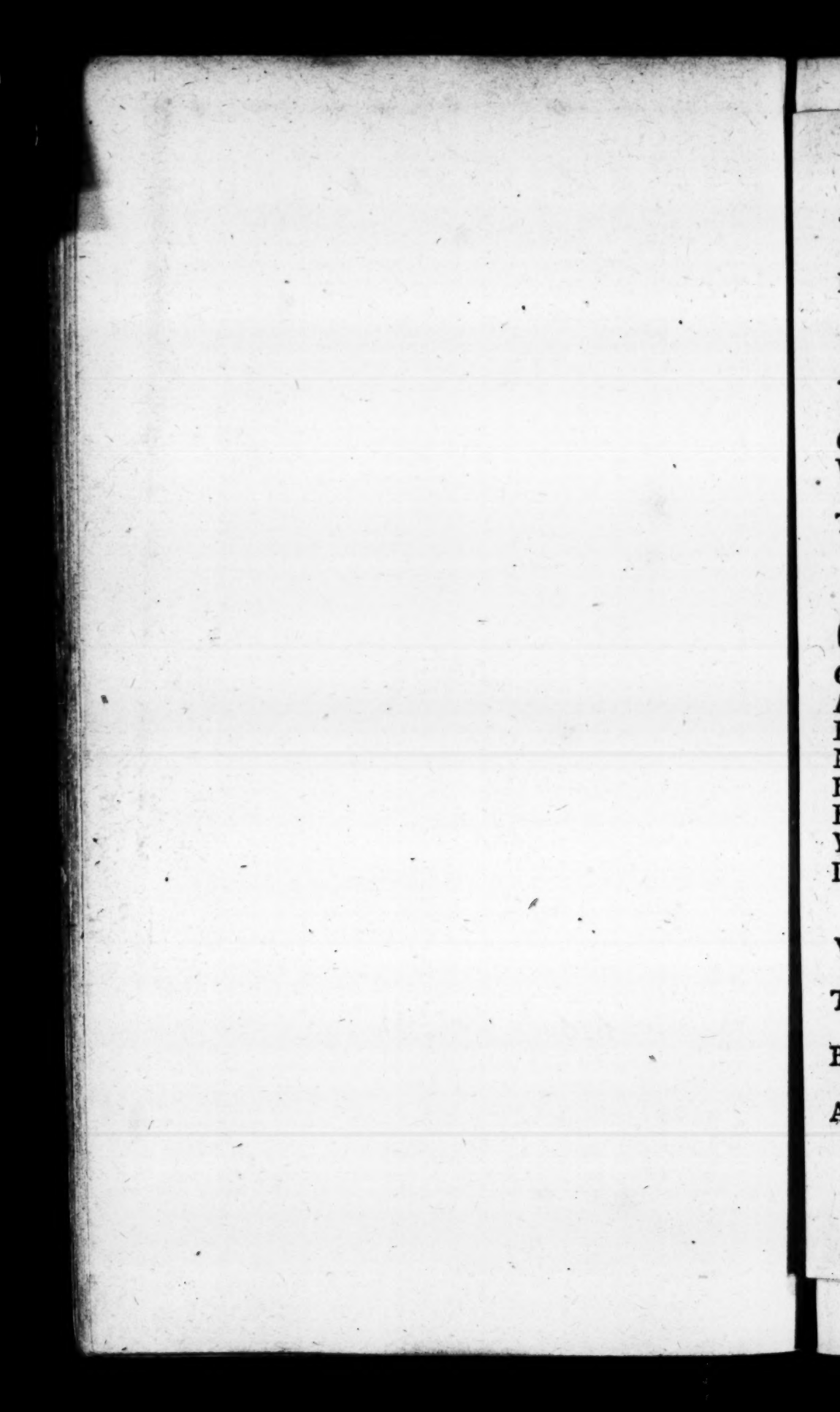
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ed for the herring-fishery.*

HOW dearly I love you, bear witness my
heart!
I wish you success, but 'tis death thus to part:
With



With your fishery and herrings, you've kept a
 strange fust,
 But tell me, dear John, how many *smacks*
 make a *buff*.

JOHN's *Answer to his* PEGGY.

WHY taunt thus, dear Peg! when you know
 all the day
 On your delicate lips I with transports could stay:
 What number of *smacks* makes a *buff*, you in-
 quire,
 There! there! a round hundred — by Jove I'm
 all fire.

Dean Swift's manner of living.

ON rainy days alone I dine,
 Upon a chick and pint of wine :
 On rainy days I dine alone,
 And pick my chicken to the bone :
 But this my servants much enrages,
 No scraps remain to save board-wages.
 In weather fine I nothing spend,
 But often sponge upon a friend :
 Yet where he's not so rich as I,
 I pay my club, and so good by. —

The KINGS of Europe. A JEST.

WHY, pray, of late, do Europe's Kings
 No jester in their courts admit ?
 They're grown of late such stately things,
 To bear a joke they think not fit :
 But tho' each court a jester lacks,
 To laugh at monarchs to their faces ;
 All mankind, behind their backs,
 Supply the honest jesters places.

To

To the LADIES on the present fashion.

IF our grandames of old
From their graves could behold
How their daughters like mad women dress,
As they lie in their tombs,
They'd repent that their wombs
Ever bore such a whimsical race.

*Female Rights; or, A plea for the Ladies to sit
in parliament.*

ONCE the house was debating in warm
party-raillery,
While a number of *Ladies* were plac'd in the
gallery,
All curious to know the *great things* of the
nation,
When a surly old knight made this blunt ex-
clamation :
*Let the ladies withdraw, we have matters in mo-
tion,
Of which ought no female to have the least notion !*
A brother, more kind to the sex, strait re-
turn'd,
*No need for the fair to be rudely adjourn'd,
Since they're all (not to stir up contention's hot
embers.)*
*If not members for boroughs, yet boroughs for
members.*

*The Jesuitical Painter; or, A match for the
Devil.*

A Viſt'ler did once to a painter repair,
To deck his old house with the *sign of a
bear* ;
But to lessen expense, thought it needless and
vain
To bedeck *Bruin's* back with a costly gold chain :

But

But the knave so untemper'd his colours did lay,
That the first shower of rain wash'd his *tints*
quite away.

My *landlord* swore loud at the *man of the brush*,
That his dawbing deserv'd not the skin of the
rush.

Why, friend, cry'd the artist (a master in cun-
ning),

Can a *bear* without chains be prevented from
running?

You blame without reason, all thoughtless and
warm,

Tho' your *bear* has escap'd, here's no matter
of harm.

No harm, quoth mine host, what to see, a pox
on it,

A plain dangling board, with no picture upon it?
Tush, tush, quoth arch *Dry-bush*, rave on till
you burst.

'Tis as good, I'll aver, as when hung up at first:

'Tis true there's no picture, what then? ne'er
repine;

For your *sign of a bear*, you have here a *bare*
sign.

A REAL CASE.

A Wit told Celia, that the fair
In fame resembled China ware.
Indeed! says she — well, if we do,
I've had this dish years twenty two.
To prove its strength, she took it up,
And whilst she prais'd it, crack'd the cup.

On MONEY. An EPIGRAM.

Money, 'tis said, is *evil's root*,
Yet justly may we doubt it;

Can

Can we expect good thriving fruit
From any stock without it?

The maiden's disappointment. By Lord Ro-
chester.

ONE night as I lay slumb'ring in my bed,
Having nought with me but my maiden-
head;

Methought a gallant came, as gallants they can
do

Much with young ladies, and with old ones too:

He woo'd, he su'd, at last he sped;

Marry'd methought we were, and both in bed.

He rous'd, turn'd up — With that I squeak'd,

Blush'd, and cry'd, Oh! and so awak'd.

It would have vex'd a saint, when flesh did burn,

To be so near and miss so good a *turn*.

Oh! cruel dream! why did you thus deceive
me?

To shew me heaven, and then in hell to
leave me,

Or else to shew me what you ne'er design'd
to give me.

V E R S E S *made at* CRAMBO.

BE kind, my dear Chloe, let's kiss, and let's *Love*
Let our favourite guide be the sparrow and *Dove*,
Tho' Adam was dull, till G— gave him a *Pair*,
Yet he quickly found out what to do with his *Fair*,
He ne'er stood complaining, and whining in *Rhyme*,
But was wiser, and knew what to do with his *Time*,
He quickly took ev'ry thing by the right *Handle*,
The grass was his bed, and the sun was his *Candle*,
Then I leave you to guess what he did with his *Dear*,
When Eve had no shame, and he had no *Fear*.

F I N I S



K 21